

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Feb. 7, '42

VOL. 114, NO. 11

5c.

IN CANADA



Norman
Rockwell

First of C. S. FORESTER'S NEW NAVY STORIES



Send a Valentine that says:



"I won't forget...don't you!"

Parker...the Jewels of Pendom

GUARANTEED by LIFE CONTRACT

WHETHER your hero is in uniform, ladies, or carrying on at home, sentimental old St. Valentine's Day will mean a whole lot to him this year...to his courage and spirit and morale.

He will heartily cheer your choice of a Parker Vacumatic Pen or Set, just as you will cheer, if someone sends you the Parker Debutante or Sub-deb. For repeated unbiased surveys, conducted from coast to coast, prove that Parker is the

No. 1 choice with the largest number of people.

See the beautifully boxed Valentine's Gift Sets—the Super-charged Parker Vacumatic Pen matched with the Parker Writefine Pencil—both with the original Military Clip. And make your selections early, to insure their arrival at camp and on shipboard, ON TIME.

Don't forget his Parker and he won't forget you!

©1942, 1943, THE PARKER PEN CO.
The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco.
Factories: Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.



Parker Vacumatic Pens, matched with Writefine Pencils, in the new Valentine Cases, \$8.75, \$12.75 (Illustrated), \$15; Imperial, \$17.75, \$19.75, to \$150.

Parker

VACUMATICTM
PENS . . . PENCILS . . . SETS

GUARANTEED by LIFE CONTRACT

Parker's Blue Diamond on the Pen is our Contract, unconditional guarantee. If pen is lost or damaged, we'll replace it for less than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete.



Special for U.S. Service men—Vacumatic Pen and Writefine Pencil Sets, and some Gift Boxes bearing service insignia in colors, \$12.75 (Illustrated) and \$8.75.

TO KEEP A PEN IN WORKING ORDER—A PARKER OR ANY OTHER—USE PARKER QUINK, THE PEN-CLEANING INK, 15¢, UP

*Here's Why
People Prefer Parker*

1. **Super-Charging One-Hand Filler**—no ink sac, hence room for a third more ink than the average of three sac-type pens.
2. **Lubricated Point** developed by Dr. Robert Pickan, chief Parker metallurgist, former instructor in point of novelties at a leading university, a point of non-twist 14 K Gold tipped with oil-smooth Omnidiamond that won't wear scratchy in a lifetime!
3. **Television Barrel** lets you SEE the level of ink—no guesswork.
4. **Smart MILITARY ARROW Clip** holds pens and UNEXPOSED Trimmest for Uniforms and Civilian Dress.
5. **The Jewel of Pendom**—Parker's smart, exclusive Pearl and Jet style, laminated RING upon RING.
6. **Guaranteed by Life Contract** ♦



"THE MOST HORRIBLE MOMENT IN MY LIFE"

My husband's view was obstructed by a truck. He never saw the car coming when he turned into our driveway.

A sickening crash! It was the most horrible moment in my life! I clutched my baby . . . noticed that her leg was badly twisted. This single fact blinded me to all else . . . blinded me to the anguish we had caused to others . . . the terrible financial loss we faced ourselves.

But now I see things more clearly. My daughter's leg has mended and I have come to appreciate more than ever the quiet, friendly help we received during those dark days.

Two people in the other car were hurt. Legally we were liable. We might have been forced to draw out our savings — even sell our home — were it not for our Liberty Mutual insurance protection.

Their claims investigator went right to work, locating witnesses, talking to doctors, the police, and injured people. When the damage was known, he saw that the bills were promptly paid.

Our own bills for hospital care, doctors and nurses were paid, too, because we carried Medical Payments[®] coverage which protected everyone in our car. And the

serious damage to our automobile was repaired without cost to us, thanks to a Collision policy carried with United Mutual.

Some day you, too, may need a "friend on the highway." Accidents can and do happen — even to careful drivers. Can you afford to drive a block without insurance, especially when you consider the low cost of Liberty Mutual protection?

*Not available in all states.

In most states, automobile insurance rates have been reduced and you may secure a discount, depending on your driving record and the use made of your car. In all states Liberty Mutual policyholders have enjoyed a further substantial saving in cash dividends which have been received every year.

Free Booklet. May we send you the free booklet offered below? It tells how careful drivers are securing full protection at lower cost, explains how you can qualify, describes our convenient monthly payment plan. Mail the coupon today!

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO. SEP-2-742
175 Berkeley Street, Boston
Without obligation, please send me your free illustrated booklet showing how careful drivers get car insurance at lower cost.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Make of car _____ Year _____

LIBERTY MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON

Your Friend on the Highway

NEW PHILCO REFRIGERATOR

saves time, work and money in your kitchen



MODELS FOR EVERY NEED. SEE THEM
TODAY AT YOUR PHILCO DEALER



ONLY PHILCO GIVES YOU THIS FROZEN STORAGE
plus DRY COLD, MOIST COLD¹ and CONSERVADOR

HERE'S a new and different refrigerator, built to serve *modern* kitchen needs. It brings you new ways to keep and prepare your foods that make your work easier, your meals more delicious and help you save on your food and electric bills.

Look at this huge, separate Frozen Food Compartment, for instance, specially designed for all frozen storage uses, where temperatures remain at 15° to 30° below freezing. Here you can store frosted foods for days, make tempting frozen desserts, keep extra ice cubes, age meats and actually improve their flavor, buy and store foods in quantity at money-saving prices.

In many other ways, the new Philco Refrigerator gives you modern, exclusive Advanced Design. Moist Cold with the amazing Philco Cold Shelf, a separate Dry Cold Compartment, the sensational, patented Conservador . . . plus the famous quality and dependability of Philco manufacture!



Specially Refrigerated
Sliding Crisper Drawer
Situated directly below the full
Philco Cold Shelf, this full
Width Crisper Drawer keeps
fruits and green vegetables
extra cold, crisp and fresh.



CONSERVADOR
Shelf-Lined Inner Door
Gives you 26% more quickly
usable space . . . puts foods
used most often within easy
reach! Keeps cold air in; warm
air out; cuts electric bills.

For the Service of our Armed Forces

The research and manufacturing facilities of Philco are engaged in various phases of production for our armed forces. Its assembly lines are producing frequency counters, communications equipment and radio receivers for tanks and airplanes. Its heavy machinery is engaged in mass production of artillery

fuzes. Wherever its equipment and skilled personnel may contribute to our war effort, Philco, family for generations to the American home, stands ready to place at the disposal of the government as great a portion of its manufacturing and research facilities as the nation may require.

KEEPING POSTED

LONGINES

*the most honored
watch for a
Man*



Impressively masculine is the appearance of Longines Watches for men. The enlarged photo shows Longines "Coronation" with diamond-set dial and 14K gold case at \$175; other men's watches from \$45.

Longines

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Longines provides watches in a wide variety of style but in a single variety of quality. Every Longines Watch is made to one standard, world-honored for greater accuracy and long life, and time-tested by 76 years of use. The excellence and elegance of Longines Watches have won for them 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. Longines Watches are priced \$45 upward. Longines jewelers also show Wristmaster Watches, a moderately priced companion line of exceptional value, from \$22.50—priced at \$10. Longines-Wristmaster Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva. *Wristmaster included.*

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals



Among Other Things

WILLIE GILLIS' third appearance on a Post cover (the originals of his first two covers are already hanging in the Fort Dix New Service Club Library—a loan from Artist Rockwell) is a trans-continental achievement. After he'd completed the rough sketches for this cover, Mr. Rockwell felt that he needed a rest and change of scene, so he decided to exchange Vermont's snowy hills for a little California sunshine. In that, he reckoned without the Post and its bullwhip whip. He went West—but he took his sketch and his painting equipment with him. Willie came back by express and we hope Artist Rockwell enjoyed his vacation.

The girls? Well, read left to right and you have Helen Mueller, New York model, Willie, and Kay Aldridge, ex-model, California's 1942-vintage "Wine Queen" and starlet whom the Navy picked as one of the six most beautiful girls in Hollywood. Miss Aldridge will next be seen in Warner Brothers' forthcoming *In the Navy Now*.

CAM JONES, who can see himself in print for the first time this week with *Evening Cover* or *Learn* on page 16, grew up in Palo Alto, one of eight sons. Jones has graduated from Stanford with an engineering degree. Young Mr. Jones works for a steel company and spends his spare time writing, aided and abetted by his wife. This is one of the many cases in which we found a story and a brand-new author in our morning mail.

BORDEN CHASE'S PAY TO LEARN, the only Post story we've reprinted (it appeared in the January 14, 1939, and the September 7, 1940, issues) has been bought for a movie by RKO. The story was printed a second time, after World War II had started, because we felt its moral had been largely overlooked during the days of peace. In PAY TO LEARN, Gunner Kronfeld, a fighter by trade, drives home the danger in the cocky complacency that fills every American because he feels he has two God-given skills—the ability to play poker and to fight. As Gunner Kronfeld points out, this is the great American illusion, for we usually have to learn both and sometimes "it costs like hell to learn." We don't know what Hollywood will do with this story, which they're going to call Battle Stations, but we think it could be profitably published again.

COLD ON CRETE, on page 9, as we explain in our editorial note, is the first of a series by C. S. Forester. No. 2, coming up soon, describes the massacre of the Axis forces attempting to capture Crete by air. There will be six stories in the series, five of them based on actual British naval fighting in the Middle East and the sixth about an exciting incident aboard an Admiralty ship in one of our own navy yards.

INTELLIGENCE, military and otherwise: The Young Ames stories by Walter D. Edmonds are now out as a Little, Brown book under the title, Young Ames; Art Donahue (TALLYHO, in the May 3, 1941, Post), our own Yank in the RAF, has been shifted from England to Gibraltar; Robert Carson's Post serial, ALOHA MEANS GOOD-BY, has been bought for a picture by Warner Brothers—you'll remember that it's all about Jap sabotage in Honolulu, of all places; Scribner's have put John W. Thomason's Post series of Praxiteles Swan stories between covers and call it Lone Star Preacher; and Mrs. Edgar Snow, who writes as Nym Wales, becomes the author of a book, China Builds for Democracy, while her husband covers our mechanized front with MADE-IN-AMERICA BLITZ, in this issue.

Young Wife's Tale



STAN HOFFER

WITH Sam Lubell giving you a reporter's view of Washington as a boom town this week, we decided an informal dispatch from the other side of the family might be in order. Here's Mrs. Lubell's communiqué:

"Don't laugh when you look at this picture. It could happen to you, too, if you tried to make a home in Washington. Like most persons, we had always taken chairs for granted. Who ever dreamed he would be in a room full of wood with four legs could be."

"Housing in Washington being what it is, we rushed into our apartment while it still was unfinished and with our furniture 'on order.' On hand we had two trunks, four suitcases, a hundred or so books and several cartons heaped with papers and notes that Sam has been collecting for articles he is always planning on writing, but never gets around to. The first day the mattress arrived; the next day the bedspring. And then we settled down—literally—to await the coming of our chairs."

"For the first few days what sitting we did was on the floors. We begged around the house for relief and a kindly neighbor lent us two chairs. Thereafter each of us and his or her respective chair were inseparable. Whenever we moved from one room to the next we would drag our chairs behind.

"One trunk was serving us as a dresser and the other, in the living room, did duty as a combination table and work desk. Sam belongs to what I call the 'work-to-the-last-minute' school of writers. Every mealtime I would warn him, 'Lunch will be ready in a minute,' but Sam wouldn't make a move to clear our desk-table-trunk. Only when I stood before him, dished and food in my hands, would he stop work long enough to clear away a corner of the trunk."

"We bought a kitchen stool and hit upon the idea of laying a wardrobe suitcase flat across the stool as an improvised table. At best, the suitcase was balanced precariously, and we had to eat on our toes ready to leap back if the coffee cup slipped. You couldn't eat lunch too vigorously without rocking the suitcase, and when we had steak we took turns, so that only one of us was cutting at a time. One day the butcher sent us a tough piece of meat. We gave up eating off the suitcase.

"After two weeks the bridge set we ordered came. One chair was ripped, so we returned it to the department store. Weeks passed and no word of the chair. I called the store. They promised to send the chair out the next day. Two days later I called again. The chair had 'just disappeared.' They would try to locate it. Days passed while I was trying to locate the person who was trying to locate the chair. Finally someone told us the chair had gone back to the factory. It would be at least two weeks before it got back. I abandoned hope of ever seeing the chair again. The next morning, the girl at the switchboard in our house rang to say, 'A chair is coming up.' We returned the ripped chair in mid-October. It got back to us just before Christmas.

"At this writing we possess four bridge chairs, with the six dining-room chairs we ordered last September still on their way. In planning dinner parties I have had to divide our friends into two classes—those who can and those who cannot bring their own chairs. Come down to visit us sometime in Washington—but bring your own chairs."



Edgar Snow—1942.



How to make today's trade come back again tomorrow

Every business man should read this story of Connell's Cafe. It shows how floors can help bring in the kind of business that builds future security.

future, because it attracts the repeat trade that every retailer must have to build a sound, continuing business.

"The appearance of our place is very important to the growth of our business," reports the owner, Mr. Ulrich. "That's why Armstrong's Linoleum was selected for the floor. We wanted to create an atmosphere that inspired confidence in us and in the merchandise we sell. Our custom Armstrong's Linoleum Floor is doing that job—and doing it well!"

Take out insurance on future business by investing in floors that will bring today's trade back again tomorrow. Your

local linoleum merchant will help you select the correct Armstrong design, will trimly tailor it in place for years of wear. And that means years of foot-easy comfort, years of warmth and quietness underfoot, years of lightened cleaning bills. See how many types of businesses are

CUSTOMERS COME BACK to Connell's Cafe, St. Paul, Minnesota, because they like the place, and all that it sells. This is what's attracting largely to the customer-attracting atmosphere is the floor—a special custom design in blue, turquoise, and yellow Armstrong's Linoleum. Designed by Werner Wittkamp, architect. Installed by Harsse Linoleum Co., St. Paul.



"How will my business be tomorrow?" One important answer to that puzzler lies in the kind of impression your place of business is making today. Future business depends on the customers who will come back again and again—next month and next year.

In St. Paul, Minnesota, the Connell Cafe is building for the future with the help of Armstrong's Linoleum. The floor in this smart food shop is more than just something to walk on. It sells—cleanliness, quality, good taste. And it sells for the

insuring future sales by installing Armstrong Floors. We'll send you a bookful of actual interiors illustrated in color. No charge (outside U.S.A. 40¢). Armstrong Cork Co., Floor Division, 4202 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa. (When you buy, look for the Armstrong name on the back.)



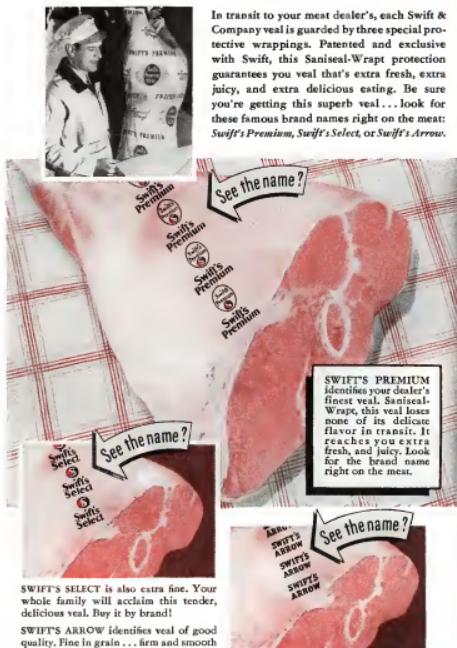
ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM FLOORS

Custom-Laid or  Standard Designs

FRESHER, TASTIER VEAL

—guaranteed by these brands!

The only veal Saniseal-Wrapped for your protection



SWIFT'S SELECT is also extra fine. Your whole family will acclaim this tender, delicious veal. Buy it by brand!

SWIFT'S ARROW identifies veal of good quality. Fine in grain . . . firm and smooth in texture, it, too, is Saniseal-Wrapped.

SWIFT'S Brands of VEAL

SWIFT'S PREMIUM, SWIFT'S SELECT, SWIFT'S ARROW

Look for a Swift brand also on Beef and Lamb

Budget cuts of Swift's veal more delicious, too
says *Martha Logan*

SWIFT & COMPANY'S HOME ECONOMIST

Nowhere will you find Swift's brands of veal more outstanding than in ordinary cuts than in the various economy cuts. Tender, firm, delicious—the inexpensive cuts of this finer veal make superb eating. For proof, surprise your family with this tempting veal dish.

VEAL LOAF

Order from your meat dealer 1 pound



of Swift's Arrow bonelessveal shoulder and 3½ lbs. of pork shoulder. Cut meat into pieces. Soak ½ cup of rolled dry crumbs in 1 cup of evaporated milk and add to meat. Combine: 1 egg yolk, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon minced green onions. Add to meat mixture thoroughly. Pack in a 7 x 3½ x 2½ greased loaf pan. Bake in a water bath in a 325° oven for 1½ hours.

NEXT WEEK

The Bishop's Beggar, by Stephen Vincent Benét

"The more I tried to make you a bad man, the better man you became," the beggar told the bishop. But that was almost at the end—after these two had ceased their struggle against each other and defended their city of Remo together. How could a knavish beggar disturb the life of a wise and wealthy bishop? That is the story to be told as the author of *The Devil and Daniel Webster* returns again to the fight of men against evil.



"Fetch, Otties!"
by Josef Israels, II

Want an otter for a friend? For a house pet? For a retriever? After this visit with Emil Liers—the only man in the world to breed otter in captivity and to train them as pets and hunting companions—at his Minnesota otter farm, you probably will. And you'll know a lot more about these intelligent, gracious little animals who enjoy being man's good friend. Color pictures of the herd in action by Ivan Dmitri.

Father Will Fix It, by Laurie Hilliger

Father always had. He was the rock upon which the waves of trouble threatening the younger Bannermans had always broken. When Isabella married South and he planned to leave her for his country, Isabella felt sure she had only to run to father. She had a lesson to learn. And so did her father.

Australia's Baby Singapore, by Edgar Laytha

Until 1940, Australia's back door to Singapore—the sleepy, northern port of Darwin—had no overland link with the rest of the Commonwealth. In that year the Aussies awoke to the danger and broke all construction records in bridging a 650-mile gap of trackless desert in the heart of the continent. Now Darwin stands, a hairy Singapore. Mr. Laytha, one of the two Americans to travel this remarkable road, reports on afeat that may save half a world.

A Nice Coat of Tan, by William Fay

Arthur was greatly misunderstood by both the boxing commission and his Broadway conferees. You'll have to remember that. Otherwise you may suspect Arthur as he goes South in disgrace and comes up waving a flag for his benefit bouts and the U. S. A. There was also, of course, the little matter of adjusting his daughter's romance. But Arthur was entitled to that. And he got it.

Wilderness Defense, by Richard L. Neuberger



Built in eleven months, Umatilla ordnance depot covers 21,000 acres of Oregon sagebrush.
U. S. ARMY PHOTO

Who's going to stop the Japs from dropping incendiaries on our Northwest's hundred billion board feet of vulnerable timber? How can we defend the Grand Coulee and the Bonneville dams from yellow invaders? Can sabotage reach the world's largest munitions depot, in the Oregon wilderness? Mr. Neuberger answers these questions with a report of soldiers on wings and skis and hidden forest airfields.

Also: Glenn Allan hands you more laughs on the Oates hack-of-the-house magician, *Boys!*; Stanley Frank gives you the strange case of the Dodgers' unappreciated spark plug, Dixie Walker, in *NoBody Wanted Him But the Fans*; Clarence Budington Kelland continues with his Southwestern serial, *Sugarfoot*; and Christiana Brand tells you whodunit in the conclusion of *Heads You Lose*.



De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

A half-lifetime, the old tree has guarded their names and held the secret of their shining, youthful happiness locked in its leafy heart. They have never returned. For their path stretched far beyond the farthest blue horizon glimpsed by the birds in its tip-top branches. But somewhere, in a city across the land, a woman looks into the brilliant stone on her ring finger and sees it all again — tree, birds, sun and youth and love. The engagement diamond becomes more precious

Current Prices of Unmounted Quality Diamonds: (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) One-half carat, \$125 to \$300. One carat, \$350 to \$700. Two carats, \$900 to \$2200. Three carats, from \$1500. Federal tax included.

with each passing year. It should be bought for the future estate of each young couple—the most impressive stone they can arrange to get. Today such fine stones will cost, approximately, from \$350 to \$700 in carat size. Color, modern cutting, brilliance and clarity greatly affect prices. A trusted jeweler will be glad to advise the happy couple, frequently arranging extended payments to secure a worthy diamond. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.

**When Lovely Lillian Russell
graciously shared applause with a cup of coffee!**

In the famous old Maxwell House Hotel, Nashville society gathered to honor the beautiful star for her memorable performance in "Their Wedding Night." And it was there that she tasted her first fragrant cup of the special coffee that always won applause when it was served to the hotel's distinguished guests.



Today MAXWELL HOUSE BRINGS TO MILLIONS THE RICHNESS OF EXTRA-FLAVOR COFFEES...BUCARAMANGAS...MANIZALES...MEDELLINS !



HUNDREDS OF TIMES each day, experts check Maxwell House to make sure every pound is uniform. It's extra care like this that has made Maxwell House the world's largest-selling vacuum-packed coffee.

- The deeply satisfying flavor of Maxwell House Coffee originates in rare, extra-flavor coffees of Central and South America—blended as only Maxwell House knows how!



- Highland-grown, prime Manizales contribute exquisite mellowness . . . costly Medellins give richness . . . Bucaramangas, full body . . . Central Americans, their special, winy zest.

Each variety, selected at the peak of the crop, plays an important part in maintaining that marvelous aroma, body and vigor that have given widespread fame to the blend of Maxwell House. Each helps to assure you of the same rich goodness in every cup.

Only limited quantities of these superb coffees are available in the United States this year. But our buyers have been fortunate in securing ample stocks.

So try Maxwell House today. Enjoy in your home this glorious blend of extra-flavor coffees!



NO WAITING—READY FOR YOU IN 3 CORRECT GRINDS!



Drip

Clever women know different coffee-making methods call for different grinds. So, Maxwell House offers 3 correct grinds... each ground uniformly by precision grinders.



Regular

This eliminates the time, messiness and work involved in store grinding. You get better coffee by using the right Maxwell House grind... and you may also save money . . .



Glass-Maker

Just compare the directions on the tins . . . Drip and Glass-Maker grinds give you the same richness from less coffee than if you used Regular grind for these methods.

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!

FANNY BRICE as "Baby Snooks," FRANK MORGAN, HANLEY ("DADDY") STAFFORD, Meredith Willson's Orpheus in "Maxwell House Coffee Time" . . . Tune in every Thursday evening, NBC Red Network

A Product of General Foods

GOLD FROM CRETE

By C. S. Forester

THE officers of H.M.S. Apache were sizing up the Captain D. at the same time that he was doing the same to them. A Captain D.—captain commanding destroyers—was a horrible nuisance on board if, as in this case, the ship in which he elected—or was compelled by circumstances—to hoist his distinguishing pendant was not fitted as a flotilla leader. The captain needed cabin space himself, and he brought with him a quartet of staff officers who also needed cabin space. Physically, that meant that four out of the seven officers already on board the Apache would be more uncomfortable than usual, and in a destroyer that meant a great deal. More than that; morally, the effect was still more profound. It meant that with a captain on board, even if he tried not to interfere with the working of the ship, the commander and the other officers, and the lower deck ratings as well, for the matter of that, felt themselves under the scrutiny of higher authority. The captain's presence would introduce something of the atmosphere of a big ship, and it would undoubtedly cut short the commander's pleasure in his life.

So Commander Hammett and his officers eyed Captain Crowe and his staff, when they met on the scorching iron deck of the Apache in Alexandria harbor, without any appearance of hostility. They saw a big man, tall and a little inclined to bulk, who moved with a freedom and ease that hinted at a concealed athleticism. His face was tanned so deeply that it was impossible to guess at his complexion, but under the thick black brows there were a pair of gray eyes that twinkled irresistibly. They knew his record, of course—much of it was to be read in the rows of colored ribbon on his chest. There was the D.S.O. he had won as a midshipman at Zeebrugge in 1918—before Sublieutenant Chesterfield had been born—and they knew that they had only to look up the official account of that action to find exactly what Crowe had done there; but everyone knew that midshipmen did not receive D.S.O.'s for nothing. The spot of silver that twinkled on the red-and-blue ribbon told of the bar he had received for the part he had played at Narvik last year—not to many men is it given to be decorated for distinguished services twenty-two years apart and still to be hardly entering on middle age. There was the red ribbon that one or two of them recognized as the Bath, and a string of other gay colors that ended in the Victory and General Service ribbons of the last war.

The introductions were brief—most of the officers had at least a nodding acquaintance with one another already. Commander Hammett presented his first lieutenant, Garland, and the other officers down to Sublieutenants Chesterfield and Lord Edward Mortimer, R.N.V.R.—this last was a fatish and unlikely man to be like the others, his yacht-racing experience had miraculously brought him out of Mayfair drawing rooms and dropped him on the hard steel deck of the Apache—and Crowe indicated his flotilla gunnery officer and navigating officer and signals officer and secretary.

"We will proceed as soon as convenient, commander," said Crowe, issuing his first order.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Hammett, as twenty generations of seamen had answered before him. But at least the age of consideration given to omen had passed; it did not occur to Hammett to ponder on the significance of the fact that Crowe's first order had been one of action.

"Get yourselves below and sort yourselves out," said Crowe to his staff, and as they disappeared he walked forward and ran lightly up to the bridge.

Hammett gave his orders—Crowe was glad to note that he did so without even a side glance out of the tall of his eye at the captain at the end of the bridge—and the ship broke into activity. In response to one order, the yeoman of signals on the bridge bellowed an incomprehensible string of words down to the signal bridge. It passed through Crowe's mind that yeomen of signals were always as incomprehensible as railway porters calling out the names of stations in England, but the signal rating below understood what was said to him, which was all that mattered. A string of colored flags ran up the halyards, and a moment later the yeoman of signals was bellowing the replies received.



But that plane was moving at three hundred and more miles an hour; it had come and gone in the same breath, apparently unhit.

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTYN ALLEN

The flagship gave permission to proceed; the fussy tug out there by the antisubmarine net began to pull open the gate. The braw pulled in, the warps cast off. The telegraph rang, the propeller began to turn, and the Apache trembled a little as she moved away. Everything was done as compactly as possible; the simple operation was a faint indication that Crowe would not have to worry about the Apache in action, but could confine his attention to the handling of his whole flotilla of twelve destroyers, if and when he should ever succeed in gathering them all together.

A movement just below him caught his attention. The antiaircraft lookouts were being relieved. At the .50 gun here on the starboard side a burly seaman was taking over the earphones and the glasses. He was a huge man, but all Crowe could see of him, besides his huge hulk, and the top of his cap, was his cropped red hair and a wide expanse of neck and ear, burned a solid brick red from the Mediterranean sun. Then there were a pair of thick wrists covered with dense red hair, and two vast hands that held the glasses as they swept back and forth, back and forth, over the sky and the horizon to zenith in ceaseless search for hostile planes. At that moment there were six seamen employed on that task in different parts of the deck, and so exacting was the work that a quarter of an hour every hour was all that could be asked of any man.

Commander Hammett turned at that moment and caught the captain's eye.

"Sorry to intrude on you like this, Hammett," said Crowe.

"No intrusion at all, sir. Glad to have you, of course."

Hammett could hardly say anything else, poor devil, thought Crowe, before he went on: "Must be a devilish nuisance being turned out of your cabin, all the same."

"Not nearly as much nuisance as to the other officers, sir," said Hammett. "When we're at sea I never get aft to my sleeping cabin at all. Turn in always in my sea cabin."

Perfectly true, thought Crowe. No destroyer captain would think of ever going more than one jump from the bridge at sea.

"Nice of you to spare my feelings," said Crowe, with a grin. It had to be said in just the right way—Crowe could guess perfectly well at Hammett's resentment at his presence.

"Not at all, sir," said Hammett briefly.

Suhleutenant Chesterfield gave a fresh course to the quartermaster at this moment and changed the compass.

They were clear of the mine fields now and almost out of sight of the low shore. The myriad Levantine spies would have a hard time to guess whether they were bound.

"We'll be in visual touch with the flotilla at dawn, sir," said Hammett.

"Thank you. I'll let you know if there's any change of plan," replied Crowe.

He ran down the naked steel ladder to the deck, and walked aft, past the quadruple torpedo tubes and the two pairs of 4.7's towering above him. On the blast screen a monkey sat and gibbered at him, gesticulating with withered little hands. Crowe hated monkeys; he liked dogs and could tolerate cats; he had been shipmates with pets of all species from goats to baby hippopotamuses, but monkeys were his abomination. He hated the filthy little things, their manners and their habits. He ignored this one stolidly as he walked past it to the accompaniment of screamed monkey obscenities. If he were in command of this destroyer he would have seen to it that the little beast did not remain long aboard to plague him; as it was, he thought ruefully to himself, as he was in the immeasurably bigger position of commanding a flotilla, he would have to endure its presence

for fear of hurting the feelings of those under his command.

Down below, Paymaster Lieutenant Scroggs, his secretary, was waiting for him in the day cabin. Scroggs was looking through a mass of message forms—intercepted wireless messages which gave, when pieced together, a vague and shadowy picture of the progress of the fighting in Crete.

"I don't like the looks of it at all, sir," said Scroggs.

Neither did Crowe, but he could see no possible good in saying so. His hearty and sanguine temperament could act on bad news, but refused to dwell on it. He had digested the contents of those messages long ago, and he had no desire to worry himself with them again.

"We'll know more about it when we get there," he said cheerfully. "I shan't want you for a bit, Scroggs."

Scroggs acted on the hint and left the cabin, while Crowe sat himself at the table and drew the note paper to him and began his Thursday letter:

My dear Miriam: There has been little enough happening this week—

On Thursdays he wrote to Miriam; on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays he wrote respectively to Jane and Susan and Dorothy. On Fridays he wrote to old friends of his own sex, and he kept Saturdays to clear off arrears of official correspondence, and he hoped on Sundays never to take a pen in hand.

He often thought about using a typewriter and doing four copies at once, but Miriam and Dorothy and Jane and Susan were not fools—he would never have bothered about them in the first place if they were—and they could spot a carbon copy anywhere. There was nothing for it but to write tollsomely to each one by hand, although it did not matter if he repeated the phraseology; no one of those girls knew any of the others, thank God, and if they did, they wouldn't compare notes about him, seeing what a delicate affair each affair was.

Scroggs re-entered the room abruptly. "Message just arrived, sir," he said, passing over the decaded note.

It was for Captain D. from the vice admiral, Alexandria, and was marked "Priority." It ran: MUCH GREEK GOLD AWAITING SHIPMENT MERKA BAY REMOVE IF POSSIBLE ENDS.

"Not acknowledged, of course?" said Crowe.

"No, sir," said Scroggs.

Any acknowledgement would violate standing orders for wireless silence.

"All right, Scroggs. I'll call you when I want you."

Crowe sat and thought about this new development.

"Much Greek gold?" A thousand pounds? A million pounds?

The Greek government gold reserves must amount to a good deal more than a million pounds. If

Crete was going to be lost—and it looked very much as if it was going to be—it

would be highly desirable to keep that much gold from fall-

ing into the hands of the Germans. But it was the "if possible" that complicated the question. Actually it was a compliment—it gave him discretion. It was for him to decide whether to steal the Apache against the gold, but it was the devil of a decision to make. The ordinary naval problem was easy by comparison, for the value of the Apache could be easily computed against other standards. It would always be worth while, for instance, to risk the Apache in exchange for a chance to destroy a light cruiser. But in exchange for gold? When she was built, the Apache cost less than half a million dollars, but that was in peacetime. In time of war, destroyers might be considered to be worth their weight in gold—or was that strictly true?

There was the question of the odds too. If he took the Apache into Merka Bay tomorrow at dawn

and risked the Stukas, what would be the chances of getting ber out again? Obviously, if he were quite sure of it, he should try for the gold; and on the other hand, if he were sure that she would be destroyed, it would not be worth making the attempt, not for all the gold in the Americas. The actual odds lay somewhere between the one extreme and the other—two to one against success, say. Was it a profitable gamble to risk the Apache on a two-to-one chance, in the hope of gaining an indefinite number of millions?

He had only to raise his voice to summon the staff that a thoughtful government had provided. Three brilliant young officers, all graduates of the Naval Staff College, and the main reason for their presence on board was to advise Crowe thought about his staff and grants to himself. They would tell him, moreover, the very things he had just been thinking out for himself, and, after all that, the ultimate decision could still lie with him alone. There could be no shifting of that responsibility—and Crowe suddenly realized that he did not want to shift it. Responsibility was the air he breathed. He sat making up his mind, while the Apache rose and fell gently on the Mediterranean swell and the propellers throbbed steadily; he still held the message in idle fingers, and looked at it with unseeing eyes. When at last he rose, he had reached his decision, and it remained only to communicate it to his staff to tell them that he intended to go into Merka Bay to fetch away some gold, and to look over the chart with them and settle the details.

That was what he did, and the flotilla gunnery officer and the signals officer and the navigating officer listened to him attentively. It was only a matter of a few minutes to decide on everything. Rowles, the navigating officer, measured off the distance on his dividers, while the others asked questions that Crowe could not answer. Crowe had not the least idea how much gold there was in Crete. Nor could he say offhand how much a million sterling in gold should weigh. Nickleby, the gunner, came to a conclusion about that, after a brief glance at his tables of specific gravities and a minute with his slide rule. "About ten tons, there or thereabouts," he announced.

"This may weight, twelve ounces to the pound, you know," cautioned Hobly, the signals officer.

"Yes, I allowed for that," said Nickleby triumphantly.

"But what about inflation?" demanded Rowles, looking up from the map. "I heard you say something about an ounce being worth four pounds—you know what I mean, four sovereigns. But that's a long time ago, when people used to buy gold. Now it's all locked up and it's doubled in value, pretty nearly. So a million would weigh twenty tons."

"Five tons, you mean, stupid," said Hobly. That started another argument as to whether inflation would increase or diminish the weight of a million sterling.

Crowe listened to them for a moment and then left them to it. There was still a little while left before dinner, and he had to finish that letter. As the Apache turned her bows toward Merka Bay, Crowe took up his pen again:

. . . little enough happening this week, but it is most infernally hot and I suppose it will get hotter as the year goes older. I have thought about you a great deal, of course —

That damned monkey was chattering at him through the scuttle. It was had enough to have to grind out this weekly letter to Miriam, without having monkeys to irritate one. The monkey was far more in Crowe's thoughts than the Stukas he would be facing at any moment. The Stukas were something to which he had devoted all the consideration the situation demanded; it would do him no good to think about them further. But that monkey would not let Crowe stop thinking about him. Crowe cursed again.

—especially that dinner we had at the Berkeley, when we had to keep back behind the palms so that old Lady Crewesne shouldn't see us. I wonder what the poor old thing is doing now.

That was half a page, anyway, in Crowe's large handwriting. He had only

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Gold From Crete

is the first of a series of stories Mr. Forester has woven around actual firsthand reports of the British Royal Navy. The author, Captain Hornblower and The Captain From Connecticut, who now introduces Captain D. to Post readers, has enlisted as a member of the British Information Service for the war's duration.



The plane's engine changed from a scream to a snarl. The bomb fell and burst in the shallows near the Apache's bows.



"You have to be a bloody acrobat." What they can't go through or go around, tanks go over, with portable bridges laid by armored-corps engineers.

ACME

MADE-IN-AMERICA BLITZ

By Edgar Snow

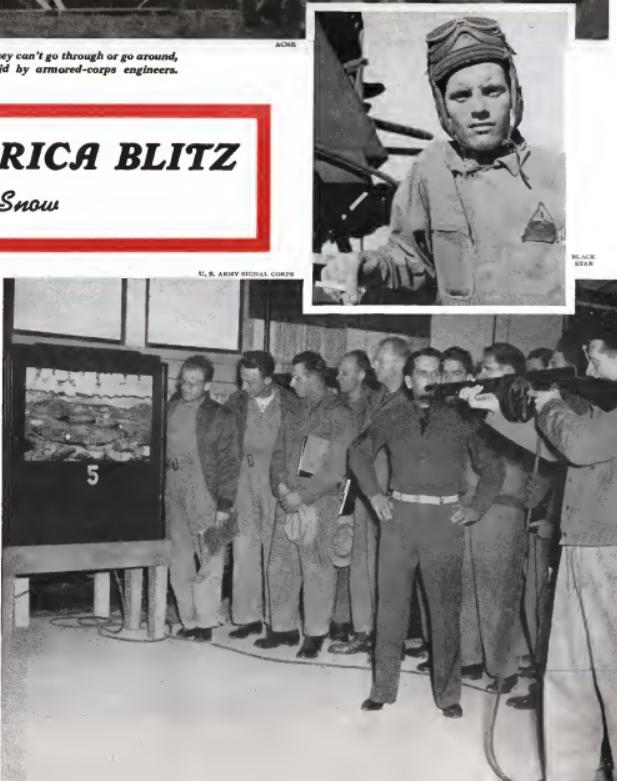
THE beginning of tanks is associated with what now seems an anachronism. Conceivably, the Germans might never have built their armored armies except for the persistence of a certain young British official during the first World War. As a whole, the British cabinet and general staff were opposed to frittering away funds on the newfangled tin turtle. During a critical period tank pioneers had but one obstinate ally in the British government. Owing largely to his faith and help, they were, however, able to perfect early models and finally to secure an appropriation sufficient to create a small tank force.

Then, on November 20, 1917, these men saw the fulfillment of their plans when the first great tank battle of history was fought at Cambrai. There the British released 360 armored vehicles along a front only 10,000 yards long.

The irony of it is that the British official who thus displayed much imagination and daring in sponsoring the tank was a man who in our time came to symbolize utterly different qualities. His name was Neville Chamberlain.

The Cambrai attack was a success, but poor understanding of the tactical use of tanks prevented Allied generals from effectively exploiting it. Many actually believed the tank had proved a failure.

The blitz beginner starts with electric-eye gun practice. Give him three months and \$700 worth of ammunition and he'll be an expert.



BLACK STAR

But Cambrai convinced leading German military men, if not all the Allies, that the tank was the long-sought answer to the machine gun. They believed it would eventually free the warrior from entrenchment and restore mobility to the offensive. Cambrai planted in the German military cranium the germ of an idea which eventually shook the world in the form of lightning war.

Today it is a truism to observe that the armored army has revolutionized the doctrine and the whole pattern of modern warfare. Yet most of us accept this fact with but a vague idea of what an armored force—particularly our American Armored Force—really is.

Perhaps only a person who has been with one of these deadly organizations in combat can really appreciate the vast gulf which separates it from the pre-blitz type of infantry, or understand the latter's futility before it. But a few comparisons may help. For example: In a single American armored division of 12,700 men, there are 19,000 guns, including more than 6500 machine guns and submachine guns, or one for every two men. That is said to be more of those weapons than our entire AEF had when it began operations in France in 1917. It is probably sixty-five times more than the ordinary Chinese division possesses today. It would take China's present arsenals three years, in fact, to produce the machine guns for one armored division.

Army in Armor

A REVEALING over-all comparison is afforded by ammunition requirements. An armored division in combat devours about 600 tons of munitions daily. The ordinary American division gets along on thirty-nine tons.

In one armored division there are 3250 motor vehicles, or one for every four men. This is about the equivalent of Japan's total motorcar production in 1937, the year of her invasion of China.

Moving along a highway, and properly spaced, the wheeled equipment of an armored division measures eighty-five miles from end to end. It takes twenty complete trains of 620 cars to move it. On the road its vehicles consume about 100,000 gallons of high-test gasoline daily. Japan's own gasoline-production facilities might suffice to keep eight such divisions in combat at that rate, but she would have nothing left to operate her air force, her navy and her armament industry.

Most American tanks are powered by airplane engines. The requirements of a single division, with reserves, are almost equal to Japan's total monthly production—her maximum possible—of such engines. She needs them for planes. Her tanks are mostly powered by automobile engines.

Some 50 per cent of the rank and file in our armored divisions rate as technicians, or occupational specialists. Armored forces on any scale can be created only in industrialized countries with high standards of mass education. Our own experience has shown that among men with less than seven years of schooling two out of five fail to qualify as tankers.

All that is no definition, but merely a few of the things that ought to be implied whenever the phrase "armored force" is used. Actually, people often confuse the words "motorized" and "armored" and employ them interchangeably. They mean, of course, quite different things. All our troops—even most of the cavalry—are being motorized as fast as possible—that is, they are being equipped with motor transport to carry them to battle. But armored units are not only motorized. They are units trained to use specially built armored and armored vehicles from which they may actually fight in battle.

Another erroneous idea about armored troops is that they are simply made of tanks and more tanks. The mobile, full-track armored fortress certainly is the principal shape of nemesis in armored warfare. But its effectiveness depends upon the tactical use of an increasingly complex variety of supporting weapons. It is no more true that the tank is the only arm of the armored force than it is that all naval vessels are battleships. What you have got here is a combination of every means of attack—all mobile, self-propelled, armored and fire-spitting—just as in the Navy you have got everything from a torpedo boat to a man-of-war.

Talk to any commander in our Armored Force and invariably he will stress one thing if you ask for particulars. He will tell you the strength of his force lies in the co-ordination of the combined arms. It utilizes, on wheels and behind armor and under a unified command, the infantry, cavalry, artillery, air corps, signal corps, engineers, and the various services.

I confess all this was a new conception to me when I first saw our armored divisions in action in Louisiana last summer, and began to realize just

how completely they outmoded every other military unit I had ever seen, and that they were what would ultimately fight and win the war for us.

Before that I had seen Japanese tank attacks at close up in China. As the Japanese used them, tanks were merely a reinforcement of existing fire and shock power. They fought them in a role of accompaniment for infantry, or purely as a striking force against strong enemy positions. But as we employ the tank—and as the Japanese do now also, judging from the Philippines and Malaya—it is part of a complex organism with separate functions, each capable of great variety and flexibility, but with retaining unity, interdependence and a uniform rate of movement.

War's Five-Man Team

LET us see if, without getting too technical, we can get a picture of what one of these blitz divisions of ours looks like in action. "Picture" is not a good word for it. No canvas would be large enough to contain the whole scene, and public misconceptions are traceable not a little to attempts to convey pictorially what an armored battle looks like.

Organizationally, the armored division is divided into five echelons: command, reconnaissance, striking, assault, and supply.

Each consists of hundreds of men and vehicles. But we won't be far wrong if we consider that, ideally, the five echelons should, in principle, work together with the cohesion and streamlined simplicity of a five-man team.

Leading the attack you have the reconnaissance echelon, with its armored scout cars, motorcycles, light tanks, infantry mounted in armored personnel carriers, and half-tracks—pneumatic-tired wheels in front, tractor-tracks in the rear—carrying light armament. These groups are, with co-operating observation aviation, the eyes and ears of the command echelon. They poke about, nosing the enemy line, smelling out weak spots and communicating their findings instantly by radio or messenger. They are not simply scouts but fast tough-hided vanguards prepared to seize terrain or knock out enemy formations if desirable, or to fight their way back to contact with the main forces if necessary. They spread out, infiltrating the enemy lines and cultivating openings for the shock troops which follow. They never move in an unwieldy mass—except for the newsreels.

(Continued on Page 37)

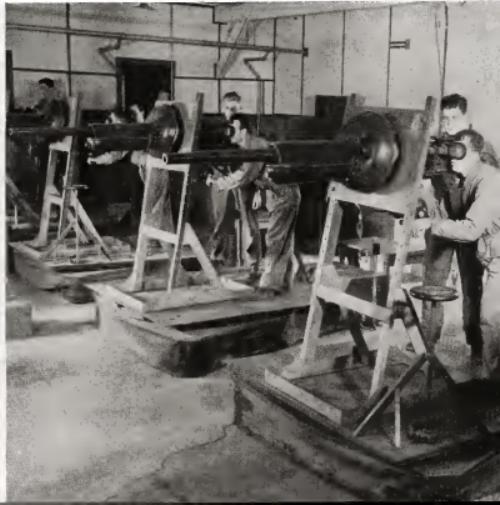
How to stop the enemy's tanks in two lessons—one a 37-mm., the other a 75-mm. antitank gun.

BLACK STAR



Getting their land legs. Tank gunners learn to shoot straight by firing from wobble platforms which simulate the pitch and roll of their land battlefield.

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS





"I don't want to go away from here, Baby. It's kind of like your mom still lives here, see?"

WHEREVER THERE'S ANGELS THERE'S HEAVEN

By R. Ross Annett

ABE and Little Joe drove to Sunday school alone that Sunday. Miss Hans had a sick headache and the menfolks couldn't leave the Bessie cow.

Big Joe didn't like to see the kids start out alone. The horses were quiet old plugs and Little Joe was good with horses, anyway, but it was ten miles to Sanford, where the Sunday school was. The kids felt grown-up and important at being trusted with the team, but they sure looked little up there on the seat of the democrat as the rickety conveyance crawled out across the empty prairie.

Along in the afternoon it came on to rain.

"It's sure gettin' to be a wet country," Uncle Pete said. "Rained only last year, an' here it is rainin' again!"

Big Joe didn't even smile. He was standing in the stable door, watching as far along the road as he could see through the rain, and reproaching himself for letting the kids go alone. Babe and Little Joe were already an hour and a half later than they should have been.

Finally, to his intense relief, he saw the horses emerging from the rain mist. As they drew nearer, he could hear the kids singing. They were sitting close together, wet and bedraggled outwardly,

"But what would a lord be doin' in church at Sanford?" Big Joe wondered.

"Lord knows!" chuckled Uncle Pete.

"He's goin' to preach," Little Joe said. "He's Mr. Hobbs' father."

"Well, what d'y know!" marveled Big Joe.

Mr. Hobbs was a student preacher who substituted during the summer months while the regular preacher was on vacation. And since Mr. Hobbs was an Englishman, his father could, conceivably, be a lord. Big Joe thought it would be a worth-while experience to get to see a lord, let alone hear one preach.

though not in spirit. They were singing. Yes, Jesus Loves Me, a hymn they sang at Sunday school.

"Jesus ain't the only one," Big Joe often said to himself when they sang that hymn. But this time he was so glad to see them safe that he found himself demanding harshly, "Where you been all this time?"

"We stayed to church," Babe announced casually.

"We didn't have no church collection," Little Joe said. "We told the man to charge it."

"The preacher had a black thing to keep the rain off," Babe piped. "A black thing that folds up."

"That's an umbrella," Big Joe told them. "Folks use 'em in places where it rains a lot."

The kids had never seen an umbrella. Big Joe hurried them into the house to change their clothes.

By suppertime when he came in from the stable the rain was pouring down harder than ever.

"We got a heifer calf," he announced, shaking the rain from his hat.

Babe and Little Joe bolted for the door, but Miss Hans stopped them. "You can see the calf after supper," the housekeeper said.

The rain made them all feel happy. When you remember the drought years, rain seems a blessed thing.

"It's raining and we've got a baby calf!" Babe said happily, like they had everything.

Supper was almost over when Babe announced suddenly, "Lord Willy's coming to our church next Sunday. The preacher said so."

"Lord who?" asked Big Joe.

"Lord Willy."

"That's what the preacher said," Little Joe corroborated. "Lord Willy, or Lord William, or something like that."

Little Joe figured that Lord Willy was some relation to Lord God.

"It ain't the same," Big Joe explained. "A lord is a kind of Englishman."

And Miss Hans added, "In some countries an important man is called a lord."

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"He said he's going to preach, Mr. Hobbs did," Babe declared positively. "The Lord Willy, my father, will preach from this pulpit next Sunday. That's what Mr. Hobbs said."

"Lord Willy, or somethin'," Little Joe put in. "What does a lord do, pop?"

Big Joe admitted that he didn't rightly know. He kind of had an idea that a lord lived in a castle and rode around on a fine horse and fought other lords.

"Boy!" cried Little Joe, his black eyes flashing. "I sure hope he brings his horse with him."

But Miss Hans said that lords didn't necessarily live in castles any more, or fight, either. She said that they engaged in business like other people. Some of them even farmed. Miss Hans had been a schoolteacher for years and she sure knew a lot of things. But in this case Uncle Pete was inclined to doubt her statement. If a fellow was a lord, what in the world would he want to farm for, Uncle Pete demanded.

Just then there was a sudden clumping of heavy feet on the kitchen step and a loud knocking on the door. They had no near neighbors and callers were few at Big Joe's place, especially on a rainy evening. So Babe and Little Joe sat, hushed and wondering, while Big Joe went to open the door.

A strange man stood in the rain on the kitchen step—a short, chunky man, wearing a loose-fitting gray coat that made him look almost as wide as the door.

The coat collar was turned up about his neck, and a black felt hat, with a wide brim from which the rain dripped, was pulled low over his eyes. What you could see of his face was red, and glistening with rain. His pants were mud-splashed from the knees down and his feet were so muddy you could hardly tell whether he had shoes or moccasins on.

"Howdy!" Big Joe said hospitably. "Come in outta the wet!"

The stranger shook his head. "I want a team of horses to pull my cart out of the ditch," he demanded in a gruff voice. "I slipped off the grade about a mile east of here."

"Stop for a bite of supper," Big Joe invited.

"Can't wait," said the stranger. "I'm in a hurry to get to Sanford."

Big Joe took down his hat and smock from the nail behind the door. Uncle Pete did the same. Babe and Little Joe scampered after them through the rain to the stable. They wanted to see the new calf, anyway.

"My son's waiting for me in Sanford," growled the stranger as they splashed across the hayrond. "I slipped off that grade into the ditch and couldn't get out. It'd make a preacher swear."

"That grade's pure gumbo," Big Joe said. "From there to Sanford, though, the road's sandy. You won't have no more trouble."

"Are you a preacher?" Babe inquired breathlessly.

"Well, little girl, like most people, I've done some preachin' in my time," the man said with a grim chuckle.

"Gee!" ejaculated Little Joe. "Lord Willy!"

He was a preacher and he was going to meet his son in Sanford. So he must be Lord Willy.

"Where's your horse, Mr. Lord?" Babe asked, shy but eager.

"I got a lot of horses," grunted the man. "I got ninety of 'em under the hood of my car, but they can't pull me out o' that ditch. So I've got to hire your pop's horses."

The kids looked up at him doubtfully, trying to figure out whether he was a magician or whether he was just kidding about having ninety horses in his car.

"We've got two horses," Babe said gravely. "And we've got a colt named Charley. And we've got a new baby calf!"

It was dark in the stable already. Big Joe lit the lantern so the kids could see the new calf, lying on the clean straw beside the Bessie cow. It had a white face like Bessie.

"Isn't it darling!" Babe exclaimed.

Babe looked frail in the dim lantern light. She had put on an old windbreaker over her blue dress,

but her head was bare and her yellow hair glistened with raindrops. She looked pale, the way she used to look in the drought years when she didn't have enough to eat. Little Joe looked kind of peaked too. It was the way the light was.

Lord Willy gave the kids a pitying look that made Big Joe sore.

"Poor little tykes!" Lord Willy said bluntly.

"Having to grow up in this godforsaken place!"

"It was good country once," Big Joe growled.

"An' it'll be good country again."

"Do these kids get to go to school?" Lord Willy asked.

There was no school any more, Big Joe admitted, but Miss Hans taught Babe and Little Joe their lessons.

Lord Willy glanced out the door at the shadowy, rain-drenched prairie. He shivered—either at the dreary prospect or because he was wet and cold.

"But what a lonesome place to bring up kids in!" he said.

That wasn't the way it looked to Big Joe. Then, Joe had memories of the good years. Memories of Emmy. Times had been tough since Emmy died, but the place where his memories lived could never have forgotten him.

"How in the world can you make a livin' here?" Lord Willy demanded. "What do you do do?"

His manner made even Uncle Pete sace. "Oh," Pete wheezed sarcastically, "in the summer we just set an' watch the Russian thistle grow. An' in the wintertime we just set."

"Know what I'd do if I lived here?" asked Lord Willy. "I'd move out so blamed fast that even my memory of the place couldn't catch up to me. Especially if I had kids."

Days afterward they realized that he was putting on an act and that he had a purpose in doing so. But they didn't know it that night.

"Takes money to move," Big Joe said.

It was no use trying to explain that he had memories he didn't want to move away from.

Lord Willy, fresh from the world's populous centers, wouldn't understand that. He sort of didn't like Lord Willy.

"Tell you what I'll do," exclaimed Lord Willy impulsively. "I'll buy the place, so you'll have money to move out. How many acres you got?"

"A section and a half."

"Nine hundred and sixty acres. I'll give you—let me see—two dollars an acre for it. That'll net you nearly two thousand dollars, cash money. You can take your kids somewhere where life's better for them."

"Cripes!" hlaeted Uncle Pete, scarcely believing his ears. He felt like slamming the stable door shut, so as not to let Lord Willy get away before a bargain was struck. Here was a green Englishman offering two dollars an acre for land you couldn't give away—not to anyone who knew it.

But Big Joe shook his head. He heckled the throatlatch on old Dan's bridle and backed the horses out of the stall. He didn't want to go anywhere, that was the long and short of it. Besides, he wouldn't want to take

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ILLUSTRATED BY AMOS SEWELL



"Ed Juvey hollered, 'We'll cut his heart out!'"



When I arrived at the front office, the boys were all waiting, standing around the hallway, or talking to Margie.

YOU don't get that feeling very often. Sitting in the big front office with the thick brown rug on the floor, I had it bad.

After thirty years I was the big boss. What I said was the last word. Beginning that morning, this whole steel mill, the South Works of the Amalgamated Steel Company, was mine. My baby. Nothing to worry about now but keeping production up to what San Francisco expected, and demanded. That is, nothing more except the OPM, and the labor program, and the defense program, and the shortage of materials, and the expansion program. Stuff to take in stride.

I walked into my new office that first day, past Margie, my secretary, who sat at a desk almost as big as mine in a little anteroom, and, as I passed her, I gave her a big wink.

"Hope you weren't as surprised as I was about this," I said.

She stood up as I spoke, and faced me across her desk. She had seen a lot of us come and go, and she knew her way around. She turned on that big smile of hers.

"There isn't anyone I would rather have seen get this job," she said. "And I'm not really very much surprised, Mr. Keithly."

She knew her way around, all right. She hadn't kept her job there for seven years on her good looks.

"Are you going to have a meeting with the department heads first thing?" she asked me. "You know, the others always did."

The others always did. What did I care what the others always did. They weren't here now, were they? I could name them on my fingers and end up with Jess Wilson, the last one before me, but Merle Keithly was in now. Yet what difference did it

EVERBODY CAN'T BE LUCKY

By Cam Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER HELCK

make? This was my first day. Let her push me around. I could afford it. It wasn't every day in the week that you got to be head man.

"Sure, call them in. We'll have a get-together around ten."

Just a nice sociable round table, with the boys getting everything off their chests right off the bat. Well, the new ones would, anyway. Frank and Jeff would sit back the way I used to after the first two or three and let the new boss do all the talking. Maybe some of the others, like Sam Gleason in the rolling mill, or Harry Moffat, who came out from the East to take my place in the open hearth, would have a few things to say. Let them have their fun. Plenty of time to get them lined up later on. This job was going to last me a long time if I had my way about it.

I walked into the paneled room and sat down to the shiny brown desk. Quite a change from the battered oak table out in my old office on the open-hearth floor. Out there I didn't have a machine standing within easy reach when I wanted to write a letter. I just sat down and wrote it with a pencil on a piece of scratch paper. Now all I had to do was to take the hook off a machine that looks like a phonograph and start shouting. And believe me, I was going to do plenty of shouting. I had waited thirty years for this. It wasn't going to take another thirty years to get used to it.

Margie came bustling into the room with some papers in her hands. She laid them on the top of my desk and explained them, one by one, as she piled them up.

"This is last month's production report," she said of one. "We fell short of the quota that San Francisco set by three point forty-five per cent."

She was telling me. I lived those figures before they ever were put down in black and white on neat typewritten sheets. I was fighting those quotas for my department from the first day of every month right up until midnight of the last, and I was fighting them on their own ground. I was fighting them with charging machines and ladle linings. It was molten steel, then, and pig-iron ratios, and melt-down curves, and charge-to-tap times, and furnace repairs. Last month we let the No. 8 furnace keep on working with a back wall that was as thin as tissue paper—so thin that from the heat pit, the long gas flame looked as though it were dancing behind a gauze veil—just to break the record. We did it, too, but production for the entire mill fell well below the quota by three point forty-five per cent. There it was in black and white.

"Thanks," I said to Margie. "Thanks for the information."

Margie gave me a knowing look from twinkling eyes. She caught on, all right. She wasn't so dumb. I got up from that nice smooth desk and reached for my hat. "I'll be out in the mill for a few minutes until the boys are ready for the meeting," I told her. "I'll be back by ten."

Back by ten to tell the boys to buckle down to those production quotas. How are you going to tell anyone to be as lucky as I was. That wall could have

blown out at any time, right in the middle of a heat, and if it had, I would have been down plenty instead of the only department to be over the top. But it didn't blow. It held and we broke the record before we put in a new wall. Oh, sure, we were close to the record, anyway, when I took that chance. Close enough to make the chance worth while, even if we didn't make it. The boys knew as well as I did that Jess Wilson was putting the pressure on me, and San Francisco was putting the pressure on Jess. They just gave a little more, that was all. We had everything as neat as a pin; we had all the equipment in good shape and the tools right where they were needed, and we just didn't lose any time. When I saw how close we were to the record, I took a chance on that wall, and hit the jack pot.

I could see myself at ten o'clock running on the floor and giving the boys the ride-up talk that Jess had given me and the rest of us for the past few months. Pounding with my fist, and all the time thinking that they would have to be lucky—as lucky as I was.

I headed for the open hearth the first thing. Force of habit, I guess. It's the farthest department away from the front office and I could figure my time better to get back by ten. It was a good quarter of a mile away, and the day was clear and warm.

I walked up the high line that leads to the open-hearth floor. It was up these inclined tracks that the dinkey engine pushed a long string of charging boxes loaded with scrap and pig iron for the furnaces. I stood to one side while a load went by, the little locomotive puffing and straining to get the string of cars to the top before the momentum was gone. Most of the boxes were loaded pretty full and scrap was spilling over the sides. Rusty pieces of old automobiles were sticking up at crazy angles from some of the fullest. Too high for the furnace doors, I could see that.

It was pretty clear that the men were doing that on Harry's orders. They knew well enough that I wouldn't have stood for anything like that. There was little doubt about it; Harry wasn't planning on wasting any time with half-filled charging boxes. What he was trying to do? Break my record the first month he was on the job? He was picking a funny way to do it.

As I reached the floor, I saw the charging-machine operator coming down the line going lickety-split. He wasn't wasting any time either. The furnace helpers stood out of the way in a little group, and wiped off the sweat that had run down their faces and necks, making a wet line where their wooden undershirts had soaked it up. They had an inclined metal bottom, which means walking in an endless line with the glass of dolomite on the floor beside the furnace, to the furnace itself. Bending for a scoopful, then carrying it to the open furnace door in the line with the others, and, when your turn came, giving the scoop a good swing back for momentum and letting fly at the back of the furnace. You had to hit the slag line fifteen feet away, in the face of the scorching heat pouring out of that furnace door, with a fifteen-pound load of rock, and that means hitting it on the nose. And if the floor is dirty and you slip or your aim is poor, you might as well be over on the bench enjoying the breeze, because you would be holding the rest back by the time you wasted. I'd hate to try it now, at my age.

The electric-charging-machine operator slammed the line of boxes to the front of the furnace and began charging. Both his hands and his feet were working, all at the same time, flying from switch

lever to switch lever, touching this, pulling that. An organist playing a four-handed arrangement of Kitten on the Keys has nothing on a good charging-machine operator. He has to make that piece of machinery pick up a charging box with the long nose of the carriage, push it in the open furnace door, then turn it over and spread the scrap on the hearth as evenly as he can. He has to pull out the empty box and set it down on the buggy where he got it, pick up the next box and repeat the performance without losing a second. That machine operates in four directions all at once, with loads that weigh a ton apiece. It is anything but an easy job.

Jim Waller was charging that day. He was a good man, and he operated that machine with such smoothness that it looked as though he were doing the job with his hands instead of with a ten-ton piece of equipment. But, sure enough, when he came to those boxes that were loaded too full, he ran into trouble. He had to make two passes at the door once to keep the pile of scrap from knocking out the brick arch, and some of the others had to ease in with slow, twisting motions. Once in a while a piece of scrap would catch on the door while he was shoving it in a box, and then there would be rusty iron all over the floor. It wasn't long, either, before that stuff strewn around was getting in Jim's way when he wanted to move the string of cars to get more boxes.

Jim was too busy to look at me, but he knew I was watching him, and I caught what he was saying under his breath as he handled the controls. I had heard him cuss before.

I walked on before I saw any more. This wasn't my department now. It was Harry Moffat's, and it was up to him to run it the way he saw fit. All I had to do with it now was to see that it produced as much as San Francisco said it should, and that meant that I deal with Harry. All right, I would deal with Harry. I would see him at ten with all the other boys and pound on the tables. I'd tell him to push production over the record I set for that department, and to keep on pushing. I'd squint my eyes up at him and ride him the way Jess rode me all the time he was general superintendent. I couldn't do any worse than Jess, anyway. And what's more, I was in better health than Jess was too. Here was one boy that wasn't going to get ulcers of the stomach from too much pressure. They wouldn't catch me getting thin and shaky because I couldn't stand the gaff. Thirty years was too long.

It was a short walk from there to the rolling-mill building, and I stopped at the fourteen-inch Belgian mill, as it was the easiest to reach the way I went. As I came up to it from the back, I had to step around a pile of broken guide castings that must have been torn out on the scale-covered ground some time before. Bud Johnson was roller on that mill during the day turn, and, spotting me, he walked over to where I was.

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*He looked over at the mill as he spoke.
"You're turning her too fast for this
size section, though. I don't like it."*





Once Andrew Mellon's kitchen, now overflow space for British Air Commission. Below—Lucky girl! Washington always had more women than men, now more so than ever.



Temporary building R, long since completed in 38 days. This picture was taken on October 25, 1941.

"SO YOU'RE GOING TO WASHINGTON"

By Samuel Lubell

ON ANY day in the week several hundred men and women, young and old, scattered around the country will receive virtually identical telegrams or telephone calls. The get of the messages, whether they come by phone or messenger, will be: "The Government has a job for you at so much a year. How soon can you get to Washington?"

Each week something like 1000 of them manage to drop whatever they are doing, cram their belongings into a suitcase or two, say farewell to their friends and come to Washington. What they find when they arrive is a city with palatial marble buildings, broad streets, countless celebrities and probably more living problems per capita than any other city in the United States.

Washington's business, the Government, is booming and it is reflected in such statistics as these: Last November there were about 200,000 Federal employees in the District of Columbia, at least 75,000 greater than the peak of the last war. The city's population had leaped from 660,000 in April, 1940, to almost

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Below—Many eat in the open, bringing their own lunch or buying from the pushcart vendors who line the curbs.



Color Photographs Taken for
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by Ivan Dmitri





In the cafeteria line at OPM, typical of Government buildings. Average waiting time fifteen minutes.



Jeanette Rosendahl, of North Dakota, and Donelle Carson, of New Mexico, pay \$40 each, monthly, for this room in what was a Massachusetts Avenue private home.



The Mayflower Hotel's "Interim Club," where the roomless businessman washes, shaves, phones, and chases contracts.



Civil Service behind the bars. The Government has taken over even the old Washington police headquarters.





"YOU, TOO, CAN BE A NEW MAN"

By
Maurice Zolotow

He towed the Broadway Limited locomotive 112 feet, pulled six automobiles one mile.

ONE day in February, 1937, the members of the Federal Trade Commission witnessed what was probably the most hectic battle in its hectic history. The antagonists were Charles Atlas, a forty-eight-year-old husky who sells a correspondence course of physical-culture lessons without apparatus, and Bob Hoffman, a York, Pennsylvania, oil-burner manufacturer who puts out a comprehensive line of barbells and dumbbells as a side line. Atlas and Hoffman occupy respectively the position that "Big Steel" and Little Steel do in heavy industry, and both are eternally at each other's muscular throats. Hoffman, in this case, had been cited by the commission for unfair competition, for "publishing false, defamatory and misleading statements purporting to be descriptive of the method of training taught by those of his competitors who sell courses for physical training involving the resistance of one part of the body against another part." Since Atlas is practically Hoffman's only living competitor, the commission called him to Washington to testify against his archenemy.

The Battle of the Biceps

HANT strong men appeared before the five starled commissioners and proceeded to demonstrate weight lifting and other feats of strength, including walking on the thumbs. Hoffman and his assistants leaped on the witness tables, kicking briefs and exhibits into the faces of the commissioners. They stood on their heads and kicked chandeliers. Atlas, however, sat immovable in a corner of the room, his hands calmly folded across his forty-nine-inch chest—fifty-four and three quarters inches, expanded—and he neither said



When Fred Allen's awed eyes first fell upon Charles Atlas, he exclaimed, "Nature finally hit the jackpot."



WM. LEITCH
"Live clean, think clean and don't
the small fry. His autograph is

nor did anything. He looked as solemn as a Greek statue of his namesake, and he did not even twitch a muscle when Hoffman's assistants climaxed their testimony by performing, in the words of a Washington correspondent of the United Press, "A muscle dance which would have made Little Egypt jealous."

Mail-Order Muscles

JUST as stolid was Atlas during the afternoon of his cross-examination. There finally came a particularly trying point in his testimony when the argument waxed frantic over the wording of a question about the bending of iron bars, asked by opposing counsel. Around Atlas' leonine head raged the torrents of argument. Finally, Atlas raised his hand majestically and, amidst a sudden hush, uttered these classic words:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he said solemnly, "I wish I had one of those iron bars with me now, and I would bend it for you gentlemen right now, and then we would all relax ourselves a little."

And that, in a phrase out of his own mouth, sums up the oddly simple and sincere personality of a man who, next to Sears, Roebuck, operates probably the most successful mail-order business in this country. Call it natvité, but Charles Atlas honestly believes that muscular prowess is a sovereign balm for every ailment, including litigation. After twenty years of writing, talking and selling the good clean life of exercise and fresh air and wholesome diet, you might expect Atlas to be cynical by now—but world-wide fame as the No. 1 muscle builder of this, or any other generation has only intensified Atlas' viewpoint on the good clean life. "When I think back on my childhood days," he says, pounding



go to burlesque shows," Atlas tells a personally bended railroad spike.



Partner Charles Roman and Office Manager Rose Alongi throw much of Atlas' huge letter mail into the wastebasket. "What else can we do?"

on a desk, "it doesn't seem possible that today the whole world looks up to me as the most ideal specimen of the human body. It is a great responsibility."

For nearly twenty years the iron-muscled body of Atlas has fascinated adolescents. They find his advertisements in nearly every magazine they read, because Atlas advertises in some 125 pulp-paper magazines. Where parents, hygiene teachers and Boy Scoutmasters have failed, Atlas manages to inculcate the ideal of physical strength and bodily beauty. Little boys tear out these full-page advertisements showing the nude Atlas, clad only in a leopard skin around his midriff, with one fist lunging out at the eyes of the reader, and his lips saying, "I'll prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!"

This fascination that Atlas has for the small fry can turn something of a nuisance. In the first place, the more boys are always filling out his coupons: "I want the proof that your members of Dynamic Tension will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscles." Since it costs Atlas about two dollars to send out the copies of five or six circulars and free booklets which every prospective Sandow receives, it would obviously be economic suicide to mail a sales talk to every coupon filler. There is one stenographer in the Atlas organization who has developed a facility for recognizing juvenile handwriting. As soon as she spots a kid scrawl, it is thrown into the wastebasket. This technique isn't infallible; a lot of adults with twenty-five dollars in their jeans have never mastered the Palmer method of penmanship.

"We probably lose thousands of customers every year," sighs Charles P. Roman, partner and general manager of Charles Atlas, Ltd., "because we have to throw away those suspicious-looking coupons. But what else can we do?"

A Strong Man's Signature

THEN there are also the small fry who insist on personally visiting Atlas' headquarters at 115 East 23rd Street in New York City, and seeing for themselves if such a Goliath really exists. Roman, an exponent of business efficiency, has for years been trying to set a house policy of telling the little boys that Mr. Atlas is out of town, but Atlas himself, a starry-eyed idealist, insists on personally chatting with everybody. "First off," he says proudly, "they want to feel my biceps. Then they say, 'Gee.' Then they want to know if they can get like me. And I say, 'Yes, you work hard at building the body. Nothin' comes easy in this world,' I say. I say, 'Live clean, think clean, and don't go to burlesque shows.' Then, if I see they are really payin' attention, I bend a spike for them and give it to them for a souvenir."

chief had taken him to a mud hut and showed him the tribe's proudest possession. It stood in a special niche, and an oil lamp burned day and night underneath it. It was a photograph of Charles Atlas, clipped from an issue of *Argosy All-Story*.

"He very good white god," explained the chief, pointing to Atlas; "he make very good magic."

"So," concluded Doctor Goldberg, extending his arm, "I came up to shake the hand of the great white god."

In this world of ballyhoo, where things are seldom what they seem, Charles Atlas more than lives up to your expectations. He is no creation of a copy writer's imagination. When you see him, dressed or undressed, you are inclined to paraphrase the words of Macbeth: "There is a 'tartan'!" Charles Atlas is a man to every last inch of his five foot seven inches. He is forty-eight years old, looks twenty-eight, and has the energy of eighteen. His muscles are not knobby, but are smoothly distributed over his lean-boned frame. His hair is curly black, and silvery gray at the edges. His eyes, always aglow, are dark brown. He weighs 180 pounds, and his naked arms are like a pair of pistons, his legs are as strong and smooth as six-inch guns. When he walks about a room or pounds a table, there is a spring and resiliency to every little movement.

Atlas claims that he learned his dynamic-tension system of exercises by watching tigers exercise in the Prospect Park Zoo, and as you watch him in action, the resemblance to the sinewy grace of a restless tiger becomes overpowering. "Sometimes you expect Charlie to open his mouth and roar like the king of the jungle," says one of his friends. When Fred Allen, the comedian, was first introduced to Atlas, he was stunned. "I can see," Allen remarked, running his eyes over the Atlas physique, "that Nature finally hit the jack pot!"

The Simple Life

AT THE age of forty-eight, Atlas puts in three nights of strenuous track work at the N. Y. & C., spends thirty minutes in dynamic-tension calisthenics every morning before breakfast, swims two miles a day in his Long Island beach cottage, and goes for a one-mile run along the beach several times a week. He insists he is never troubled by disease, not even the common cold. "I wouldn't be surprised," he says, "if I live forever. At the rate I'm going, I'm getting younger, not older." Verbal expression doesn't come easily to this muscular mastodon, and, when he tries to sum up some phase of his life, he knits his bushy black eyebrows, scratches his forehead, tosses his neck backward, cocks his head at a slight angle, and looks exactly like Franklin D. Roosevelt. Atlas is very proud of his resemblance to Roosevelt. "If the President," says Atlas, "ever wants a double like Hitler has a double, I am ready to serve him."

He doesn't smoke cigars or cigarettes. He doesn't drink coffee, tea, whisky or beer. He doesn't go to the movies or to night clubs or to high-toned restaurants. His idea of a good meal is a glass of fruit juice, half of a boiled chicken, and for dessert a raw apple and a glass of milk. He doesn't play bridge or poker. "My idea of a good time," he says, "is to get myself an apple or a couple of raw figs and take a walk around the reservoir in Central Park while I'm eatin' the apple or figs. All you get in a night club is a load of germs."

Atlas' wife, a buxom black-haired woman, Margaret, is almost as strong in her own way as her husband. Although she is strictly a nonprofessional, Mrs. Atlas can do acrobatic handstands and often lifts up her husband with one hand and whirls him around in the air. On dull winter evenings, Mr. and Mrs. Atlas amuse each other by doing handstands and seeing which can lift

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THE SILK SHIRT

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

THEY were such good children when they were first married; so young, so grateful to be together, so happy in their cottage, so much in love, walking softly and asking for little. They knew, then, that their treasure was their love, their adventure all the little things of their life together. Every day was golden. Carol kept the small rooms shining with love as well as labor, and both were used extravagantly. Eddie wanted nothing save that Carol should be happy and warm and there when he came home at night. Their love was idyllic and people smiled when they spoke of them, smiled when they saw them.

That was when Eddie was driving the truck for Mr. Swanson's grocery and he was up early every morning, putting out his work in his white drill coveralls. Mr. Swanson had never had such a driver as Eddie. He paid Eddie more than a grocery-truck driver had ever been paid in Hilltown. He paid him eighteen dollars a week and gave him a rebate on his grocery bill and often gave the youngsters gifts of sample packages, premium plates or bowls—such things. For he wanted to keep Eddie on "the wagon," as long as he could. The store's customers liked Eddie. He was always polite and considerate, careful about tracking mud onto clean floors; a gangling mannerly youngster with thick brown hair.

Nineteen dollars a week may not sound like much to some people. It depends on what one is accustomed to, and one might well be surprised at what Hilltown youngsters who put love first can do with eighteen dollars. When Carol went out to the farm to see her family—and Mr. Swanson let Eddie take her out in the truck now and then on a

Sunday—she always took a gift for someone; a glass cake plate from the novelty store, which cost a quarter, or pipe cleaners for her father, or dime-store toys for the little children. People are always rich when they have enough money for presents. Carol and Eddie gave gifts to each other too. Carol bought Eddie a soft plaid washable tie one week, and scented shaving soap another. And Eddie gave Carol a pink chin cup and saucer for her little shelf—a cup far too fine to drink from.

There was no detail of economy too small for their attention. Yet they were never niggardly. Carol would provide a few bottles of pop and get cheese to melt over crackers, and they would entertain their young friends, Pete and Ben, or Baby and Louie. It was great fun to clean the three little rooms to splendor, and put the pink cover on the small table and lay out the pretty dishes Carol's Sunday-school teacher had given them, and have a party.

But of course that kind of thing can't go on forever—not in this world. The world can't stand it, with everyone else full of sin and selfishness and meanness. And it began to look as though Eddie and Carol were going to be kicked upstairs out of their little heaven.

Carol was to remember long afterward the very Sunday it started. She and Eddie had been out to the farm. Carol had been happy to see her family. With an awakened tenderness she thought her father looked tired, and appreciated as never before, her mother's unceasing labors.

"I'm glad now that you and Eddie married when you did," Carol's mother said. "Eddie won't have

to go in the draft, and since you've been married almost a year, no one can say he did it a-purpose. Not that I wasn't proud of your pa," she added hastily, "proud that he went and did his duty the way he did. But it used to make him pretty bitter, him soldiering and his brother Dick working at Capitol City and making wages such as nobody ever heard of before . . . or since. When your pa came home at last in his old Army uniform, there was Dick to meet him in a grand new suit with pin checks, and a fine silk shirt."

Carol laughed. All of that was so far away and long ago she didn't see how even her mother could recall it. "I can't imagine Uncle Dick in a silk shirt," she said. "He's worn blue work shirts since I can remember."

It was nice to go out home, but what was really nice was to get back to their own place in the evening. Their little house had once been a summer kitchen on old Mrs. Hosapple's big house, but Mrs. Hosapple had lined it and partitioned it and transformed it into a darling cottage—almost like a doll house there in her big yard. She charged the children twelve dollars a month, but Carol's budget allowed it.

As soon as they reached home that Sunday, Carol donned the blue-and-white apron with ruffled shoulders and laid the cloth and made fresh tea and toast. Someone knocked on the front door, and it was Eddie's brother, Mike Brinson. Mike had been downstate to see about a job. He came in, full of excitement, and shared tea and toast with them.

"It's this new Navy thing," Mike said. "I told you the Navy is going to put an ammunition dump down there in Hollow County where the land's no good. They're buying right and left, thousands of acres, and they're going to have a big project—all kinds of building and grading and road making; going to lay a railroad track—everything."

"The Navy?" demanded Carol, and indeed it was the last thing to be expected in these midland hills.

"Yes, the Navy!" Mike mocked her. He was always teasing. "Look, Eddie; Pat Hoke, of Stone City, has a contract down there with some of the construction and I've got a job with him, starting tomorrow, driving a truck. What do you think? I'll be paid?" Eddie didn't know.

"Seventy-five cents an hour, and time and a half for overtime. And we'll work fifty and sometimes sixty hours a week. Figure that up!" he said triumphantly.

But Carol was quicker than Eddie at arithmetic. "That's forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents for fifty hours," she said; and she added in a scandalized voice, "a week?"

Mike nodded, solemn as an owl. "Why," he said, "there'll be weeks I'll make fifty dollars, easy. All I need do is join the union."

They sat silent in the little doll house in the little county-seat town. They were small-town children of a depression. They had never heard of such wages. A thousand dollars a year was a comfortable living in Hilltown, and with fifteen hundred one was well fixed. One could buy his own home and own a nice little car and lay something away on fifteen hundred.

"Gosh!" said Carol, and she and Eddie looked at Mike with new respect.

Mike looked at them from the height of his new

Eddie was earning \$1.25 an hour, with time and a half for overtime, and double time for Sundays.



wealth. "And that ain't all," Mike told them.

"Not all?" But Eddie was softened up now for anything.

"No," said Mike, "that ain't all. They're going to be short on drivers for the bulldozers. Mr. Hoke said if I can learn to handle one, I can switch to that later. What do you think I'll make then?"

But Eddie and Carol quit without trying. They wouldn't guess.

"One dollar and a quarter an hour," said Mike. "It's the truth; and it's one and a half and double time."

"Well," said Eddie, "if that's so, you couldn't drive one."

"The heck I can't," said Mike. "I'll show you whether I can or not. While you're working sixty hours a week for thirty cents an hour, I'll show you!"

After Mike was gone, Carol washed the dishes and Eddie wiped them. She pattered about getting everything in order for morning and Eddie folded up the Sunday paper. They didn't talk as much as usual. Long after they were in bed and Carol had slept and awakened again, Eddie was muttering to himself. "Forty-odd bucks for fifty hours!" he said. "Can you imagine? For driving a truck! But of course such luck can't last. Mike will get caught in the draft sure."

"Oh, forget it," said Carol. "Mike's a bachelor. Let him work down there if he likes."

It seemed that Mike liked it all right. He lived at home in Hilltown. He got his father a job as timekeeper, and old Mr. Brinson quit the job at the mill where he had worked for thirty years. They drove back and forth to the project in a used car Mike bought. Eddie stayed on the grocery truck, but he was changed. He was moody now. He wasn't grateful to Mr. Swanson any more for paying him more than any grocery delivery boy had ever been paid before. He grumbled about the women who expected him to wipe his feet if there was one drop of rain and who scolded him for the butcher's mistakes.

Carol didn't say much. She hated to see Eddie cross and not so much fun as he had been, but still, why could she say? She could hardly blame him for being touchy, with Mike coming in every Sunday, jingling money in his pockets, smoking cigars and talking new clothes and talking about buying a better car.

Then Pete got a job on the project and he and Ellen were married, and Barney and his brother started driving a second car down. There were two cardinals of men going down every morning and coming back every night, and all of them with more money than they were used to. Mike did get a new car, a long green streamlined car equipped with a heater and radio and new-fangled cushioning. Mike took Carol and Eddie out to her father's farm, and Uncle Dick was there. The lane into the farmyard was bumpy and Carol's father came out anxiously.

"I'd hate for you to break a spring, Mike," he said. "I've been meaning to fix that lane —"

"Oh, he wouldn't mind breaking a spring," said Uncle Dick. "or an axle, as far as that goes. It wouldn't cost more than thirty or forty dollars to get a thing like that fixed. And what is that to Mike? Peanuts!"

Mike looked at Uncle Dick with high disfavor, and Carol didn't blame Mike. Mike looked wonderful. He wore a new topcoat and new shoes and a hat with a feather in the band. He looked like a million dollars. And Uncle Dick looked like something the cat brought in—as usual. He was no one to talk to Mike that way. He got in his own old battered car and went home.



*He had got his whole pay changed into one-dollar bills.
\$104.35! "Save it!" cried Eddie. "Look, we can save money later."*

"And I must say I'm glad to see him go," said ma. "I never saw such a bitter man!"

Carol thought vaguely that it was supposed to be part of the story, but she couldn't keep her mind on that, for she couldn't wait to tell their big news. The brothers, Mike and Eddie, looked at her and waited with shining eyes for her to tell it.

Carol drew a deep breath and said all at once, "... and so Mike's going on the bulldozer and Eddie can have Mike's job. And Mike's going to lend Eddie the money to pay into the union and Eddie will drive the truck, and he'll drive down and back with Mike and Pa Brinson and Pete every day and pay his share of the gas."

Carol thought, later, that her folks had really let her down. She had just looked at her. Her father muttered something about what Eddie owed to Mr. Swanson. Later Eddie said he thought older folks were jealous when the young ones got ahead. Look at Uncle Dick.

"Well, yes; Uncle Dick," said Carol. "But I think my mother and father were just flabbergasted. You shouldn't say such things about them."

They had to get up awfully early the next morning. It took Mike an hour and a half to drive to the project, and as long to return. That first night Eddie was pretty tired. Carol wouldn't let him help her, but he loafed in the kitchen and told her about his day. At eight-thirty he was in bed and sound asleep.

But Eddie was young and healthy, and he was soon acclimated to the new work and the long drive, and had energy left in the

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SUGARFOOT

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS

No place for weaklings, Arizona was the goal of many ex-soldiers after the Civil War. Determined to make a new life for himself, young Jackson Redan, known nickname Sugarfoot, late of Stuart's cavalry, rode into Prescott with eight mules and a wagon. In the same wagon train came

JACOB STINT, one of Quantrill's bushwhackers, seeking newer and safer fields for his activities. He and Redan had clashed on the way and it was evident that Arizona would not be big enough to hold them both. Their enmity was increased when Redan stopped Stint's annoying attentions to lovely

REVA CAHN, a singer in the Diana saloon and gambling hell. Reva lived with shrewd, generous

MARY, the able operator of a small restaurant. From her Redan learned that the Diana was the most ornately furnished place in Prescott, run with impeccable decorum by

J. C. CRANE, a man of mark and character, looked up to by all in Prescott. Crane advised Sugarfoot to go into freighting supplies from La Paz on the Colorado to Prescott. It was dangerous but profitable. So, when

DON MIGUEL WORMSER, a friendly, shrewd, Jewish merchant, offered him a job, Sugarfoot accepted. The job was to take four thousand dollars in gold to La Paz, buy in a stock of goods and freight it back. Don Miguel's trust in him was encouraging, but that night Sugarfoot was hit on the head and the money stolen.

To Sugarfoot's surprise, Don Miguel did not hold it against him, but calmly borrowed the needed money from J. C. Crane and started Redan on his way to La Paz. With Sugarfoot went salty FLY-UP-THE-CREEK JONAS, lanky and bearded, possessor of hard-won knowledge of the frontier. In La Paz, Sugarfoot made another friend when he met the man who had robbed him from bidding on the goods wanted

by Don Miguel. Sugarfoot outsmarted Goodhue and brought the goods back to Prescott. There his suspicion that Jacob Stint had been the one who had robbed him was confirmed. That night, in the crowded Diana, Sugarfoot forced Stint to disgorge. Stint, furious, said, "One of us is leaving Prescott." "You," said Sugarfoot, "will be gone before noon tomorrow." "I'll be walking west on Montezuma Street tomorrow noon," said Stint, and with a swagger pushed his way through the patrons of the Diana, kicked open the door and disappeared into the street.

The next noon they shot it out, both being wounded, Sugarfoot seriously. It was six weeks before he was about again. During that time the Army posts had come to their rescue, and the men with whom he had been in partnership, giving the business to men in San Francisco who would ship to La Paz. The ranchers were up in arms, and Asa Goodhue, having joined forces with Jacob Stint, schemed to have a raid made on the shipment. The ranchers would be blamed and Goodhue, as agent for the California shippers, would profit. Sugarfoot and Fly-up-the-Creek set out to stop it.

In La Paz they broke up the attack on the wagon train and on the way back captured Stint and one of his men. The latter confessed, and Sugarfoot brought them both to Prescott and saved them from being lynched. He wanted them tried because the testimony would clear the ranchers. But that night Stint escaped, killed a guard and the man who had confessed, stole a horse and headed out of town.

XIII

TROOPS were already on Jacob Stint's trail when Sugarfoot reached the Plaza. Half the male citizens of Prescott joined in the hunt. It spread eastward toward the Verde, but though the searchers scattered to north and south, all sign of the man disappeared after the first few miles, which he had covered in a headlong gallop. The citizenry straggled back, and after a week even the Army gave up the pursuit. Jacob Stint had made good his escape.

"Probably veered north into Colorado," J. C. Crane offered as his opinion. "He'll never be seen again in these parts."

"He'll be seen," said Sugarfoot.

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because," said Sugarfoot, "I'm staying here. Stint is not a man to go away leaving a debt unsettled."

Reva agreed with Sugarfoot. Her heart was heavy with premonition in an hour when it should have been happiest.

"He'll never leave us be," she said. "While that man lives, I'll never say good-by to you in the morning without being afraid you'll not come back to me at night."



"That's the way it is," he said. "It cannot be changed now. We can forget him for a while."

"He always will be in the back of my mind," she said. "When," he asked, "will you marry me?"

"Whenever you are ready for me," she said.

He frowned. "We could marry now," he told her. "I have my wagon and six fine mules. I can earn our daily bread. But that isn't enough. It doesn't satisfy me."

"It would satisfy me, for a beginning," she said quietly. "A very little would satisfy me."

"The thing that troubles me," he said, "is that I don't know where I am going, what I am aiming for. When I started for Arizona, it was with the idea of building up something like I had back in the South. I was very ignorant. I see that cannot be done—not for years."

"You haven't been exactly idle," she said, smiling wistfully.

"Abode of Satan!" he said so that the rafters quivered. "Pigsty of iniquity! Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!"





"He plants and harvests with one hand while he holds his rifle in the other to defend himself from the Apache."

"Not idle," he agreed, "but I've done nothing. I've got nowhere. A man must have an aim in life, a definite thing he wants and means to have."

"You couldn't be a merchant," she said. "It would shut you up in a store. That wouldn't do."

"I would be a poor merchant. Placer miners—

the sort of mining man can do without capital—is on its last legs. Until the Indians are destroyed, there's no future in ranching. I can be a freighter for a while and make a living, possibly make money. But that would be temporary. The railroad is bound to come. Stage lines are only a temporary makeshift. I want something permanent, something I can hold, something that I can work on and develop and make solid to leave to our children."

"I have been here longer than you," she said. "I hear all the talk and gossip and planning. No one knows what he is going to do. Everyone is waiting. They are waiting for more people to come, for money to come. They are waiting for the Government to do something about the Indians. It is all waiting, waiting, waiting. The placer miners found gold and spent it. Saloonkeepers and gamblers are making money. But they are building nothing. A few merchants—Don Miguel, Goldwater—are laying foundations for something that will last. Jack Swilling has big ideas about irrigation. But everyone else is living from day to day. Just pioneers."

"Just pioneers," he said. "Just men who have run away from something, or men with itching feet, or adventurers. Men who have come to see. Men driven out of the East by the war. Men attracted by stories of gold or free land."

"They have to come first," she said, "to do the finding and the fighting. Some will last, but most of them will die or move on to another new country. The gold men move in when it is safe and grow rich on what the pioneers found and could not use."

"I think I see where you are, Redan. I have felt it myself. There is Arizona—in Prospect, at least—the time has not come to make plans."

"If I were a man," she said, "I would only plan to make a plan. I would live and I would save. I would do anything that came along, so that when the right day came, I would be ready. Mr. Crane says the future of this territory is copper."

"Copper?"

"It seems the hills are full of it. Prospectors have found it while they were looking for gold. But it is no good to them. Mr. Crane says this will be a great mining country someday. Not gold, Don Miguel says it will be a rich farming country in the south where it is always warm. King Woolsey says the future is in cattle. But everything is ahead. Nothing is here."

"We are here," said Sugarfoot. "Mining, farming, cattle! The thing to do is to have money and knowledge when the day comes."

"I think so," she said.

"Be a pioneer while pioneers are useful," he said, more to himself than to her. "Do whatever is to be done. Odd jobs. Fighting Indians. Making the country fit to live in. But always with an eye on the future. That seems to be the only plan a man can make. Plan to be here and to be ready." He paused. "We must have a house," he said.

"A little one," she said. "I want it to be white."

"Then white it shall be."

"Can you afford a house?" she asked.

"I have a little money."

"But won't you need it for other things? I have quite a bit of money. Crane has paid me well. And when the miners liked my singing they threw gold pieces and quills of dust."

"Your money is yours," Sugarfoot said stiffly.

"Do you mean you do not like the way I have earned it?" she asked.

"Not that," he said. "I mean that we Redans have been accustomed to give to our wives, not to have our wives give to us."

"Was there never a Redan who married a rich wife?" she asked. "All you have is mine, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "All I have or ever will have."

"You like me to have it? It makes you happy to give to me?"

"Of course."

"It is not sensible to refuse me the same pleasure," she said. "I'm not giving to you. I'm giving to us. I'll be a Redan. I'll be part of the family. When we have a son, he will be all Redan."

"Keep what you have," he said. "and give it to him. Go make your plans for a house. It will be my wedding present to you."

"You are stubborn," she said with a laugh and a shrug. "You will be a difficult husband to manage."

"Not difficult," he said.

"No?" She lifted her face pertly.

"Impossible," he told her, laughing down into her eyes.

(Continued on Page 44)

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Anglo-American Unity

WOODROW WILSON'S majestic vision of one irresistible force to keep the peace of mankind—the American Monroe Doctrine to be the law of the whole world with a righteous concert of power to enforce it—was rejected by the American people in the afterglow. They had been inclined to it, but the more they thought of it, the more they feared it. Also, there had been time to become disillusioned.

That vision has been restored. It appeals again in the same way to American idealism; it is rationalized again in the same way with characteristic political unrealism. This is one of the astonishing repetitions. But there is a difference too. This time it shall not be dragged through the forum; there shall be no blighting discussion. What President Wilson regarded as an end, now is proposed as if it were imperative—a necessary means to victory. It shall be done at once, in the heedlessness of war, while people are controlled, not by reason and reflection, but by feeling. Such is the new evangel, coming from the Union Now party, increasingly supported, we regret to say, by some very influential people, including a member of the Supreme Court.

President Wilson said: "There is no entangling alliance in a concert of power." Not necessarily. But what the American people could not see, when they came to reflect upon the realities, was how members of the league could be prevented from making secret alliances with one another, three or four of them against one, which might be the United States.

That problem still exists. What is to be done with it? It is to be buried alive. This is not going to be a league; it is going to be a federation, with supreme sovereignty over all its members, so that no two or several of them could any more enter into an alliance against it than two or several states of the American republic could ally themselves against the Federal Government. It would be rebellion.

This design for a world federation of what now we call the free countries, with a supreme constitution, a supreme parliament and supreme command of an irresistible force, rests entirely upon the idea of Anglo-American union; and those who would bring that event to pass are demanding that it shall take place as an emergency marriage, in the war magistrate's office; the grand ceremonies to be postponed until the peace.

We note that in the flaming propaganda they launched immediately after this country had become

an active belligerent, Soviet Russia was omitted from their outline. Why? Probably because they didn't know what else to do with it. In a world federation of free countries, hating the totalitarian ideology, Soviet Russia does not seem to belong. On the other hand, an Anglo-American world system with Soviet Russia excluded would be born to trouble. To the federation zealot this problem presents no ultimate difficulty. It will be necessary only for Soviet Russia to change her political religion and embrace freedom as we understand it. Then she will be welcomed at the bar of sweetness and light.

The American visionist, minding what Woodrow Wilson called the great heart of the world, fearful of breaking it by disappointment, may be—he probably is—the embodiment of a mighty portent. But it is an omen that is not yet believed. He appears suddenly in the affairs of mankind, bearing no historical credentials, unable to account for himself. There was never anything like him before. In diplomacy he is an innocent because he cannot be cynical. Too earnest to know when he is being cunningly flattered, he is too naive not to be hurt and angry when he finds that he has been deceived. This was the Wilson tragedy. In the end, with a broken dream, he transferred the idea of one irresistible force to his own country and recommended it to build incomparably the greatest navy. Instead, we pursued a new dream—disarmament by covenant; and we offered to break our own sword to the length of the next longest one. This proposal was embraced by an astonished world, and then betrayed.

The impulse is again upon us. The grand passion of the deliverer is rising; and it says: "Let us finish what Woodrow Wilson started."

What does the world think?

When the American reporters at the White House asked Mr. Churchill about the after shape of the world, he replied, in his doggedly honest manner, that there was no desire at this time to go into complicated, entangled and not too attractive jungles. Neither should there be at this time any desire to bring about a crisis of feeling for and against an Anglo-American union as the basis of a supreme world government. It is too momentous a thing to be done under the spell of war, without debate; on the other hand, to debate it freely might create states of thinking and feeling very hurtful to Anglo-American unity for the duration of the war.

Three days later, Mr. Churchill said to Congress that if the United States and Great Britain had learned to stand together, this war might not have happened. That might be true; yet it could not be. And when he hoped they might walk together in the future, he was thinking of association, not union; for if he had meant union, he would have said it. The distinction is radical. Association does not involve the surrender of sovereignty. Union would. A world government would.

On the subject of this distinction we have received from a British correspondent, writing from Warwickshire, a letter which represents, we think, the true political instinct of a historical people.

"I believe," he says, "that the views expressed in your leading editorial of October 25th"—an editorial entitled "Whose America?"—"would be supported by a majority of the mental adults of Great Britain. The creation of the world state is no immediate remedy for the state of the world. The fundamental objective in our fight against the Nazi system is freedom. . . . Why are America and Great Britain called free countries? Because within the bounds of social order their men and women enjoy a degree of freedom unsurpassed and seldom equaled by any other land. This freedom is liberty of the individual. It is essentially a personal affair. How can such a freedom be reconciled with the culture and traditions of one country being grafted on those of another? . . . To suggest that America and Great Britain should detach themselves and leave the

continent of Europe to stew in its own bubbling juice is just to promote yet another war. For, as has been seen, the freedom possessed by the English-speaking peoples does not and can never protect their countries from the attacks of those whose definition of freedom is domination. Only by spreading our liberties can we protect and perfect them. It is our obligation to do so, and not by combination but by co-operation. If the average Englishman at the end of the war were to address the nations of the European mainland, he would say something like this: 'Listen. You have to adopt a political and social system which will give freedom to your people. The customs and culture to which you attach this liberty are your affair. But I insist upon freedom, for if you don't have it, mine is threatened.'

"Whose America? Yours. Whose England? Ours. But liberty is our common possession and we must distribute it."

Meanwhile, there is Anglo-American unity as a fact of reality, with political capitulations, and all the better for that. It is the free association of two valiant nations, standing together as battle companions, willing to fight and die, not one for the other, but for things they believe together.

And from this better world, if it comes, will come in its own unpredictable way.

The Oil That Failed

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, talking intimately to the Volunteer Participation Committee of the Office of Civilian Defense, July 24, 1941:

"There are lots of things that people don't quite understand. You are an information bureau to all of them. And I will give you the example.

"Now, I am—I might be called an American citizen living in Hyde Park, New York. And I say, 'That's a funny thing. Why am I asked to curtail my consumption of gasoline when I read in the paper that thousands of tons of gasoline are going out from Los Angeles—West Coast—to Japan, and we are helping Japan in what looks like an act of aggression?'

"All right. Now, the answer is a very simple one. There is a world war going on, and has been for some time—nearly two years. One of our efforts, from the very beginning, was to prevent the spread of that world war in certain areas where it hadn't started. One of those areas is a place called the Pacific Ocean, one of the largest areas of the earth. There happened to be a place in the South Pacific where we had to get a lot of things—rubber, tin, and so forth and so on—down in the Dutch Indies, the Straits Settlements and Indo-China. And we had to help get the Australian surplus of meat and wheat and corn for England.

"It was very essential from our own selfish point of view of defense to prevent a war from starting in the South Pacific. So our foreign policy was—trying to stop a war from breaking out down there. At the same time, we wanted to keep that line of supplies from Australia and New Zealand going to the Near East. So it was essential for Great Britain that we try to keep the peace down there in the South Pacific.

"All right. And now here is a nation called Japan. Whether they had at that time aggressive purposes to enlarge their empire southward, they didn't have any oil of their own up in the north. Now, if we cut the oil off, they probably would have gone down to the Dutch East Indies a year ago, and you would have had war.

"Therefore, there was—you might call it—a method in letting this oil go to Japan, with the hope—and it has worked for two years—of keeping war out of the South Pacific for our own good, for the good of the defense of Great Britain and the freedom of the seas."

AN EYE FOR MIRACLES

By Joseph L. Nicholson

BEFORE you can swat a fly or scotch a rattle-snake or sink a submarine, someone, somehow, must see it. Koch saw the cholera germ before he could devise a means of stopping its spread. The loathsome corkscrew germ, spirocheta pallida, had to be spied before Ehrlich could determine that the chemical "606" could kill it. But because many scientists were unable to see well, they could not cure. They were unable to improve their microscopes for the past seventy years. They knew they had something before their eyes, but they could not see it.

Today man's power to see has been sharpened suddenly by a startling new development, a miracle eye of steel called an electron microscope. This enables him to see things more minute than he has ever been able to discern before. Microscopes through which many of us at school peered at the skin of an onion to see a simple cell used light reflected through painstakingly ground lenses. The new instrument, utilizing swiftly moving charges of electricity called electrons, is 50 to 100 times more powerful than the best of previous microscopes. Try to imagine a red blood corpuscle enlarged to the size of a two-foot hothouse, a dime appearing to be more than a mile in diameter, and a human hair more than forty feet in breadth.

The discovery permits man to peer into a hitherto unseen world of germs, the observation of whose habits may enable him to go far in eliminating disease.

Science's New Weapon

HIGH on the lists of tasks to which the microscope will be put is the search for a billion-dollar handit—the cause of the common cold, which yearly costs the American public over half a billion dollars in loss of working time. The cost in doctors' bills is countless millions more. During the week of November eighteenth, the American Institute of Public Opinion found colds in one third of our homes with an estimated total of 18,000,000 persons afflicted. There are many people who will want to put the microscope to work identifying one of the wholesale killers of the invisible world, the influenza germ, if germ it is. Engraved on their memories is the epidemic of 1918; through their minds still stalks the figure of 400,000 deaths, ten times the number of American soldiers killed in action in the last World War. Parents haunted with the fear of infantile paralysis will plead for prompt action. Sons and daughters who have stood by the bedside and watched a father or a mother in the slow, agonized death from cancer will want the instrument devoted to the study of this mysterious disease.

Because scientists agree that the blame for most of these scourges falls on the virus, they will concentrate their observations on it. They cannot agree, however, on whether the virus is a poisonous chemical or germ. They do know that viruses lurk in the darkness beyond the power

of our light microscopes. It is known that viruses are similar to germs, in that they can lie dormant indefinitely until by some chance they are carried by the air into our noses and lungs, or rubbed into a cut. Then they will spring to life, perpetuating themselves by the millions.

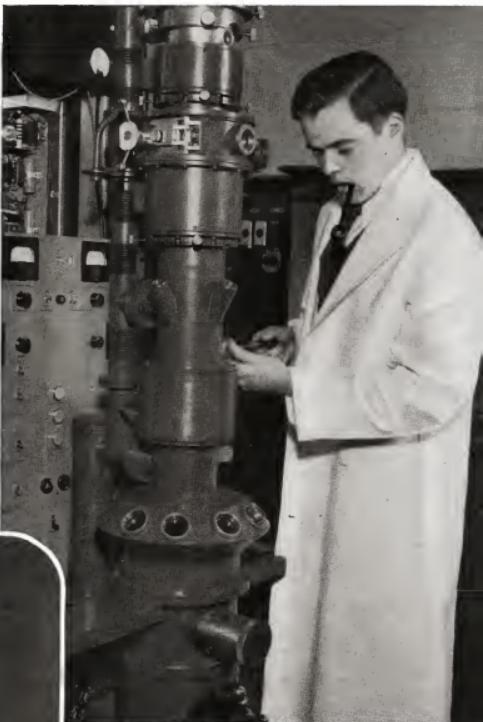
Viruses not only are the causes of disease in humans but in every other living thing. The electron microscope has revealed to two biologists, Dr. Wendell M. Stanley, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and Dr. Thomas F. Anderson, RCA Fellow of the National Research Council, the one-one-hundred-thousandth-of-an-inch tobacco mosaic virus—the cause of a disease that in some years results in losses to the tobacco growers estimated at \$10,000,000. Virus damage to sugar cane, tomatoes and our forests is even greater. In the case of potatoes, the toll is calculated at \$50,000,000. The potato famine in Ireland, which resulted in a wholesale migration of Irish to the United States, was due to the virus.

Viewed through the electron microscope, typhoid, pneumonia, tuberculosis and anthrax germs, previously revealed as jellylike substances, take on structural form. Some have thick armor, showing how difficult it may be for chemicals to kill them. Others have long, hairlike arms which may help them to move about and thus hinder the physician from localizing infection. And still others have what appear to be hugs on them, as Swift said:

*So, naturalists observe, a
feet
Has smaller fleas that on
him prey;*



Left—Baby James Hillier . . . at two and a half he was already a workman at eleven he fashioned his first microscope. Above—Research Engineer James Hillier adjusting an electron microscope of his own design to bring new worlds into focus.



*And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed ad infinitum.*

The disclosure that many microbes have structural form is of immeasurable importance. It is within the realm of possibility that the electron microscope will reveal the life processes of the germ cell—how it feeds and how it reproduces itself—and thus enable the bacteriologist to conquer it. For instance, if he is able to determine any essential difference in the life habits of disease germs and the cells of the liver, bones or lungs, he can find a drug which will be selective—that is, one which will seek out and destroy the germ parasite without harming the healthy cells. A method

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POST SCRIPTS



News Buoy

THIE military expert's column. That takes an attitude too solemn, I must admit I look askance at And very little more than glance at.

The news account of fresh defeat I may begin, but don't complete. The press dispatch of great disaster I hurry over even faster.

But give me just a crumb of news That's good, according to my views, And though it's but a rumored rumor, I'll read it twice, with rare good humor.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

Bare Fact

NOTE this inscrutable, But irrefutable Proof of the power of love:

What feminine hand With a new wedding band Ever feels need of a glove?

—ETHEL M. WEGERT.

Anyway, it's Only Rented

Flicking ashes on rug endorsed by noted interior decorator.

ASHES to ashes,
A dust to dust,
A dab of debris
Is a decorative "must,"
And if mamma don't 'low
No muss 'round here,
Mamma ain't hep to
Herself this year.

There's a brand-new order,
A brave new day;
A casual clutter
Is quite *au fait*;
The chic ménage
Has that lived-in look;
It says so here, men,
Right in the book!

So drink to its author by the vatful;
Kneel in reverent battalions;
Scatter her foes with scads of scallions.

Get set, go!
Let the gales blow
Where the listeth.
Cheerio!
A little litter
Relieves the gloom,
Smartens the
Too-studied room.

Boys, knock out that battered brier
On the choicest Biedermeier.
Let the Little Woman glare:
You're giving it that sought-for air.

Ashes on the Aubusson,
Dottle on the drugget,
Mark the coming trend,
If you're smart enough to plug it!
And butts on the Brussels,
Bits of sand or loam
Add those gay, disarming touches
That spell Home—Sweet—Home.

—ETHEL JACOBSON.



"Honest, mom, I don't mind. I want to see what it's like to do them on a small scale."



"Well, honey, the old gag finally caught up with me. I'm out of gas."

— Weather We're Having, Isn't It?

RECENTLY I met a friend of mine on the street, and in the course of conversation I glanced up at the sky and remarked, "It's a nice day, isn't it?" He gave me a hard stare. "Is it?" he snapped. That brought the war home to me.

As he went on to explain, there should be no loose talk about the weather. No telling who might be listening, and what's the good of stopping the publishing of weather reports if we citizens go babbling the weather all over the place?

He pointed out that care should be taken as well in repeating news from letters from one's cousins who live in Buffalo. If Cousin Bertha writes, "It's been raining cats and dogs for three days here, but it looks like it's going to clear up now," for heaven's sake don't tell a friend about it on a crowded streetcar. Even a simple remark such as, "That rasac, Bobby," Bertha said in her letter that he just came in with his feet soaking wet and hung his dripping umbrella in the closet," if overheard by the enemy, may lead him to suspect the presence of precipitation in Buffalo.

My friend thought that we were missing a bet by not conducting a "war of nerves" with weather reports. He had a couple of ideas. One was to have weather reports given on the radio by double-talk experts, as for example: "The weather for tomorrow: harpsicord fairies probably followed by sternogopplles."

Or something like this might prove annoying to enemy listening posts. "The weather for tomorrow: Would you like to know, Adolf?"

Today I met my friend again, and I remembered my lesson. I looked up at the sky and said, "It's a day, isn't it?" "Yes, it's a day," he agreed cautiously.

After all, as the old song says, it's always weather when fellows get together.

—SCOTT CORBETT.



FOR HEALTH—AND PLEASURE, TOO!—
SERVE CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP

Tomatoes are in the news as an important health-protective food. Tip-top tomatoes go into Campbell's Tomato Soup. They're plump and red, vine-ripened and full of luscious flavor. Blended with them are fine table butter and a touch of seasoning, and the soup is made according to Campbell's exclusive recipe.

Good soup is good sense for all the family, and "Tomatoes for health" is the order of the day. It's no wonder that today more than ever Campbell's Tomato Soup is first choice with most people.



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EXTRA - NOURISHING!

A nourishing soup becomes extra-nourishing when you fix Campbell's Tomato Soup as cream of tomato! To the health benefits of tomatoes you add the nutriment of milk and there you have a dish to help make any meal fortifying and sustaining. (For cream of tomato, prepare with an equal quantity of milk instead of water.)

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

"You're telling lies," said Cockrill. "I'm not, sir," said the young man earnestly.

Cockie grinned at him mockingly. "Well, well, well; you're turning into a Sherlock Holmes, are you? It may interest you to know that I also have a very interesting theory as to how the murders were done, Captain Nicholl, but as that doesn't concern you, I don't see why you shouldn't have a little jaunt. Your theory takes you to Tenfold, does it?"

James lowered his eyes and was understood to say that it was vaguely connected with Tenfold.

"All right. Go along. You needn't take Johnson, unless you're really so much attached to him. You won't bear to part with me. I make only one stipulation: that you don't mention this theory of yours to anyone else until I tell you that you may. Anything else you want?"

"No, no, rather not," said James, making joyfully for the door. "It's very good of you to let me go. Thanks awfully. Nothing else I want at all." He seemed quite animated.

"I thought you might want to borrow a bicycle," said Cockie, still with his mocking smile.

James had, as a matter of fact, already borrowed a bicycle. He pedaled majestically down the drive and through the village, and began the ascent of the downs beyond. Half a mile onward, on the fringe of the rolling grassland, he came upon a solitary, small, disused hut and, dismounting, wheeled his bicycle in and propped it against the crumbling wall. A bus was coming down the hill past Pigeonford, and in ten minutes would be through the village and climbing the hill toward him. He began to examine the shed.

Part of the roof was intact and would have kept the earthy flood free from rain or snow. In the dry dust he could distinguish the marks of the treads of a bicycle tire; against the wall where his own borrowed machine now stood, there were smears where another had recently been propped; in the dust was a skid mark, as though it had been lifted away from the wall, the wheel brushing along the ground. He lit a cigarette and strolled out onto the downs.

The bus overtook him and he signalled to it to stop. Twenty minutes later he alighted in Tenfold village, and, making his way to the railway station, asked the time of the next train to Piddleport.

The porter looked at him oddly, but vouchsafed that there was one in an hour.

"You don't get many people travelling from here, I suppose?" said James with elaborate carelessness, and professed a cigarette.

The porter refused the cigarette and replied that they did not.

"What's the last train?" asked James, pursuing a more definite line of inquiry. "Would that be the eleven-twenty-five?"

The porter said that it would.

"Pretty empty, I suppose?" said James again, lighting his own cigarette. The porter replied that it was and it wasn't.

James sighed patiently; this seemed to be getting them nowhere, fast. He leaned uncomfortably against the doopost, opposite what was fast becoming his adversary, and jingled the money in his pockets, searching for inspiration. Inspiration came.

"Those snowy nights there must have been nothing doing at all!" he

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HEADS YOU LOSE

By Christianna Brand

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

IX

JAMES NICHOLL knocked softly on the library door. "I say, inspector, could I have a word with you?" "Come in, Captain Nicholl," said Cockie cheerfully. He was refreshed by a good night's sleep and, moreover, he thought that now, with a little more checking up, he could lay his murderer neatly by the heels. "What can I do for you?"

"I wanted to go into Tenfold," said James, with anxious modesty. "I wondered if you could just let me off for an hour or two. I'll take my watchdog,

if I must—in fact I'm getting so fond of him that I don't like to think of being without him."

"What do you want in Tenfold?" asked Cockrill, swiveling to and fro as gaily as a schoolboy in Pen-dock's desk chair.

"Well, I wanted—to tell you the truth, inspector, you'll think it very comic, no doubt, but I've got a rather snappy theory about how these murders were committed. I just wanted to work out the details, and then I'll tell you all about it—if you're interested."



The Jeeps are rolling—first!

Big Question for Drivers:
How can you make your
present car outlast the war?

TODAY—with rationing actually here—nobody can tell whether or not you'll be able to buy a new car next year—or the year after!

That means a lot of drivers are going to have to make their present cars outlast the Duration—maybe you are one of them.

And THAT means taking care of your car—such care as you never dreamed of a year ago.

But, fortunately, it's now easy to do just that. Merely take advantage of the modern scientific lubrication method that's twice as good as an old-time "grease job," and is as near to you as your neighbor.

hood Good Gulf Service Station.

And THAT means Gulflex Registered Lubrication. No more costly than other lubrication—but tops in quality!*



What makes cars act old before their time?

You see, cars grow old at vital wearing points. Five great enemies—heat, water, air, dust, and friction—all combine to shorten car life.

Ask for

GULFLEX

Registered Lubrication



Yet no one of them need any longer rob your car of its youth. Because Gulf research scientists and engineers have applied modern science to car lubrication.

And here's the result! Not one all-purpose grease, but six separate, specialized lubricants. Lubricants that out-performed the pick of the field in laboratory and on the road.

And, equally important, training courses teach these service men in the vital job of applying these Gulflex super greases to your car.

All these facts make Gulflex Registered Lubrication the great service it is—and at no extra cost to you. With long life for your car so important today, it's good judgment to get regular 1000-mile Gulflexing. It may save you many dollars for repair bills and keep your car going strong for the Duration.



1. *Gulflex Chassis Lubricant lubricated shackles nearly 100% longer than the average of competitive products tested.

2. Gulflex Chassis Lubricant stayed in the shackle 30% better than the average of competitive greases tested.

3. Melting point of Gulflex Chassis Lubricant was almost 90° higher than that of any of the competing greases tested.

4. Gulflex Chassis Lubricant showed only moderate change of hardness with varying temperatures.

We think



"The Adoption of the United States Constitution in Congress at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1787," by John H. Froehlich, which hangs in the Pennsylvania State Museum at Harrisburg, Pa.

this is what they meant

154 YEARS AGO there was written into the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States this phrase: "To provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare."

Just what did they intend these words to mean—the men who helped guide the first faltering steps of a new nation?

We believe this is what they meant:

That in times of peace, it was the duty of all individuals, and all industries, to continually exercise their skill and ingenuity for the benefit of the "general welfare"—so that Americans everywhere could live healthier, happier, better lives.

We think they meant that, should American democracy ever be threatened, the defense of that democracy then became the responsibility of every man and woman in the United States. That all persons, all industries, should devote their energies without stint to the common cause.

Because we at Westinghouse believe this is the meaning of those words from the Constitution, we have lived and worked by them—and are living and working by them today!

* * *

The list of contributions by the Westinghouse

Company to the general welfare and the common defense is as long as it is interesting. Westinghouse engineering brains built the mammoth generators for Grand Coulee Dam—largest in the United States and big enough to light a million homes. These same Westinghouse engineering brains built two ordnance plants for the U. S. Navy in 143 days . . . and are turning out mounts for big Navy guns there today.

The street lights in front of your home . . . or the lights at a military airport; the electrified railway you ride on . . . or the black-out equipment for factories—these Westinghouse products have helped make America great, and will help keep America great!

We have been able to produce these products for better living and safer living because of a characteristic we have fostered and developed—the Westinghouse "know how." Briefly, it is the ability to get things done in the best possible way. It is because of this "know how" that you can have the utmost confidence in every product that bears the Westinghouse name.

Today, in the cause of common defense, Westinghouse "know how" is working overtime to meet the nation's needs. We are working 24 hours a day to speed the time when Westinghouse "know how" will again lead the way in supplying the nation's peace-time products for better living.

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Armor-piercing shot	Portable X-Ray equipment	Plastic plane parts
Naval Ordnance	Binoculars	Seadrome lighting equipment
Sterilamps	Tank equipment	Navy ship turbines and gears
Bomb fuses	Military radio equipment	Blackout plant lighting equipment

"For the General Welfare"

Air Conditioning	Electric Irons	Meters	Steam turbines
Electric Refrigerators	Switchboards	Motors and Controls	Elevators
Electric Ranges	Lamps	Transformers	Wiring Devices

These lists mention only some of the many thousands of Westinghouse products.
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Westinghouse



"To provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare"

(Continued from Page 30) suggested, producing half a crown from his pocket and beginning to toss it nonchalantly and catch it in the same hand.

The effect was magical. There had been very little doing indeed, said the porter immediately, thrusting his cap to the back of his head and settling himself more comfortably against his side of the door-post. The night that poor Miss Morland from Pigeonsford Cottage had been killed, had been very cold, though you couldn't call it snowy; only 'arf a dozen people had come onto the platform; most of them would be going through to Mellicombe, he supposed, for that was the only big station beyond Piddleport. No one he knew, but then he hadn't been here long and hardly knew any but the Tenfold people by sight. The next night was colder still and really snowing 'ard. He remembered particular, because only three people had caught the train: a lady and a gent together, and a gent who had run onto the platform at the last minute and fair snatched the ticket out of his hand and bolted into an empty carriage. Pore old soul, he was puffing and panting that hard that the porter had heard sure he would hust a bit before he got aboard. He didn't remember hearing him before, unless it was on the previous night—the night Miss Morland died; when a rather similar old gent had made one of the six. He wiped his hand across his mouth and opined that talking was always thirsty work.

So remarkable a collection and presentation of just the facts he wanted appeared, to James, to warrant assuagement of however handsome a thirst. He paid up accordingly and made his way out of the village.

A great deal of questioning failed to elicit the address of Bunsen's aged sister. He knew that she was unmarried, but a Miss Bunsen was unknown to anyone in Tenfold. He explained at last that the lady was old and very ill, and finally that her brother was butler to Mr. Stephen Pendock, of Pigeonsford House. The village rocked with laughter and informed him that he wanted Miss Burner.

There was definitely only one lady answering to his description, and James made his way, discomfited, to Miss Burner's cottage. A district nurse opened the door to him and said that that was nice, because now he could sit with the patient while she popped out for some Benger's Food.

Bunsen's sister reminded James of a little of Lady Hart, nor was she any less gracious or self-assured. She received him charmingly, and there was a little subdued merriment over his very natural difficulty in locating her. Her brother, she said with affect-

tionate candor, was perhaps not very quick to take a joke and had never quite understood; but years ago, when they were little girls, dear Miss Venetia Hart, that was, and her sister, Miss Fran, they had christened him Bunsen, and she did believe that Mr. Pendock had forgotten that he had ever had any other name. Hadn't the gentleman heard his real name at the inquest?

James' attention at the inquest had been concentrated solely upon his own part in it, but he did not trouble to explain this, for the old lady was rambling on, "He's a good, kind brother to me, sir, indeed he is. Ever so worried he's been over this illness of mine. He's been over the last two nights, all that snow on his bicycle."

"I suppose you didn't see his bicycle?" asked James eagerly.

Miss Burner looked astonished, as well she might. "See it? Why, no, indeed, sir. He left it in the shed, I suppose, like he always does." Anyway, she'd been pretty far gone that first night; one of her legs was very queer and she'd thought her time had come and she was going from the feet up. A friend of hers had been in those days, only then the next day gone, next day both of them, and then the next days all the way up till it came to the heart. The doctor had brought her, Miss Burner, the very same pills as he'd given poor Martha, small white round ones, and naturally it had alarmed her very much; especially as with Martha it was the stomach, while with herself it was the heart.

James cut short this flow of reminiscence by saying that he had come to ask Miss Bunsen—sorry, Miss Burner—a question which was very important to him. As he had disclosed at the inquest—Bunsen's sister gave him a kind, little sympathetic pat—Pippie le May, his wife, was not, in fact, a relation of Miss Morland's at all. It had occurred to him that anyone who had been as long in the district as Miss—er—Burner—got it that time!—would be sure to know something about her history. Everyone was talking about it and making wild guesses.

Something changed in the old lady's face, and she said sharply that people had better let well alone or they might hear something they wouldn't like at all. "I would help you, captain," she said, "but I mustn't say what I know, and that's all there is about it. If it's any comfort to you, though, I will tell you this: Miss Pippi had for her father as good and kind a man as it would be possible to find. Her mother was not a good woman; she led him on, poor fellow, till he hardly knew right from wrong; he

paid for it ever afterwards with sorrow and remorse and the fear of its being discovered—let alone with money. But Miss Pippi, your wife, sir, she had his blood in her as well as her mother's; she was kind, she was, and generous in her way, and I always thought that that part she got from him. It may be a happiness to you to know, sir, now that she's dead, poor child, that her father, at least, was one of the best of men."

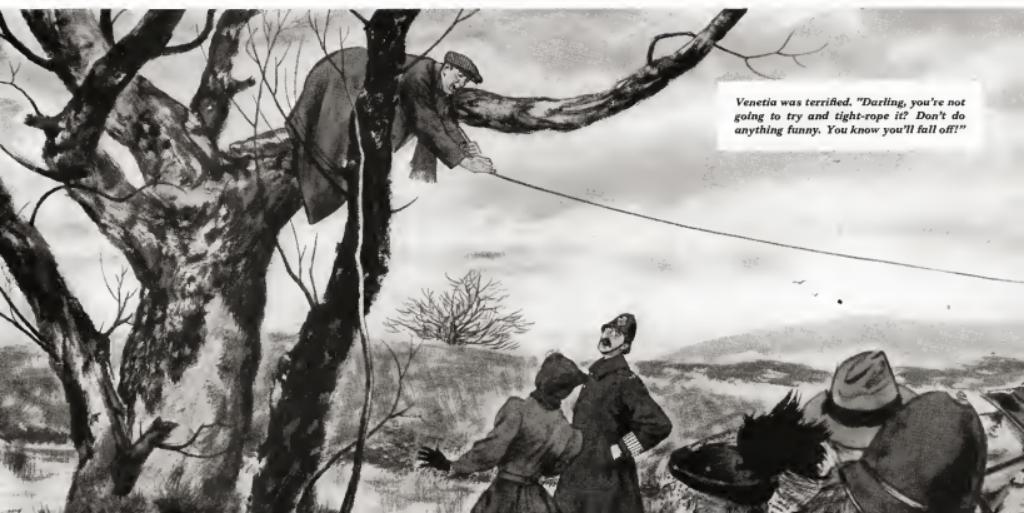
James crept out of the cottage feeling bitterly ashamed. If what he thought was true, then it would have been better for the poor old lady that her feet had, indeed, been dead on the night of Grace Morland's murder, that mortality had immediately claimed her legs and finally reached her heart, after the fashion of death in Tenfold. But still greater issues were at stake than the peaceful end of one old woman, already at the gates of heaven; rather subdued, he went back to the station and caught the midday train.

It was a very lovely day. All across the downs the birds were wheeling and singing, the snow was gone, and the little train puffed its way between rounded grassy hills dotted with grazing cattle; then passed through Pigeonsford village and started up the gradient that forms the eastern boundary of the grounds of Pigeonsford House. James opened the door of the carriage and hung out over the line; as the train slackened speed, toiling up the long ascent, he relaxed his hold and jumped, tumbling, bruised and muddy, into the ditch. He picked himself up and made his way along the bank of the stream and out of the Pigeonsford gate.

He had twisted his ankle a little, but he limped off energetically through the village and up to the shed on the downs.

People stared at his rumpled clothing, and he stopped and brushed himself down and straightened his collar and tie. No hurry, after all. An old man, a man with corns, would walk very slowly up the long incline.

His ankle hurt, but he struggled manfully on. Once at the shed he would have the bike and there would be a long run down, and then only the little hill up from the village to the house. He wondered whether Bunsen had first killed his victims and then gone to fetch the bicycle, or whether he had brought it back to the shed before he got down to his dreadful work, and finally wheeled it up innocently to the house. In the case of Miss Morland, of course, he had left it by the body while he ran to fetch Pendock and led him, full of false horror and lamentation, down to the dreadful scene. (Continued on Page 67)



Venetia was terrified. "Darling, you're not going to try and tight-rope it? Don't do anything funny. You know you'll fall off!"



DIAMOND T ON DUTY *...in defense of Freedom!*

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

MADE-IN-AMERICA BLITZ

(Continued from Page 13)

Behind them, though occasionally as much as fifty miles distant, comes the striking echelon, carrying the most formidable concentration of fire power and armor in the division. Here are the bulk of the field guns as well as light and medium tanks. Together, by combining fire and movement, they deliver an unceasingly energetic, irresistible stream of steel. All other echelons—indispensable air combat support, in rapport with the entire operation—exist for the purpose of bringing this striking force into the tactical position to deliver its haymaker punch.

Close to the striking power is the support echelon with its engineers, artillery and antitank guns, and its infantrymen carried in armored half-track vehicles. It assists in the attack, seizes ground lying between tank lanes, and eliminates antiaircraft guns. It improves security by bypassing road blocks, obstacles and land mines, and by performing demolition tasks.

The supply echelon furnishes the fuel and rations to keep vehicles and men in action. With its skilled mechanics and its medical detachment it also repairs, when possible, the damage done to both tanks and tankers, and provides maintenance.

The command echelon includes the tanks and cars of the division commander and staff, into which information pours in a ceaseless stream by carrier and radio from every part of the battle front. Unlike other command posts, this one is usually in constant movement. Much of the paper and head work, the sifting, sorting and co-ordinating of information, and the constant modifications of orders and tactics, has to be worked out inside a moving tank or command car.

That's the general relationship between echelons, but in real life they are never quite so neatly separated either in function or location. Just as with a football team, you have the line, a backfield, and within the frame a wide variety of formations, so with the armored division, you get ever-shifting groupments, large and small. Here there is a bunching up and there a fanning out, with a bewildering shuffling of echelons. And then you have ever-widening circles of action as the attack co-ordinates more and more divisions of this type.

The Panzer Secret

In Louisiana I rode through shambles battle in the command tank with Maj. Gen. George S. Patton, of the 2nd Armored Division. Most of the time we were miles ahead of the support echelon and right on the tracks of the reconnaissance, or even in contact with the enemy, or far in his rear. The risk seemed to me grave for a command position. Twice I thought the general was "captured." But each time a full-speed reverse—forty-five miles an hour—promptly changed the situation.

Thus, armor and mobility and all-way communication give the component parts of the division an amazing versatility in maneuver, flexibility and freedom of action, and power of recovery. It is the mastery of just this art of quick change and regroupment which, our tank experts say, explains German victories even more than their mighty weapons.

Down at Fort Knox, Armored Force headquarters, I met Col. James Crockett, who is just now writing our first training manuals for armored troops, and heard him enlarge on that point. Crockett was in Germany throughout the period of expansion of the German army, and is reported to know more English-speaking men alive. He attended the German staff college while a military observer in Berlin, and learned blitzkrieg from the horse's mouth.

This is the way he summarized it all, in "layman's language": "The Germans recognize that in modern warfare every situation requires special weapons and different tactical formations to meet it. Their system of grouping is a new conception and different from our tactical or task force. It is much better suited to modern needs. It enables them readily to use the different tactical organizations of every branch of the army in combination—task groupment—under a unified command. This is the secret of the panzer success—and it is an altogether new thing in the history of warfare."

The Germans had six years, and the laboratory of Spain, in which to perfect these tactics which brought them such spectacular gains—until they became frozen in and helpless in the snows of Russia. So far we have had but a year and a half to practice with these weapons.

Despite years of agitation by people like Congressman Ross Collins and many enthusiastic younger officers in the Army, it was not till July, 1940, that our General Staff finally recognized the radical changes going on in

military science by bringing together all our available mechanized resources to form an Armored Force command. Still under the spell of French war doctrine and its Maginot Line psychology, we remained wrapped in our deep dream of security and peace until Nazi tanks awakened the Administration to the need for funds to put our troops and their guns in armor and on wheels.

Nevertheless, once it was activated, our Armored Force began to break all records for speedy progress. On its first birthday it was already clearly destined to become the most important command in the land forces. Today, eighteen months old, it is the outstanding organizational achievement of the entire Army and unquestionably the most powerful combat group we have ever assembled.

Little burdened with tradition, ritual and precedent, the Armored Force gets things done with a minimum of red tape. Being directly under the Chief of Staff doubtless helps out. There seemed to me less chauvinism than is usual among officers, and a closer relationship between officers and men. Not sure about this, I asked a young captain of infantry his opinion.

"I felt the same thing as soon as I came in here," he said. "The reason probably is that the Armed Forces is a relatively new place of infantry, cavalry and artillery. Usually there is jealousy between these branches, but here we forget where we originated and develop teamwork and loyalty to a new and common ideal. We have no more tradition with officers than with the men and this makes it easier to get ac-

quainted. There are no barriers to close association both ways."

Part of the Armored Force's excellent press may be due to its first-rate liaison officer in Washington, Col. G. K. Cheves, whose patient instruction has made many correspondents "panzer experts." He has excellent reinforcement down in Fort Knox now in Public Relations Officer Tristram Tupper, known to readers of this publication as the author of *The River*. But mostly the blitz boys have become popular because they are impressively competent. They seem to be officers of higher caliber, and better satisfied than most, and this has been true all along, for months before we got into war. It may be partly because these officers are learning a lot, but it is also because the A. F. is growing rapidly and promotions have been coming fast.

Both brigadiers and major generals in the A. F. are, on an average, two years younger than the rest of the Army. Callow youngsters—one only forty-seven—have been made brigadier generals. The present commander of the Armored Force is one of the youngest major generals of the American Army. He is Jacob L. Devers, who is fifty-four and looks forty-five.

The School of Hard Knocks

"Don't get the idea, however, that this is any place for dandies or passed-up colonels," cackled alert Brig. Gen. Jack H. Heard, commander of the 5th Armored Division. Wrily fingering a long scar beneath his lower lip, he told me a story.

Briefly it was this: An officer, getting along in years, came to Knox from a near-by camp shortly after the Armored Force was created. News had spread that the force was short of officers and he wanted in on the ground floor. And so he went until General Head took him for a tank ride at full speed through the woods.

Now with a tank you usually either go right through whatever you hit, without pause, or you come to a sudden devastating stop. There is no in between. The driver has to be the judge of whether he can knock over an object or must go around it.

"Well, all at once, bang!" concluded General Head. "We hit a tree stump and lost the argument. I was caught with my chin against the bumper. I shot right ahead into the tank wall and hit a hole several inches long right through my chin. But my fellow traveler passed out cold. When he woke up he was covered with blood from my wound. He thought he was dead." The brigadier paused and smiled. "He withdrew his application for a transfer."

In other divisions, commanding officers may ride on upholstery, but not here. They take every bump with the men. "You have to be more than a good officer in these hell divisions," a staff general is reputed to have remarked. "You have to be a bloody aerobat!"

The statement is supported by the fact that divisional commanders include some first-rate athletes. Chief "Jake" Devers was one of the Army's crack polo players. Gillem was a college football star. Heard was a pioneer of Army flying. Patton starred in track, football and polo, once represented America in the Olympics, and today pilots his own plane to see for



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himself how his troops look from the air.

Many other commanders are outstanding specimens of how to keep fit though an officer. I have seen something of all our armored divisions except the 4th—which is wintering in its ski suits up at Pine Camp, New York—and the same high standards of leadership prevail everywhere.

Major A. F. higher commanders have had combat experience at least one war. An odd point is that an exception to this is General Devers himself. It is a tribute to his organizing and administrative ability, as well as to the Army's fairness—the general has no political pull—but despite this handicap as well as his youth he has been given such a highly responsible command.

But the men of the A. F. are more impressive than their commanders. In this case, whenever the latter are really good. In fact, with two exceptions, this is the only part of the Army I have seen where, even in the low-morale days following the extension of the draft, the average selection seemed whether in camp or on maneuvers, more interested in his work than in getting home. Former college men, barbers, laundrymen, salesmen, truck drivers, farmers, factory workers, clerks and baseball players—I have found and talked to all of them among the tankers—there is a solid, determined, combat-ready quality that of the new recruit in the Air Force.

Something akin to a glow exudes from this modern rough rider which marks him apart from lesser breeds who walk without armor. He wears his brilliant tri-colored arm insignia, a tank emblazoned with a bolt of lightning, with conspicuous swagger and pride of outfit.

That insignia, by the way—combining infantry blue, cavalry yellow and artillery red—is one indication of the pride the commandant feels in the force to the man. It was adopted when sleeve markings generally were *verbotten*, apparently because of laundries difficulties. But the A. F. people got around that. They made the little tanks detachable for washing, by fastening them on with snaps, a practice soon emulated by others.

Sons of Flash Gordon

Though the Armored Force recruits were not allowed to special dress in armor, nothing prevented them from adopting pet names and popularizing them. Thus the 1st Armored Division became known as Old Ironsides, the 2nd as Hell on Wheels, the 3rd—at Camp Polk, Louisiana—as the Bayou Blitz. The names spread and caught on throughout the Army. When the 5th Armored Division was activated in October, and selectees were assigned to it from various camps, they busied themselves thinking up an appropriate sobriquet. Before the officers could find one themselves a draftee turned up with the only possible choice—the 5th V for Victory—Division. And so it is known today.

Down in the Bayou Blitz the favorite music is the General Millie March, composed for the division's commander by a patriotic private with the musical name of Willie Charkovsky. In a previous article I told how General Patton carved a Pine Bowl out of the forest where he can gather his whole division for a powwow, and of other ways that his men keep interested, busy and happy over at Fort Benning. So it is with every armored division I

have seen. From privates to officers they are definitely getting a kick out of it.

The fact is the jerry and Japs couldn't have chosen a kind of warfare better suited to American temperament. American youth will try anything if it is new, hard-hitting and hard to hit. The very word "armored" is psychology on the right. The word stirs the adventurous spirit and evokes romantic ideas of knighthood and crusades. Or, which is more likely, it finds association, in the subconscious mind of American youth, with recently discarded wonder tales of Superman, Flash Gordon and other machine-age genii invulnerable to everything from stink bombs to invisible rays.

It happens that there is just enough basis for such fancies to make the combat appeal. Fighting from button-tightings and bullet-proof vests does restore the soldier's feeling of God-given invincibility. At the same time it simulates the conditions of individual combat and provides that incentive to heroism and initiative which is notoriously lacking when you are part of a herd fighting from trenches.

Other obvious factors contribute to the high morale which from its beginning characterized this force. Fully half the men in it are dealing with motors, and the other half are handling the latest improved weapons. Never a dull moment. Above all, American youth can be happy, given that combination—especially when the motors happen to be of the aircraft type.

"I'm learning something," man after man told me when I asked him if he liked it. "It's fun and it's something I ought to know." An American boy is apt to feel he is uneducated if he can't take down a motor and put it together again. Being in the Armored Force is like taking a postgraduate course in Government experience.

The competitive spirit is sharpened by the relatively high degree of cerebration required for a specialist's rating. Because it is a new organization, promotions are usually rapid for enlisted men. In the Armored Force School, at Fort Knox, I ran across a sergeant already teaching a class in electricity, though he had been drafted only six months earlier. He had applied for an officer-candidate's post and expected soon to be accepted. Brig. Gen. Stephen G. Henry, commanding officer of the school, told me that less than 80 per cent of all officer candidates for the Armored Force were now coming from selectees.

This Armored Force School is something to make any American proud of his countrymen. Few even know it exists. If it did not, we would be in quite a mess at the moment. Yet at the start its organizers found little understanding anywhere and had to overcome what seem now absurdly trivial obstacles. They lacked funds to buy necessary equipment. They couldn't get airplane engines or tools for the workshops. Aircraft and automobile experts were needed as teachers, and manufacturers had to be coaxed to release them.

Moreover, the British, the Dutch, the Canadians, the Brazilians and the Chinese began sending us students to be taught to use our lend-lease equipment. Even the U. S. Marines come to Knox to learn. Established in November, 1940, the school opened with 1600 enlisted men and 200 selected officers, enrolled for a three months' course. Shortly afterward the Armored Force was expanded from two to five divi-

sions, and a school built to train 800 officers and 7200 specialists annually, had to retool itself to turn out 1400 officers and 25,000 men. But it was done—by working the classrooms and workshops twelve hours a day, and by staggering courses.

The vast majority of the recruits here who pass the aptitude tests have had no previous special training. Yet in three months they emerge as qualified tank and wheeled-vehicle operators and mechanics, radio electricians, gunners, clerks and stenographers. Officers get training in tank tactics, ranging from renewed study of the methods of Jeb Stuart, Nathan Bedford Forrest and Sheridan, to analysis of European blitzes.

It is tough going, and quite a few fall by the wayside. For example, in the wheeled-vehicle class, students must learn in a week to assemble and disassemble an entire engine. In another week they learn the uses of twenty-nine different electrical appliances. Graduates of the motorcycle class are capable of making field repairs for any known complaint of their iron horses. Tank students learn three different engines—the Diesel, Wright and Continental. The Diesel alone has 3500 different parts.

Six Men in One

Boys who knew nothing about radio but how to turn a dial—99 per cent of a big class confirmed this when I asked for a show of hands—grasp the rudiments of radio electricity, plus code and cryptography, in the same three months. About every fifteenth man in an armored division, by the way, is a radio specialist.

Gummers get what at first glance appears to be the ideal combination of play and study. They work on a wobble platform where guns are mounted on a kind of track which simulates the movement of a tank in action. From this they fire subcaliber ammunition at a painted landscape, with miniature tanks and armored vehicles moving along at high speed, instead of clay pigeons or tin ducks. After weeks of this, they fire in earnest with live shells. These gunners have to be good, and be six men in one.

For instance, the man who fires a 37-mm. gun in the new medium tank must be able to perform the following jobs simultaneously: operate the gun mount while he operates to operate its elevator, sight and aim the 37 and the machine gun, handle the button triggers; and while doing this receive and relay the commander's instructions to the tank operator. Obviously, so high a degree of co-ordination is required of this lad that he has little time left to write any post cards to the folks back home.

"In fact," dryly remarked the artillery instructor who told me all this, "you have a harmonica and a hand in hand book, and he would be a fairly busy guy."

By now we should have approximately 25,000 fully trained Armored Force officers and specialists. This would indicate specialist personnel adequate for four full combat divisions, or, spread out thinly, perhaps enough for eight training divisions. Clearly it isn't enough for the present need. How quickly will we now be able to increase the output?

You might think, right off, that a proper classification system would turn up plenty of skilled men from the

(Continued on Page 40)

Antiphlogistine

(pronounced anti-flo-jis-tine)



The Deaver Chemical Mfg. Co., New York, N.Y.

"DOWN BY THE O-O-LD MILL--"

BILL: Ow! Take it out and bury it!

HANK: Bury Joe. He's the sour one.

JOE: Listen, this shirt's so shrunk it would choke a canary off-key. Give me another chance—

"Down by the ee—"

BILL: Awful! What you need is shirts with a "Sanforized" label. They never shrink out of size.

HANK: You know what the tags say—the fabric won't shrink more than 1% by standard tests. And that's so little, it's practically perfect.

JOE: I want to get this perfect first—

"Down by the ee—"

BILL: Stop! You're going down to the shop in the hotel and get a shirt marked "Sanforized." They have 'em in all makes and styles.

HANK: And for no more than you usually pay.

JOE: Just a minute—"Down by—" Hey! I'm down—to a whisper! I'd better ask for that "Sanforized" label while I can still talk.



↓ "HOW DID JOE SURVIVE?"



MARY: Fine. He came home looking fit as a fiddle in a shirt marked "Sanforized." Said it wouldn't shrink out of fit.

JANE: Darling, you look as though you could do with a little "Sanforized" protection, yourself!



MARY: These don't say "Sanforized"—but the clerk says they won't shrink much.

JANE: Don't buy 'em! We'll keep looking until we do find the "Sanforized" label . . . and then we know they won't shrink out of fit!



JOE: "My village que-een . . . You do look awful cute in that number, honey."

MARY: And it's going to stay cute . . . with a "Sanforized" label!

LOOK FOR THE "Sanforized" label on either cotton, linen, and spun rayon washables . . . children's clothes, uniforms, slacks and work clothes, slip cover and curtain materials. Then they won't shrink out of fit!

SANFORIZED®
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner
The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers of cotton, linen, and spun rayon washables only when items for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

FOR PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

(Continued from Page 38)
draftees who wouldn't have to be sent to school. The Armored Force people say no; there aren't enough to go around. It must be remembered, too, that thousands of skilled workers engaged in vital defense industries are being exempted from service.

"In an emergency," General Devers told me at Fort Knox, "we will increase the capacity of our school to forty-eight thousand annually." The emergency appears to be here, and presumably we shall be graduating 12,000 every three months from now on. But even that rate will supply specialist personnel for only eight combat divisions a year. A further doubling or even redoubling may be an early necessity.

Even when we get the trained specialists, they won't automatically make combat divisions ready for action. "Development of the tactics of an armored unit," the late Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, founder of the Armored Force, discovered, "is dependent in an unusual degree to the decentralization of command, operation and maintenance to the enlisted men, coupled with his initiative, judgment and degree of training to meet each situation." Recently there was an interesting demonstration of how well this point has been pushed in training. Eight reconnaissance parties were sent out by the 2d Armored Division on a task of finding a route through a minefield. At the end the party which won highest credits on all counts was found to be commanded by an enlisted man whose officer had been knocked out during earliest phases of the maneuver.

The Race With Time

"Experience has proved," said General Chaffee, "that it takes a minimum of four months to train an enlisted man to participate as a junior member of his tank or field crew. An additional three months is required in the A. F. School as the first step in qualifying technical experts." Add to that the man's initial three months' general training in an induction center before being earmarked, and you get a minimum of ten months needed to make a junior armored warrior. Brigadier General Henry put the minimum training period at a full year.

We have been working on the 1st and 2d Armored Divisions eighteen months, and they did not have armored tanks to start with. This period culminated in the Carolina maneuvers last autumn, certainly the most searching test of the kind ever given in America. They appeared to perform beautifully, but not well enough to satisfy Lieut. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, chief of Staff, GHQ. He would not say that they were yet ready for battle. If the Carolinas had been real war our troops would have suffered devastating casualties, he thought, owing to incomplete training.

People point to the fact that though many of our soldiers were shipped to France before they had fired a rifle, still they gave a good account of themselves in the trenches. But that was cowboy-and-Indian stuff compared to today's fighting. Plainly, a man cannot master tank gunnery while on his way to the front lines. And in the A. F. it isn't only the danger of sacrificing untrained men but of losing costly equipment and its terrific fire power, which could turn against us.

Besides teaching us that our troops needed still more practice, the Carolina maneuvers resulted in radical changes

in the armored division. The new improvements will unquestionably make it the world's most formidable fighting unit. Getting down to cases, this redesigning means that the armored division of 1942 will have twice the fire power it took to the Carolinas. Guns and howitzers—37 mm., 75 mm., 105 mm.—are to be increased from 429 to 752.

The present three tank regiments of each armored division, two light and one medium, are being revamped into two tank regiments, each containing two battalions of medium tanks and one battalion of light tanks. This will increase the medium tanks from 108 to 232, while light tanks are being decreased from 273 to 158.

Probably the most far-reaching innovation is the addition of an antitank battalion using self-propelled artillery. The antitank battalion, with its twenty-seven self-propelled 37-mm. antitank guns and a large number of self-

propelled 75-mm. guns and 105-mm. howitzer artillery, is the result of a new plan of antitank defense tried and tested in maneuvers. Like the division's tanks themselves, the antitank unit is designed for fire and movement in an offensive defense, searching out enemy tanks instead of waiting for them to attack.

Obviously, the problem of speedier training is closely related to that of supply—the prompt delivery of these new weapons. Thus far, paucity of equipment has held back training perhaps more than any other factor. The end of 1941 actually saw us with only five armored divisions and a cadre of a sixth. Of the five, only the 1st and the 2d—the 1st Armored Corps—had their full quota of tanks on the old basis. But they lacked spares and essential items like self-propelled guns, heavy howitzers and antiaircraft guns. The three other divisions were short of everything.

A testament of our unpreparedness—and of our good will toward man—is the fact that in fifteen years, up till 1936, this country made just thirty-three tanks. Even as late as June, 1940, we still had a total of only 392 tanks. And the others? The record of making more than that every fortnight. We—our producers and our ordnance technicians—have passed both Britain

and Russia. In a year and a half we have almost overtaken Germany's seven-year lead. By July we shall have left the Nazis trailing.

Tanks are the strong point of ordnance performance. But Col. John Christiansen, probably our foremost tank brain, was conservative when I asked him about tank combat. "I need tanks about twice my weight," he said. "We think our tanks are at least as good as any other," he said, "maybe better. But only combat can be the test of that."

Since then American light tanks have been running circles around Axis vehicles in Libya, and military reports show that they are superior to anything Germany or Italy has put against them. Still, we do not know whether the Germans have something better in Europe. This is a job of intelligence—and the scandal of the war thus far seems to be the monotony in which we remain unintelligent. However, our tank department believes it has in store some surprises of its own.

There is confidence in the War Department about the standard tank models now rolling from assembly lines. These are our so-called light tank, which weighs thirteen and a half tons and is almost the equivalent of the German medium M-3 and M-4, which weigh twenty-one and a half tons. The latter is an improvement over the M-3, which has also made history in Africa. The new medium has, for one thing, tremendously increased power—many more than the mere 400 horses under the steel hull of the M-3. It has a power-driven revolving 75-mm. gun mounted in its turret, with a seven-mancrew handling that plus a 37-mm. cannon, four machine guns, and personal arms.

The M-4's projectile-shedding qualities have been enhanced by lowering and rounding the whole contour, and by using cast instead of riveted steel—while in this case is almost three inches thick in vital spots. With all its weight and armament, I found this more comfortable than the light tank. With plenty of leg room, I could sit long enough to use the joists. It rides well like a heavy-duty truck, and even with all six guns blazing, the noise inside—where you get only the detonating charge—is nothing like the din a single 75-mm. gun sets up, in your ear if you are outside.

This medium M-4 has another feature which may eventually change all tank tactics. It is believed to be the first tank in the world equipped with a gyrostabilizer device which enables fast movement without a jolt. All now the Germans have won their victories by a skillful combination of fire and movement—that is, groups of tanks cover one another's movement by alternating at firing, from a standing position as they progress in a general zigzag advance together.

Our tankers have been taught German tactics and never waste ammunition—a tank carries only seventy-five rounds for each of its heavier guns—but fire in movement, except at close quarters. Now the gyrostabilizer may immensely increase mobility, doubling the rate of advance, a whole line of sound-founded theories discuss about the gyrostabilizer's efficiency. But technicians like Colonel Crockett, schooled in the German theory, are still skep-

tical. They advocate continued fire and movement.

Then there is our battleship of the armored fleet, the T-6 heavy tank of which fifty are being made at Baldwin Locomotive Works. A monster of about fifty tons at this writing, it may go up to nearly eighty. Its armor is thick enough to turn away anything up to heavy field artillery. Its own armament is now a three-inch gun of high velocity and penetrating quality. A new heavy tank has already been authorized. Details remain secret—but it's a safe bet it will pack heavier guns.

Assistant Secretary of War McClellan told me that this new heavy is the mightiest tank ever built, as far as we know. We have proof of a fifty-ton German tank, and we lack combat reports on it. But despite persistent rumors of giants of eighty and a hundred tons, our people can't find out—even now, in the case of the Russians—whether any actually exist. American tank engineers are convinced that no satisfactory tank of such size has yet been produced in Europe, for what seem sound reasons.

The Pearl Harbor Goad

First, it may be argued that we have been backward in armor design and armament for all our armored vehicles. But it is also true that in mobility and mechanical performance American tanks are far ahead of anything yet seen in Europe. German tanks generally have but half the horsepower per ton of American tanks, and hence less speed and maneuverability. Wherever automotive engineering expertise counts America already leads.

The major obstacle to heavier tanks has been the power train. We have electrical and hydraulic variable-speed transmissions which promise to relay astounding amounts of horsepower to the tank tracks. This solution was found relatively quickly here because of the help of American automotive engineering. Countries less richly endowed with "automobile brains" simply cannot keep pace heretofore.

Tanks of 100 tons with a top speed of sixty miles an hour are a possibility, and so are flying tanks—despite talk to do—and mobile armored planes to move tanks. But if the war lasts long enough, but if our present heavy tank is considered a special weapon of limited use—chiefly because it can be stopped by streams, since few existing bridges are large enough to bear it. Nor can available cranes lift these behemoths to our ships.

A few months ago the OPM proudly let it be known that we might produce as many as 20,000 tanks by next July, and 30,000 monthly by December, 1942, and 40,000 "under pressure." However, America's record shows that above mere production there is a real high gear known as war. When it hit this country all previous bets on production automatically were canceled.

We had it on Navy authority that during the attack on Pearl Harbor six workers unloaded and mounted an antiaircraft gun in two hours—a job which normally would have occupied twenty men for a day and a half. Obviously, it is that same kind of miracle which is going to convert the automotive industry to the manufacture of arsenals according to the combined output of the rest of the world. Only Pearl Harbor could have done that for us, as the President pointed out when he recently promised us 45,000 tanks by the end of this year.

YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING - BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

SURE—all smokers sometimes inhale. But—*worry about throat irritation doesn't go with inhaling—not for PHILIP MORRIS smokers!* Here's the big difference—the vital difference... reported by doctors who measured irritation from the five leading cigarettes:

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS, IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS HIGH—AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG! *

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PLUS REAL PROTECTION—
AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE!**



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The Better Soups America Wanted



★ CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP—Think of homemade noodles yellow with eggs—of clear golden broth a-shimmer with richness and studded with chunks of tender chicken! That's Heinz Chicken Noodle Soup, real down-home eating.

★ SPIT FILO SOUP—This elusive old-soup—inspired by a treasured French-Canadian recipe—is made of diced split peas, potatoes, tender carrots and ham. Highly nourishing main dish for lunch or supper.



★ BEAN SOUP WITH SMOKED PORK—Hearty as a sailor's handshake—a thick soup of navy beans, long and gentle cooking till the racy, smoky flavor of the pork cooks into every morsel. A bowlful makes a whole meal.

★ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP—If you like good, thick cream, this luscious cream-blended purée of Heinz own pedigreed tomatoes is for you! Expertly seasoned with rare imported spices. There is nothing to add.

★ VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE SOUP—So rich, luscious, satisfying it's hard to believe this soup is made without meat or stock! A grand quick way to bring to your table more than a dozen prime vegetables—a heap of nourishment.

Full-Flavored, Rich And Delicious, Heinz 23 Traditional Soups Are Made To Old-Fashioned Recipes. Choice Ingredients, Slow-Batch Cooking And Rare Seasonings Give Them Genuine Home Flavor.

Years ago soups like Heinz simmersed fragrantly on the back of glowing stoves. The steam of their cooking misted the kitchen windows on chilly days... bubbles in the kettle rose more and more slowly as the soup cooked down rich and thick.

Today the wholesome goodness and fresh-cooked flavor of fine old-time homemade soup is duplicated by Heinz method of slow cooking in small

batches. Meats and poultry, prize vegetables, the heavy cream that gives velvety richness to Heinz cream soups, are selected with the care that has made Heinz famous for over 73 years.

You're missing something mighty good until you've tried Heinz Home-style Soups! Add new zest, more nourishment to meals by featuring your family's favorites from the 23 delicious kinds!

**Heinz
home-style Soups**



SUGARFOOT

(Continued from Page 25)



Time's wondrous alchemy
works its spell upon
the choice golden tobaccos
that Briggs lays away
to mellow in fragrant oaken casks.

All harshness and tongue-bite
disappear.

Briggs is cask-mellowed
for years... (longer than many
luxury-priced blends).
Yet, you can enjoy this
grand and glorious pipe treat
for only

15¢ a tin.



BRIGGS

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

"That," she said gaily, "is what you think."

Mary opened the outer door and came into the house. "Don Miguel wants to see ye, Sugarfoot. Him 'n' King Woolsey is at the store."

He bent to kiss Reva. "A big house with a veranda," he said.

"A little house," she answered, "with a parlor and a kitchen and one bedroom. Painted white."

"Where'll ye git the lumber?" asked Mary.

"Hain't no sawmill," said Sugarfoot.

He walked toward Monteplaza Street and Whisky Row, then crossed the Plaza to Don Miguel's store. Inside, gathered around the log, were Woolsey and Eble and Wormser and a couple of ranchers from the Verde.

"General Ord is coming to the fort today," said Woolsey.

"Then we won't have to go to Tucson?" asked Sugarfoot.

"He's making a tour of inspection. Gets him from Fort McDowell this morning. We're going to talk to him. Want you to go along. To tell what you know."

"He is a hard man," said Don Miguel. "He has prejudices against us settlers. Not so bad like Colyer, but not good. He does not love the Indians like Colyer, but he thinks we rob the Army."

Colyer had been the Administration's ambassador to the settlers, saying a word of encouragement, but no knowledge, who could see only the wrongs that had been done to the Indians, and hence had become a much hated man in the territory.

"When do we wait on him?" asked Sugarfoot.

"In the morning, tomorrow," said Eble.

Don Miguel looked out of the window. "Comes the snow," he said, for the air was full of flakes. "Comes the winter. Ven you see drifts deep you do not t'ink it always summertime shoot fifty miles to the west."

"Don Miguel," said Sugarfoot, "I want to buy a lot and build a house."

"From logs?"

"It must be a frame house, painted white."

"Is impossible. No hoards. No sawmill. The sawmill will burn down. You build mit logs."

"Reva wants a white house, and a white house she shall have."

"First," said Don Miguel with a chuckle, "you get a sawmill. Yes?"

"If that's the only way I'll get a sawmill," said Sugarfoot. He drew together his brows. "The town is growing. It will grow more. People will have to build houses. Why not a sawmill? Where can I get a sawmill?"

Don Miguel laughed in his gurgling, throaty way. "He wants to build a house, so he mus' get a sawmill. If dere iss not logs, I bet he you go and grow trees. Is a young man who gets what he wants, not? You look out for this young man, everybody. You keep out from under his foot or you get tromped."

"We'll meet here after breakfast," said Woolsey, "and ride out to the fort."

"I'll be here," Sugarfoot promised.

He was there, and so were four others, and the little cavalcade headed for Fort Whipple. They alighted at their destination and were admitted through

the gates of the stockade, inside which were quartered four companies of soldiers.

"We want to see General Ord," said Woolsey, and a trooper accompanied them to the general's quarters. Ord arose to greet them. He was a granite-faced man, a disciplinarian and martinet, not easy to do business with.

"What is your business with me?" he asked, his tone flatly official.

"Grain," said Woolsey tersely. The old Indian fighter was not a diplomatic man. "We ranchers had contracts with the Army. We planted and harvested and threshed, depending on these contracts. They were canceled."

"On orders from Washington," said Ord.

"Your quartermasters are buying grain from California," said Woolsey, "while ranchers in Arizona are ruined. They cannot sell their grain. They face starvation."

"I know," said Ord, "to stop this cheating of the Army. You live off the Army. The only money you ever see comes from the Army. At Fort Thomas one of you contracted to furnish five hundred tons of hay at eighty-two dollars a ton. I investigated and had the contract canceled. Eighty-two dollars a ton. A decent man delivered the hay for forty dollars a ton, paper money."

"There were two scalawags, then," said Woolsey.

"I mean, what do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that your quartermaster connived at it."

The general scowled, but made no answer. There could be no answer, for he knew it to be fact.

"I investigated another post," said the general. "There were eighty-six men in garrison. Fifty-four of them deserted, absconding with their horses and repeating rifles."

"What has that to do with us settlers?" demanded Woolsey.

"Those horse men were worth three hundred dollars," said the general. "You settlers did not turn in the deserters. The reward of twenty dollars was not enough. You bought the horses and rifles for a third of what they cost the Government."

"If I was you, general," Woolsey said unfeignedly, "I'd kind of inquire around to find out why so many men desert. Maybe there's a reason for it. That's not the point. We have plenty of scalawags, but you match them man for man in the Army."

"You know these men. We are not scalawags. The contracts were honest contracts. Political influence annulled them, so men with political influence could make money while we let our grain rot on our hands."

"He turned to Sugarfoot. "Tell him," he said.

Sugarfoot stepped forward. There was a sort of dignity about him and sureness, in spite of his years. His manner, his voice, his bearing differed from those of the men who accompanied him, because they were those of a man accustomed to a way of life foreign to them.

He spoke softly, not hellionishly,

and as a gentleman to a gentleman.

"There has been grave injustice done," he said.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the general.

"My name is Jackson Redan,"

Sugarfoot said.

"There was a Senator Redan, from Alabama."

"My grandfather. But I have almost forgotten the name. My friends here call me Sugarfoot." He smiled, and his smile was ingratiating. "I hope you will listen to me patiently, General Ord. What I have to say is the truth."

"I am listening," said the general.

"You have accused us of robbing the Army, Mr. Sugarfoot. Is it true? Why should it not be true? It is our Army."

"It has been sent here to help us do what we are doing."

"And what are you doing?" asked the general brusquely.

"We are adding to our country a vast and rich territory," said Sugarfoot. "We have come ahead of civilization, to carve out of these mountains and deserts a new star for the flag. We have come a great distance. We are very few, but we are making ready for many, who will follow. You are uniform. You are in the service of our country. We do not wear uniforms, but we also serve. You, well equipped, well armed, in companies, fight the Indians who make this territory an evil place to live. We, ill equipped and each man for himself, fight the same Indians. It is your business to fight. It is our necessity."

"Proceed," said General Ord.

"It is a frontier. All those who come to a frontier are not good men. Neither are all men who join the Army. Perhaps we are more than our share of bad men. Vigilantes in California have driven their riffraff across the river to us. Rascals have been driven to us from Texas. But those men do not work. They do not make homes for themselves on lonely ranches, nor find and develop the ores that are in our mountains. We were not driven here. We came of our own wills to make our fortunes if we could do so, to prosper with the land. There are many of us, far more than there are of the regulars."

"That is to be proved," said the general.

"It requires no proof," said Sugarfoot. "No proof that your own eyes do not give you. A man who dares to plow a field in Skid Valley, or on the Verde, or the Agua Fria is not a scalawag. He has no time for scalawagging. He plants and harvests with one hand while he holds his rifle in the other to defend himself from the Apaches. He would be a fool if he would seek an easier way of life. A man who forces this soil to give him a harvest of grain is not preying upon the Army. But he is entitled to sell to the Army because it is his only market. Every bushel of rye or wheat he grows makes this country much richer."

"It seems to make him that much richer," said the general with the trace of a sneer.

"The contracts you have annulled," said Sugarfoot, "were contracts specifying a price. I believe it was twenty cents a pound. That is what you are paying for grain from California. General, the Army was sent here to protect the settlers. It was sent because the Government believed Arizona is valuable to it and should be allowed to grow and develop. It does little good, sir, if you protect us from the Indians, but drive us out by preventing us from earning a living."

"Yes," snorted Ehle, "and mighty little protection from the Indians you've done. Let's go back to the Eight under your command at the stage stations at Custer and Pioche was attacked. Kennedy and Israeli were killed and their wagon train burned. I could go on naming names and reciting' property

destroyed and winmin captured. Not by tens but by fifties. From the Mexican border to Colorado and from east to west. The 'hain't scarcely a spot in the territory where a body kin sleep safe or move safe."

"We are not interested, general," said Sugarfoot quickly. "Our camp fol-

"soldiers and snipers are not interested. We are interested only in men who mean to make Arizona their home. The others—the rascals and cheats—will go. Arizona means nothing to them. It means everything to us. Here, sir, we have a definite plot which already has resulted in murder."

"Murder!" exclaimed General Ord.

"Soldiers and freighters were shot down in the street of La Paz."

"By ranchers trying to stop grain shipments," said the general sternly.

"By men who did not like the object of my mission. Ranchers apparently," said Sugarfoot. "Because they feared the protests of the ranchers might be listened to and these men might lose their fat contracts, they organized this raid to make the ranchers seem lawless and violent men."

"You ranchers threatened violence," said the general. "There is no evidence to support your charges."

"There is the evidence of my eyes. I was there. I saw."

"And we are part of it," said the general with meaning.

"Was a part of it," said Sugarfoot. "Go to La Paz, sir, and count the bodies of the raiders who died. Take testimony of eyewitnesses. Your soldiers had hardly a chance to fire a shot. They were being shot down from ambush. Fly-up-the-Creek and I killed four of the raiders. You will find that evidence in La Paz. We captured two and brought them here."

"Who conveniently escaped," said the general.

"You are aped," said Sugarfoot. "Jacob Stint. He escaped conveniently, as you say, general. A gun was given him by someone inside this stockade, and a horse. Not by any outsider. Stint killed his companion to hush his talk. He killed a sentinel as he got away. It was convenient indeed, general. Not for us, who wanted his person and his evidence."

"Unsupported accusations against someone unnamed," said the general.

"Not unsupported," said Sugarfoot.

"The prisoner who was murdered made confession of all he knew. He made it before reputable witnesses and it was put in writing and attested by the alcalde. It does not reach the principals, general. Not the politicians in California, nor the quartermasters who shared. But it is sufficient. I place it in your hands, sir."

"I have been informed of no such confession," said the general.

"You are informed of it now," Sugarfoot said. "A copy has been sent to General Haleck. Another to the Secretary of War, and a third to the President himself."

The general read the document, read it slowly, not once but twice. He considered the names of the attesting witnesses, men of such standing and known probity that he dared not hold them negligible. His face, which had been forbidding, unfriendly, became troubled. He was an honest man, an honorable man—ever of stubborn and narrowness with the narrowness of the professional soldier. "This," he said, "is a matter requiring attention."

"It is a matter requiring action," said Sugarfoot.

"If injustice has been done, it shall be righted," said the general.

"So yesterday we Hung the Mayor!"

I was a portrait painter...with no portraits to paint. One day I learned that the mayor was in the market to get himself slapped on canvas. I hurried down to City Hall, but the mayor couldn't see me until evening. I decided to wait.



2. About 6 o'clock, a waiter lugged a tray of dinner into the mayor's office. A terrible howl went up. "Take it away!" followed His Honor, and the waiter came running out, looking scared half to death and clutching a coffee pot.



4. "What is Sanka Coffee?" the mayor said, as I came in. "And why should I try it?" "Because, Mr. Mayor," said I, "Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . 97% caffeine-free and it won't keep you awake!" "Can't, eh?" he grunted. "But is it good coffee?"



6. Next day he phoned me. "You are appointed official portrait painter of this city!" he said. "I drank two cups of Sanka Coffee and never slept better! A lot of officials need their portraits painted...but begin with me!"

TUNE IN . . . two great radio shows are now on the air for Sanka Coffee: Tuesday night: "*We, the People*" • Sunday afternoon: news by **William L. Shirer**, the famous author of "*Berlin Diary*." See your local newspaper for times and stations.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEINE-FREE



Make Sanka Coffee strong. Use a *heaping* tablespoon per cup. If percolator is used, "perk" Sanka Coffee a little longer.

**SAYS "OLD SARGE"**

We're never safe from worms. But we've got their number. We lick 'em with Sergeant's SURF SHOT® Cap-sules. More dogs do the same. (Puppy Capsules for small dogs.) Quick attack is the best defense against worms. And Sergeant's Dog Book helps you know your symptoms.

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"After red tape has its way," said Sugarfoot. "After California grain has been delivered and paid for and the murderers have had their profit. After our Arizona grain has rotted and the men who grew it driven out by hunger."

General Ord stood staring down at his rude desk, his eyes troubled, his fingers drumming restlessly among his papers. He bent low into the waiting faces of the committee.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in face of this, I can follow but one course. On my own responsibility I reinstate your contracts for grain. No deliveries from California will be accepted. All grain delivered by Arizona ranchers to this or any other post will be accepted and paid for at the agreed rate of twenty cents a pound. Gentlemen, good afternoon."

The committee was serious rather than jubilant as they rode back toward Prescott. They spoke few words, and those tersely. They had won today, but each man felt it was but a skirmish, and not the main battle.

King Woolsey looked at Sugarfoot through narrowed eyes. "I reckon, young man, we're under obligation to you."

Sugarfoot had seen enough of the man, heard enough of his character and of his exploits to know that this brief saying was equal to pageantry and all thanks from both sources. They admitted him to the fellowship; they acknowledged him equality; in effect they were his naturalization papers, setting the seal upon his citizenship in Arizona. He rode on, concealing his pride.

XIV

SUGARFOOT never had entered the Bear Pen. Its reputation was not savoried either by day or by night. During the daytime it was Prescott's primitive exchange for horses, exchange, at night, the bandits gave vent to their needs for pleasure, and accounts of orgies under that roof were not stories to tell to children. It was a sort of shrine of chicanery. But it did possess one attribute, which was that it had information. The Bear Pen knew everything that was going on or was about to go on in the territory, and by devious and underground means it knew it first.

The Bear Pen knew the whereabouts of every prospector; it knew what he found and where he found it. It knew every claim for sale and its true worth, and very frequently made skillful arrangements to make the claim seem more valuable than it was to the eyes of the unwary tenderfoot. But it did not confine itself to mining. The Bear Pen dealt in anything.

Don Miguel knew of no sawmills or sawmill machinery that might be had in the territory, nor did Mary, nor J.C. Crane at the Diana. It was Crane, however, who advised Sugarfoot to ask questions around the Bear Pen.

"But don't believe anything you hear," Crane advised him, "and only ten per cent of what you see with your own eyes. That crowd would rather make a dollar by skulduggery than ten dollars in an honest trade."

So Sugarfoot went to the Bear Pen, where he was eyed with suspicion, and sat in a corner listening. It was his intention to be adroit about his inquiries, but he had to do with men who were past masters of adroitness. They could snare a dinner farther off in a coyote could pull a squirrel, and the mere fact that Sugarfoot was there was enough to set their noses to twitching.

As Goodhue was there, tall hat on his round head, gold-headed cane standing against the wall beside him.

He tiptoed across the room to Sugarfoot and stood smiling in such a way that Sugarfoot was tempted to wipe the oil off the man's face.

"Ah, my friend. My friend Sugarfoot," Goodhue said, in a voice that made Sugarfoot think of a paddle passing through a bar of soft soap. "We do say you have often been a very welcome. Can I not offer refreshment? We have not always seen eye to eye. Not always. Our interests have conflicted. But I hold no enmity. I am not a man to hold enmity. Doubtless you come upon some errand, and I can be of assistance to you."

"Goodhue," Sugarfoot said, "I will not drink with you, and I want none of your assistance."

"Tut-tut," Goodhue said without resentment. "Youth and hot temper speak. But I do not resent it. I overlook it."

"If," said Sugarfoot, "you do not get away from me, you will have to overlook my toe under your coat tails."

He pushed back his chair and Asa scurried away warily, but still smiling. He seated himself again at his own table as if he was quite happy, and smiled musingly in Sugarfoot's direction. There were other men in the room who were not so bold. Those scrutinized him, but he did not notice them. He held his hands, wondering why he was there and if his presence indicated some danger. Not that they would have run from danger, had there been a chance of profit, but Sugarfoot's reputation was waxing in Prescott. He was not a man with whom to tangle light-heartedly. Fly-up-the-Creek had advertised him well, but what he had done and the way in which he had done it had advertised him even more.

"He looks like you'd like to don't see yet," said Hoppy Watson in a whisper to Lumbkin Williams. "I don't cotton to that kind. Tain't profitable to stir 'em up, not with such eyes. Cruel cold them eyes be."

"A man that 'd sick a rattlesnake onto a feller hain't no play toy for babbies," agreed Williams.

"What fur did he come in here, d'y'e reckon?"

"No idee, but I hain't agoin' to be enjoyin' my meals till I find out."

"The Preacher might kind of worn it out of him. 'Tain't likely he knows the Preacher. Jest come to town from Tucson."

"Git him. I seen him in the Nifty a while back."

The man made his way unobtrusively through the door. Twenty minutes later the door of the Bear Pen opened to admit a curious figure—a man whose age might be guessed at sixty years. He was enormously tall, four inches over six feet, but so stooped he seemed to be drooping and about to crumple from lack of water and nourishment. His chin was bare, but his mustaches ran back to his ears, and his eyebrows were a flapping black frizz coat, but his trousers were tight and so short that they barely reached his bootstraps. His enormous, pale hands dangled from thin wrists that reached far beyond the limits of his sleeves. His nose was long and thin and bulbous, and when he sniffed, as he did constantly, it quivered as if it were built of jelly. He stood just inside the door and drew himself erect and brayed. No other words could describe the sound he made.

"Abode of Satan!" he said so that the rafters quivered. "Pigsty of infamy! Pour your rotgut liker into the spittoon and repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!"

Sugarfoot watched with interest. This was not the first fanatical itinerant preacher he had seen, strange men half crazed with odd religion, who roved the countryside, calling down hell-fire and brimstone. But he was surprised to see one of the brotherhood here.

"Mostly," said Williams, standing behind Sugarfoot, but speaking to Hoppy Watson, "he gets around amongst the Indians. Claims to be an apostle to the Apaches. 'Tain't often he busts loose on white folks."

(Continued on Page 48)



"Taxis!"



If one wobbles...!

LUCKILY you can mutter something, make a face, and re-build. But now simply think of any wobbly card as one small part of your motor oil, undermining your whole 5 or 6 quarts. That sort of thing was happening to the composition of good oil, knocked out of joint by strenuous engine conditions—as if to mock advanced refining. And plenty happened to oil mileage.

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Deliberate

actually means
"weighed in the scales"

A DELIBERATE decision is one based upon a weighing of the facts and arguments involved—and that is the literal meaning of the word *deliberate*. It is derived from the Latin *deliberatus*, formed from the verb *deliberare*, which is a combination of *de*, a prefix denoting "down," and *liberare*, "to weigh." *Liberae* comes from *libra*, "a balance" or "pair of scales."

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(Continued from Page 46)

"Crazier'n a coot," said Hopper in a hoarse whisper, "Injuns never lays a hand onto him."

"He claims these here savages is the ten lost tribes of Israel," Williams said, "'n' his duty is to lead 'em back to the Promised Land."

The Preacher was audible again. "My word hain't for sich as you!" he brayed. "You 'n' all like ye is past redemption! Hell's ayawin' for ye ready to swaller ye up at one gulp!"

"Preach us a sermon, Preacher!" shouted a whiskered miner in a red shirt. "Give it out hot 'n' scorchin'!"

"Not in this lazar house of infidelity!" the Preacher shouted. "It hain't fitted! It hain't fitted I should pluck shtains from the burnin'! The hain't enough left of ye to save! Asbes, that's what we've be asben."

"What type of who come in here fur?"

"To warm 'n' bones," said the Preacher. "To warm my bones" n' shelter my hide from the cold blasts that's blowin'."

He flapped his way across the room like some half-starved and gigantic buzzard and lowered himself by sections into the chair across the table from Sugarfoot. For a moment he did not look at the young man. Then his eyes fell upon the glass of whisky at his right and he drew back as from a pungent breath.

"Devil's sap runnin' from the deadly upas tree," he said, and fixed burning eyes upon Sugarfoot. The pupils seemed to enlarge and then to contract, and a light almost of sanity glowed in their sluggish depths. He leaned across the board until his nose was close to Sugarfoot's face.

"You're young," he said in a hoarse whisper. "Your face is clean. Your eyes hasn't bleared. Sin hasn't tetchy ye, but it hasn't got your vitals. I think what yet the time I Strangle I see rage 'n' tatters of good left unconsented. Set here and you 'n' me'll give Satan a rassle that'll make him squall for mercy 'n' clench his teeth with the agony of it." He stopped suddenly, sat back and said in a voice that approached the normal. "Who be ye, stranger? Don't recall seein' ye before."

"We haven't met," said Sugarfoot coolly.

"I'm a spectator, be ye?"

"No."

"Interested in wrestin' gold from the bowels of the earth?"

"No."

"Ye crave to be a merchant sellin' wares over a counter, mebby?"

"I wouldn't care to be a merchant," said Sugarfoot, amused at the interrogation.

"Want to set up in the freightin' business?"

"I own six good mules and a wagon," Sugarfoot said.

"Mebby ye want to buy more of 'em?"

"No," Sugarfoot said, his amusement increasing.

"Every man born of woman," said the Preacher, "is filled with a cravin' 'n' a desire. Young man, what's yourn?"

"To get on in the world," said Sugarfoot.

"Ye better," said the Preacher, "be thinkin' about gittin' on in the next world. I got no other aim or purpose. I roam the land from west to west 'n' north to south, seekin' the way to salvation. The hain't a creek or cranny in this here territory I hain't poked into, spreadin' the word. I know Arizona like it was the palm of my hand.

Me bein' apostle to the Injuns, it's my duty to rove for 'n' wide."

"I suppose you have roamed the desert and the mountains—and the woods," said Sugarfoot. He was thinking that here was a man whose feet had carried him wherever feet could go in Arizona. Crazy he might be, but he be honest. It might be worth while to question him."

The Preacher's eyes glazed. He had noted that, pause between the word "mountain" and the word "woods," This young man was, for some reason, interested in the forest.

"Of all this dry 'n' awful land," he said, "the part that rests my soul is where trees is agrownin' and awaggin' their top to 'ards the heavens."

"Perhaps," said Sugarfoot, "you have even preached to men who cut down trees and saved them into boards."

"Often. Ay, often. I come but from the hill spots of Tucson. I roamed to the south of that ulcer upon the earth's surface. I spoke the word to the red men near Camp Grant, and in the Santa Ritas, where men cut down trees and saw them into lumber to sell to the mines. When the Injuns'll let 'em."

"There are sawmills in the Santa Ritas?"

"Run by men who know not God. Evil men." He ranted on about the wicked mode of life of the lumbermen of the southern mountains with picturesque epithets and lurid descriptions of punishments to come.

The Preacher's breath failed and Sugarfoot inserted a question. "Are these mills operating?" he asked.

"Jest one mill," said the Preacher. "I heard tell, seems to me, they was givin' it up, drove out by the Injuns. 'Abandoning the mill?' asked Sugarfoot.

"Way I heard it," said the Preacher, "they hauled the machinery into Tucson and tbar it sets."

Sugarfoot had learned what he wanted to know, and so had the Preacher. Each wanted to extricate himself from the conversation, now that its purpose was served, but it was the Preacher who managed it. He got up suddenly to his full height and hopped on his huge white bands. Sodom and Gomorrah, he said, "Remember them cities 'n' repeat! Fire 'n' brimstone! Fire 'n' brimstone!" So shouting and waving his skinny arms, he lurched out of the Bear Pen and disappeared.

Sugarfoot was not long behind him. He could feel the inimical eyes of the habitué fixed upon a spot between his shoulder blades as he opened the door, and the sensation was not comfortable. He made his way along to Don Miguel's place of business, where he found the timber predictor deep in the exercise of taking stock.

"Don Miguel," he said, "I bear there's a sawmill in Tucson. Used to run in the Santa Rita Mountains."

"One was there years ago," Don Miguel answered. "At Canoa. But it was destroyed and the lumbermen was massacred. Mebby seven-eight years. If there is a mill, it must be another."

"Can I get a load of freight for Tucson?"

"Not Tucson. Maybe Wickenburg. I will see. Supplies for the Vulture mine. Ja. A load for Wickenburg I will get you. From there I do not know. See Jack Swilling when you get there."

"How much will a sawmill cost Tucson?" asked Sugarfoot.

"How long iss a piece of string?" countered Don Miguel with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I have about three thousand dollars," said Sugarfoot.

"Too bad there iss no stage line, so you could go quickly to see. No stage line even to Wickenburg."

(Continued on Page 50)



"It certainly is a shame they didn't make these things out of aluminum!"



*B*ack of everything your doctor does

You take your doctor's skill for granted—and there is every reason why you should. It is reassuring to know that back of every prescription he writes—or the smallest bit of surgery he performs—there is a wealth of scientific knowledge.

An infected wound, for instance, almost certainly involves the application of bacteriology. A digestive disturbance draws upon your doctor's knowledge of biochemistry. Any physical change in the body caused by disease comes within the science of pathology. These are but three of the twenty or more medical sciences your doctor knows intimately and uses in his profession.

In addition, he borrows from other fields. The repair of deformed or broken bones and joints

is based upon several well-known principles of mechanics. The use of x-rays, fever therapy and electrocardiograms of heart action requires a fundamental knowledge of high-frequency currents, electrical amplifiers, and even of photography.

Your doctor is seldom called upon for more than a fraction of his knowledge in the treatment of any single case. But, since he never knows what problems the next case will present, he keeps abreast of new developments not only in medicine but also in allied sciences.

Medical advice based on a foundation so comprehensive is available to you through your physician. He should be consulted in all matters pertaining to health.

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No pin feathers...no messy work! Just open the box and reach for your skillet. Nowhere can you buy finer chicken.



(Continued from Page 48)

"It will save time to hit my wagon. Three hundred miles or thereabouts to Tucson. Say twelve days there and twelve days back. If I can get the whole contraption on one load."

"You won't need to buy the boiler. No. That is the heaviest. The old boiler iss here. The fire did not do it harm. You can buy it for a few dollars. But do not count on twelve days to Tucson and back. I am warning you about rains. Maybe there comes floods in the rivers. Maybe you gets a load from Swilling to take to the Salt River, where he digs this ditch for irrigation. From then the Injuns are worse. Ja. Between the Salt River and Tucson iss Cochise mit his Chiricahua Apaches. And no roads. No, twelve days is impossible. Before you start back may be snow in these mountains. Roads may be blocked."

"I'll get through," said Sugarfoot.

Neither of them considered the magnitude of the task. Neither of them was thinking of the heroic proportions of the thing Sugarfoot was set to do. They argued over the possible time of accomplishment, not over its impossibility. To set out upon a six-hundred-mile journey, driving a wagon and six mules over mountains and deserts, did not seem a Herculean task to these men of the frontier, to whom distance meant nothing. Sugarfoot had driven more than two thousand miles to ranch Projects. What were six hundred miles compared to that? They accepted the fact that every mile of the journey was through hostile country crawling with Tontos, with Chiricahuas, Mescaleros, Jicarillas, Coyotes—all tribal folk of the Apache people. Men who thought in terms of miles or who blanched at dangers to be faced in the work of the day could never have conquered the Great American Desert. Only men whom nothing seemed impossible could have been the way for civilization from the Mississippi to the Colorado. It was a special breed, and from this breed America has descended. It is the foundation upon which America has erected itself. Its blood flows—though somewhat thinly—in American veins. It was the blood, not of remote ancestors, but of men still living to recount their hardships and their adventures and their triumphs. The men who won the West are not remote from us. They were our grandfathers, even the fathers of some of us. The strain has not bad time to die.

Johnny-Behind-the-Stove came sleepily into the store. He yawned and wiped his tobacco-stained beard on his sleeve.

"Mr. Crane wants to see you, Sugarfoot," he said.

Sugarfoot nodded to Don Miguel and crossed the Plaza to the Diana. J. C. Crane was behind the bar.

"Sugarfoot," he said, "it's not easy for a young man to get ahead if he cannot command a certain amount of cash."

"I have a few thousands," said Sugarfoot.

"If I'm not willing to back my judgment with money, I get out of the argument," said J. C. "I'm willing to make my bet on you and tell the dealer to flip his card."

"Naturally, I am complimented, sir, and grateful," said Sugarfoot.

"What I'm edging up to," said J. C., "is that any time you got a project, you can call me up to live thoughts."

"I do not know what to say. This is unusual. It is generous."

"Hush your noise," said J. C. "sharply. "That's how I play it."

"But why?"

"Maybe," said J. C., "it's my fool way of contributing to the public good. I make my money out of the territory. But I don't give anything back but pleasure. Maybe I'd like to have my part in building something more solid. When you want the money, come and get it."

It was unusual. It was the sort of thing that does not happen. Men do not call you in and offer to lend you money for which you have not asked. Sugarfoot was astonished, he was nonplussed. He was grateful. He respected J. C. Crane and did not question his motives as he might have done another's. That it came at a moment when he might, indeed, require extra funds, was fortunate, but it did not impress him as being unusual. He was a straightforward young man who travelled from point to point by the shortest path. He was not devious. He did not think in roundabout ways. Had he been accustomed to do so, he might have felt it necessary to look under the surface, to seek a reason. But the reason would have been difficult to discover. Two and two were so widely separated that he never would have joined them together.

In that moment he did not remember that Reva Cain had left him her savings as singer to the Diana and had been buried in his refusal of them. He did not recall that Reva's boardings were placed for safekeeping in J. C. Crane's strongbox. That Reva was taking this burrowing way to share what she had with her future husband did not enter his mind. He would no more have suspected Reva of devious conduct than he would have suspected himself. Nor would he have suspected her of a certain stubbornness and grim determination to have her way when she believed herself to be right. Perhaps he would never know that, in a house where he thought his will was law, it would be his wife who saw to it that he willed what she desired.

He told her that evening of what had happened, and she smiled inwardly. How simple these strong men were!

"How easy to twist about one's finger!" "I'm going to Tucson," he said abruptly. "There's a sawmill there."

"You will always be going somewhere," she said. "I'll always be saying goodbye by writing to you to come home. Why cannot you be married before you go, Jackson? Why cannot I go with you? A wedding journey."

"You would be too great a temptation to the Apaches," he said.

"I would love to go. I would love the excitement of the trail and the change, and being with you."

"No," she said firmly. She smiled up at him submissively. "I can't afford to go my own way, can I?" she asked, and laughed so musically that it made him happy. He never had heard her laugh so girlishly, so wholeheartedly before.

"I love to hear you laugh," he said. "It is a thing you must learn," she said. "You only smile. We must see to it, my dear, that there is laughter in our home." She paused. "Will you come to bear me sing tonight? If you are going away from me so soon, I want you to bear me every possible moment."

"I will come," he said. And then, "When are you going to stop singing then?"

"The day before we marry," she answered.

Sugarfoot went to the Diana; he listened to Reva as she sang, and resented that others were listening to her. He had grown used to the place and to her being in the place. The old social discomfort had disappeared. But he wanted her exclusively for himself, her charm, her song, her smiles. He was jealous, jealous of every eye that saw and of every ear that heard her. When she was found, he waited until she emerged, and then, with Johnny-Behind-the-Stove dogging them grimly, he walked home with her. They went slowly, though it was cold and furies of snow filled the air, and they talked of unimportant things, little happy things that would have made Johnny-Behind-the-Stove snort with disgust. They turned off Montezuma Street and veered toward Goose Flat and Granite Creek.

They almost had reached Mary's when suddenly Reva clutched Sugarfoot's arm and screamed. Almost instantly there was a flash and roar from the huge gun in the hand of Johnny-Behind-the-Stove, and he was plunged ahead of them lumberingly. "What is it? What did we see? Why did Johnny-Behind-the-Stove shoot?" asked Sugarfoot.

"It was Jacob Stint!" she said. "Over there! Hiding there! I saw his face! I know it was his face!"

"Nonsense," said Sugarfoot. "Stint is miles away. He'd not dare come here."

"Then," asked Reva, and she trembled as though with a chill, "why did Johnny-Behind-the-Stove shoot?"

The saloon swamper came plumping back, gun still in hand. "Get away," he said.

"Who was it?" asked Sugarfoot.

"Don't know. Don't care. She let out a holler, so I shot. Wan't a time to ask questions. He skedaddled."

"Could it have been Jacob Stint?"

"Could 'a' been Dan' Webster, for all I know," said Johnny-Behind-the-Stove.

"It was Stint," Reva declared. "I know it was be. I knew he would come back."

"Do you always shoot when Miss Cairn screams?" asked Sugarfoot.

"Shore," said Johnny-Behind-the-Stove.

"Then you'd better give up the habit of screaming, Reva. It'll cut down the population of Prescott."

"Don't laugh at me," she cried fiercely. "Don't have laughs! It was Jacob Stint! I would have known it without seeing him. I felt his hate. I felt it clutch at me like hot fingers."

"It could not have been."

She turned to Johnny-Behind-the-Stove. "He won't believe," she said. "He won't be warned. Guard him for me, Johnny. Don't let anything happen to him in the night."

"Shore, ma'am," said Johnny-Behind-the-Stove. "He's a safe'n a baby, growin' in a makin'."

They said good night. Johnny-Behind-the-Stove trudged beside Sugarfoot to his camp. Sugarfoot said good night.

"Nix cumarous," said Johnny stubbornly. "You heard what she telled me? Yeah? Wa-al, that's what I aim to do."

XV

IT WAS midmorning. Sugarfoot sat on the stoop of Doc Miguel Wormser's store in the chilly sunlight, awaiting Doc Miguel's arrival. He had an errand relating to the freight he was to transport to Wickenburg. As he sat there he saw Reva Cairn walk down the op-

posite side of the Plaza and enter the Diana. Presently she emerged with Johnny-Behind-the-Stove at her heels. Sugarfoot watched curiously as they made their way to the Bear Pen. Reva stood outside the door, but Johnny-Behind-the-Stove entered and in a few minutes came out again with Asa Goodhue. The chubby little man stopped and smiled. The conversation, at such a distance, was not audible to Sugarfoot.

"I am Reva Cairn," Reva said to Goodhue.

"Who does not know you, Miss Cairn? Who has not been charmed by your voice and beauty?"

"I did not come," she said, "to listen to compliments. I am going to marry Jackson Redan."

"I congratulate him. I felicitate you." The point I wish to make," she said, "is that I am going to marry him." She italicized the word "going" as though to make emphatic her intention.

"Why do you say this to me, Miss Cairn? Why do you summon me out into the street to say it to me?"

"Because," she said, "Jacob Stint was in town last night. Whether or not he was lying in wait for Jackson, I do not know. He was lurking beside the path as we went home."

"I am told," said Goodhue, "could be of no possible interest to me. I am a business man. I attend to business. I have no quarrels. I am a simple, unassuming man, Miss Cairn. Jacob Stint is nothing to me."

"He came here to see you," said Reva. "He hates Jackson Redan, and you have no love for him. Of you and Jacob Stint, I think you are the leader. I think it is you who says what is to be done. . . . I think you know Johnny-Behind-the-Stove, Mr. Goodhue."

"Indeed I do. Indeed I do," said Asa Goodhue.

"Johnny-Behind-the-Stove," said Reva, "will do for me more than Jacob Stint will do for you. I mean that nothing shall happen to Jackson. Tomorrow he starts upon a journey that will be sufficiently dangerous in itself. He must not be shot from ambush by Jacob Stint."

"An appalling thought," said Goodhue.

"Then," said Reva, "it would be wise for you to order Stint not to do it." She paused and Goodhue stood looking up at her, his round face bewildered, his onion eyes unblinking. "Because," said Reva, "if Jackson does not come back safely from Tucson, Johnny-Behind-the-Stove will shoot you. Not from ambush, but publicly wherever he meets you."

Goodhue made a curious sound in his throat, and his ruddy cheeks lost some of their color. His onion eyes rolled from side to side. He peered at Johnny-Behind-the-Stove, who grinned amiably.

"Be a pleasure," said the saloon swamper jovially. "Do a favor for a lady. Deader 'n a mackerel."

"Good morning, Mr. Goodhue," Reva said, and turned away. Johnny-Behind-the-Stove was slower. He reached out a not too clean finger and prodded a spot on Goodhue's coat just over the heart.

"Right slap-hang there," he said, and turned to follow Reva.

Sugarfoot got to his feet, curiosity satisfied, and joined Reva across the Plaza.

"Why the conference with Goodhue?" he asked.

"Private," said Reva. "Very private."

"Secrets from me?" he asked withquisitely upraised brows.

"More than you'll ever guess," she said.

"Yeah," rumbled Johnny-Behind-the-Stove, "n' there's them that'll beat him day."

"Don Miguel is motioning to you," Reva said.

"I go in the morning," he told her. "This will be our last evening together."

"Not our last," she said. "Mary's expecting you to dinner."

Sugarfoot went back to Doc Miguel's store, to be told that the load was made up and that he could bring up his wagon when ready to receive it.

That afternoon he and Fly-up-the-Creek Jones started good, warm and cheerful in the rear of the Conestoga wagon and drove it back to camp, where they left it in readiness to start out before sunup. Through two days of snow that turned to rain they drove to Wickenburg and the Vulture mine, where they unloaded. Then Sugarfoot sought out Jack Swilling at the stamp mill.

"Don Miguel thought you might have a load of freight for the Salt River Valley," he said.

"Where you been?" asked Jack gruffly.

"Prescott."

"Did you cast your eye on the Hasayampa?"

"It seems to be in flood."

"It is in flood. So's the Agua Fria. So's the Gila. The men workin' in the valley, digging the ditch. There's settlers. Nearer I can eat out, they been cut off for weeks. No supplies in. No grub. Winnum there too. If them folks ain't starvin', then I'm a Yuma Injun. I'm gonna die in my bed. Do you want to get freight, sir, young fellow?"

"I made four separate tries at it and four wagons is stuck in quickands within ten miles of here."

"Do you mean there may be an actual shortage of food?"

"Not only may be it is. Them folks is learnin' what famine means. They'll be eatin' leather boots by now."

"Where do I load?" asked Sugarfoot abruptly.

"You can try through."

Swilling cocked an arrogant eye at the Hasayampa. Where for most months of the year was a ribbon of dry sand was now a rolling, tossing torrent of yellow water that tore at the roots of cottonwoods and lashed at rocks along the inundated banks. It was this river bed that was the road to the southeast from Wickenburg. There was no other. Groaning wagons creaked and swayed down its sands, and horses, mules or oxen were led and plodded and strained at yokes or harnesses as they sank knee-deep in the dredging surface. It was a treacherous highway. Quicksands lurked where one least expected them, bottomless, clinging, sucking downward whatever they could reach or touch. And mountains affording cover shouldered down to the very river's edge, a short arrow-shot from any wagon train crawling along the sands.

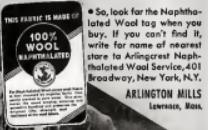
"I wouldn't git two miles," Swilling said. "But, then again, down low, I could stay a yesterday. Maybe by day after tomorrow a blasted fool would make a try. If you're willin' to elect yourself a blasted fool, I'll pay ye double freight charges to try to git grub to them folks in the valley."



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SINCE 1877



"Yeah. Reco'nized him a spell back. Who's t'other gent?"

At that moment the other man raised himself, sighted and fired. An Apache screamed, leaped erect with wide-flung arms and fell upon his face.

"Friend of you'n," said Fly-up-the-Creek.

"Who?"

"Feller," said Fly-up-the-Creek, "by the name of Jacob Stint." He squirmed around and slyly peered at Sugarfoot with his twinkling little eyes. "All we got to do," he whispered, "is pull our freight out here. Jest vamoos out of here 'n' mind our own business. 'N let them Apaches take a job of work off'n your hands."

Sugarfoot sat very still. He could do that. Below him was an enemy, deadly and treacherous, a man with a prior on his head. Below him, fighting for his life, was another man who had been a rope-dangler. He was hunted. He was outside the law. He might be shot on sight, and the man who produced his body would be paid a reward.

Jacob Stint was his enemy. Stint's treacherous bullet almost had taken his life. While Stint lived, neither his life nor Reva's happiness would be safe. Sugarfoot again experienced that sense of inevitability. He felt that, thousands of thousands of years ago in the womb of time, he and Jacob Stint had been destined to hate each other to harm and harass each other to destruction, and enraged each other until the earth became too small to hold the pair of them. Sugarfoot was sure of it—that he would have to kill Jacob Stint, or Jacob Stint would kill him. That is how it had been written, and from this destiny there could be no escape. If this day and this hour and this emergency were not an escape.

He could withdraw with Fly-up-the-Creek and leave the Indians to finish their work. Before nightfall Stint would be dead, and that sword no longer would dangle over his head. It would be easy. It would solve everything.

"Listen, Sugarfoot," whispered Fly-up-the-Creek. "If we haul Stint out of

this here mess, what'll we do with him? Eh? Got our hands full, hain't we? Looks to me like a kind of a waste of time to go rescuin' him from them there Apaches, jest so's we kin bang a bullet into him ourselves."

Still Sugarfoot neither moved nor spoke. He was aware that he did not want to be the way he was; that he wanted the event taken out of his hands. The quarrel was not between these savages and Stint but between Stint and himself. He was aware of a curious feeling that Fate would not be content if it fell out in that manner. Fate had decreed that he and Stint should settle this matter—some matter—between themselves, and that it would interfere with plans long made if other hands intervened. There was something like awe in that idea. It seemed to him that he was a pawn; that he was bound and dashed not at all himself of this opportunity to escape. It would be disarranging a far-reaching plan whose object he could not see, probably never would perceive, if he and Stint did not someday meet face to face upon some spot on the earth's surface. If they did not come to that spot and to that time, and there do what was required of them.

He laughed shortly at the irony of it—that he should be required to risk his life to save the life of this man. So he would wait another day they might meet to see which of them could take the life of the other.

He moved his shoulders. "That," he said aloud, "is how it is. Come along, Fly-up-the-Creek."

"Which way?" asked Fly-up-the-Creek.

Sugarfoot pointed downward to where a score of savages crept ever closer to the rocks protecting Jacob Stint and the Preacher.

"Tain't sensible," said Fly-up-the-Creek.

"How do we know what is sensible?" Sugarfoot asked bitterly, and moved past Fly-up-the-Creek to take the lead.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHEREVER THERE'S ANGELS THERE'S HEAVEN

(Continued from Page 15)

advantage of the man's ignorance of the country—and him a preacher too.

"What you want the land for?" he asked, just for the sake of saying something.

"Oh, I thought I'd help you get those two kids somewhere where they'll have a chance in life. Call me a philanthropist, if you like..."

"Phil—who?" croaked Uncle Pete.

"Phil... Phil..."

"They sure get some fancy names, these days," Uncle Pete said. "Would that be the same as a sheepman? Joe an' me been gettin' a bunch of cattle together since wheat farmin' went sour. But sheep do good here too."

"I might go into sheep," Lord Willy admitted.

"Lookit," Uncle Pete said, with a poorly suppressed eagerness, "I got a half section right across the road that I might sell. I got some land, too? Figure I need a change in climate."

Big Joe blew out the lantern. "You hike into the house," he told the kids.

They said, "Good-by, Mr. Lord," and then darted through the rain.

Lord Willy just grunted good-by. He didn't seem like a man that took

to kids much, in spite of his professed concern for Babe and Little Joe.

"Tell you what, Joe," Uncle Pete suggested. "No need for you to come out in the wet. I'll take the team an' pull the car out."

"I'll go along," Joe said obstinately. He knew what Pete had in mind. It wouldn't cut any ice with Pete that the man didn't know his territory, or even that he was a preacher. Pete had no scruples at all. He didn't have anything much that you could call respectable. If left alone, he would likely sell his land to Lord Willy and charge him for pulling the car out besides.

The three men slithered along the muddy road behind the horses. "Land around here ain't worth much," Big Joe said after a while. "Most of it's been abandoned an' gone back to the government. You can lease whatever you want to, to run your sheep on."

"I want to buy some land," Lord Willy persisted. "My offer stands at two dollars an acre."

"Well, anyway, I warned you," Big Joe grunted.



COLD OR HOT...
SPAM HITS THE SPOT!



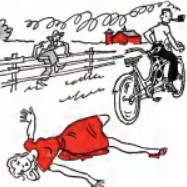


A BICYCLE BUILT FOR "PHEW"

—but Pete's out of the dog house now!



OFF FOR A SPIN went Pasty and Pete. And all went well till he lit his pipe. As the going got tougher, each puff got boiter and heavier. Poor Pasty got dizzier and dizzier.



OUT LIKE A LIGHT! Just imagine Pete's surprise when he looked back and saw his sweetie sprawled in the road. A neafly farmer came a-running—an angel in disguise?



BACK TO LIFE comes Pasty. She smiles as Pete gets told to clean his pipe and smoke a mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Fragrant. Tasty. Popular with men and women.



AWAY WITH A HUG went Pasty and Pete—healed for the nearest store that sells this mild, mellow blend of choicest burleys. Why don't you pedal over, too, and get Sir Walter?

Pete wished Joe would pipe down. "I'll sell you my half section," Pete said. "I figure it's worth three dollars an acre, though."

"Two dollars or nothin'!" said Lord Willy.

"Okay, okay," Pete agreed hastily. "Big Joe's right to think about Lord Willy's queer deal with Lord Willy. He didn't talk like an Englishman and he didn't act genteel the way you'd expect a lord to act. He claimed he wanted to help the kids, but now he seemed as eager to buy Uncle Pete's land as Uncle Pete was to sell—and Uncle Pete had no kids. Lord Willy hadn't even seen Uncle Pete's land or inquired about water or buildings. It was a queer way to act.

But when they had pulled Lord Willy's big car out of the ditch and on across the mud and grass to Lord Willy and Uncle Pete sat in the ear out of the rain while Lord Willy wrote out an option on a paper he took from his pocket. It said that, at any time within three months, he had the right to buy Uncle Pete's land at two dollars an acre, in consideration of a payment—thereby acknowledged!—of twenty-five dollars in cash. Uncle Pete signed it at the bottom and Big Joe, holding the horses' reins with his left hand, reached in and signed, unwillingly, as witness.

Lord Willy paid Uncle Pete five dollars, sent them and then. He would have paid for pulling the ear out, too, but Big Joe would not permit it, much to Uncle Pete's disgust. Last of all, Lord Willy pulled a flat bottle from his pocket and offered them a drink.

"Don't care if I do, this kind of weather," Uncle Pete said, as though in fine weather he would likely refuse. "Might keep a man from gettin' a chill."

Doubtless with that prudent thought in mind, Pete drank long and lustily.

Big Joe wouldn't take a drink. He had promised Emmy.

"Don't get to be an old soak like Uncle Pete," Emmy used to say, "for the kids' sake."

As Pete and Joe trudged back to the house, Pete was as jaunty as a newly rich millionaire, what with the whisky in his stomach and the twenty-five dollars in his pocket and six-hundred-odd dollars more in prospect. He did get a chill, though—two days later.

On Tuesday evening Mark Parsons came clattering down the road in his ancient flier that made a noise like a stick pulled along a picket fence. The noise turned in the gate and stopped outside the kitchen door and Mark burst into the kitchen before any of the family could get up from the table. Mark was a thin, sallow-faced man, all gaunted up by years of privation.

"I've got ready," Mark said, when Big Joe invited him to sit in. Joe placed a chair for him, anyway, but Mark didn't even sit down. "I can't set," he explained. "I'm too kind of excited."

He pulled a small paper bag from his pocket and tossed it grandly on the table.

"Nickel's worth of pep'mints I brought for the kids," he said. There was a glory-in look in Mark's faded eyes. "Where you plannin' to move, Joe?" Mark asked.

"Me? Move?"

"Yeah, yeah," said Mark. He looked incuriously from Joe to Pete to Miss Hans. "Well, whadda yuh know!" he bellowed. "Ain't ya folks heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Big Joe.

"How the gover'ment's goin' to turn all this part of the country into what they call a provin' ground for artillery an' bomber airplanes!"

"Gee!" cried Little Joe through a mouthful of peppermints.

"Gover'ment figures in this country ain't been sayin' nothin' else, I guess," Mark went on. "Most of it's been abandoned, anyway."

"But what about us folks that're left here?" Big Joe asked anxiously. "We don't want no bombs bustin' around here."

"Let 'em bust!" Mark exclaimed recklessly. "We won't be here. I hear tell in Sanford the gover'ment's goin' to buy us out. An' listen, they're goin' to pay us six dollars an acre!"

It was then that Uncle Pete felt the chill coming on. "Oh, oh!" he moaned.

Big Joe didn't say any more, although Miss Hans and Uncle Pete and the kids piled Mark Parsons with questions. Big Joe felt sick. Presently he went out.

By and by, Babe came out and sat beside him. She offered him some peppermints, but Big Joe didn't want any. "What's the matter, pop?" Babe asked anxiously.

"I don't want to go away from here, Babe. It's kind of like your mom still lives here, see?"

It wasn't the sort of thing he could say to anybody else. But Babe was always close to him, seemed like it.

Babe slipped a hand into his and then went down in splendor and the sun evening crept about them. Babe's hand was sticky with peppermint. She seemed no bigger than a fairy beside her father's gaunt and big-boned form. But she was a cute little fairy. Her eyes were blue and her hair was all goldy, the way Emmy's used to be.

"Your mom an' me always figgered we'd make a home here that you an' Little Joe could take pride in. We had a place, you know, maybe a nice place has gone to hell since the disaster. It'd break your mom's heart to see it. But I aimed to build it up again. Ain't hardly a thing around here doesn't 'mind me of your mom. That lilac bush by the gate—your mom an' me planted it. I can remember like it was yesterday. Seems like your mom's still here, kind of."

"Mom's an angel up in heaven," Babe objected.

"I know, Babe. But seems to me she's still here too. I placed your mom in heaven. That's the way it used to be, and it sort of still is."

The slow, understanding smile that he loved lighted up Babe's face. "Mom's an angel," Babe said. "And where there's angels, there's heaven."

"You said it, Baby," Big Joe agreed. "An' I got two angels," he thought as he looked down at Babe's upturned face.

He had Emmy and Babe. He had Little Joe too—a sturdy and lovable boy. Little Joe had never not even a doggy, and he could call him an angel. There ain't many angels.

Little Joe came out of the door. "Uncle Pete says he's goin' to plum murder Lord Willy!" he cried in a shrill voice. "Uncle Pete says Lord Willy better get on his horse an' start

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travelin'—an' take his damn option with him! What's an option, pop?"

"Cripes!" growled Big Joe. For the moment he had forgotten the option Uncle Pete had given Lord Willy. He guessed Lord Willy was no sheepman, guessed he'd got advance information about the government's plans.

Big Joe went back into the kitchen then. Uncle Pete was telling Mark Parsons the tale. There was a feverish light in Uncle Pete's bleary eyes.

"Him an' his ninety horses!" Pete choked. "He'll need 'em all when I take out after him, lord or no lord!"

He kept repeating that nobody was going to diddle him out of more than a thousand dollars, especially a sheepman.

Mark Parsons said it was sure a lousy trick.

"It ain't hardly a thing you'd expect a lamb to do—on him a preacher, heesh!" Big Joe admitted. "But lookit, Pete. You thought you was hookin' him at two dollars an acre. You figured he was green. Now it looks like he hooked you instead. Seems to me you shouldn't oughta holler."

"It ain't me that's goin' to holler," Uncle Pete muttered purposefully. He reached down the shotgun from the top of the kitchen cupboard. "You drive me to Sanford, Mark!" he assured.

"Now, now," Miss Hans protested anxiously. "What are you going to do with that gun?"

"I ain't goin' to shoot no prairie chickens," Uncle Pete said grimly.

Big Joe grabbed the gun away from him.

"Don't be crazy, Pete," he said. "You'll get into worse trouble than losin' a thousand dollars."

"There ain't no worse trouble," snarled Uncle Pete.

There was heartbreak, Big Joe thought, but Pete wouldn't know about that.

"Tomorrow we'll go to Sanford an' argue the point with this Lord Willy," Big Joe promised. "Maybe he'll change his mind."

"He better had," muttered Uncle Pete.

The next day so many things kept happening that Miss Hans couldn't keep Babe and Little Joe at their lessons. They had just started their arithmetic when there was a knock at the door. It seemed as though almost every farmer got on a horse or into a car and dashed about the country like so many Paul Reverses.

Ike Carvel came first, hanging along in his rattlertrap sedan. Ike didn't get out of his car or even shut the motor off. It was a noisy motor, but Ike had a voice like a bull and he shouted above the racket.

"We organized a taxpayers' committee!" he bawled. "We're callin' a protest meeting in Sanford tonight! An' we've sent the governor—a protest this mornin' by telegram!"

"It's an idea," Joe said hopefully. One man couldn't argue with the government, but if they all got together — "I don't want to move either," Joe said.

"Move!" bellowed Ike. "We'll move, all right—an' glad to! But if we holler we'll get more than six dollars an acre! Squeaky wheel gets the grease, see? We holler about the government robbing the poor farmers, see? We ask for ten dollars an acre! Then maybe they'll pay us eight! Why shouldn't we get all we can?" Ike de-

manded. "The big shots get theirs, don't they? Here's this feller gets tipped off and makes himself some sucker money. You be at the meetin' tonight, Joe!"

Then he roared away.

Chiseler, Big Joe thought. *He'd be thinkin' six dollars was generous from anybody else. Just because it's the government, he figures he's got 'em up.*

Joe got up, figuring himself. Finally he hitched up the team and started interviewing people too. There were folks like himself who had stuck to their homes through the hard years and were now appalled to learn that the government planned to do what drought and poverty had failed to do—drive them off their land.

"We got as much right to protest as fellows like that just want more money," Joe argued.

He even went to see some of the ranchers over in the hills, Bent McIntyre among them. They formed a farmers' and ranchers' committee with Bent McIntyre as chairman. Bent hurried off to Sanford in his car to send a telegram to the government on behalf of half of the committee, protesting against being moved at any price.

With adherents of both committees present, there would probably be plenty of fireworks at the mass meeting in Sanford.

Big Joe was away most of the day. In his absence, Uncle Pete was busy on the organizing committee of his own. Pete didn't have a name for it, but it might have been appropriately called a victim's vengeance committee. Mark Parsons helped. Mark's old flivver made a lot of mileage while he and Uncle Pete rounded up half a dozen people who had fallen for Lord Willy's racket and now were sore about it. They didn't bother electing a chairman and they sent no telegrams. But they made plenty of plans.

Uncle Pete didn't come home for supper.

"He's goin' to take Lord Willy for a ride on a train," Little Joe reported. "Where to?"

"He didn't say. 'We'll give him a ride on a rail,' that's all I heard Uncle Pete say."

Miss Hans and Big Joe exchanged anxious glances. Miss Hans said that, though she didn't hold with swindling—especially by people of Lord Willy's standing—still she didn't believe in violence.

Big Joe didn't either. They decided that they had better find Lord Willy before the meeting. Even if they couldn't reason with him, they could warn him, so he could get out of town. They didn't want Uncle Pete to get into real trouble—jail trouble.

On the way to Sanford, Miss Hans and the kids talked while Big Joe pondered uneasily. If he had to move, he would have to borrow Mark Parsons' car and set up around up north for a place to live. It would probably cost more than six dollars an acre, and he would be in debt from the start. And these days, if a farmer gets in debt he stays in debt, the way prices are.

Then he got to picturing the actual move, with the kids and all the stuff piled on the wagon, with the democrat trailing behind the wagon, and the cattle stringing along in the rear. Just like them refugees in Europe. It would be a sad day for Joe.

Miss Hans said that the government was being generous, paying six dollars an acre. There wasn't much land in the district that was worth that price any more. People could use the money to

(Continued on Page 57)

Tough BUT OH SO GENTLE



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1 Everything's hunky-dory now with Bill and me. But it wasn't always that way. Fact is, we were getting jumpy as cats. Every time our old refrigerator would start up, a spat was in the offing. "It's our nerves," said Bill. "It's the noise," I told him.



2 But things got no better. Then one night, Bill said half-joking, "I know the answer. The hammock for me. It's nice and peaceful, you know." It didn't take much to persuade him that the hammock was definitely *not* the answer. But, secretly, I was worried still.



4 I couldn't get Bill to the Gas Company fast enough. "It's big!" I said, "you can't hear a word with that." Bill was very sceptical. But not for long. The salesman showed him how a tiny gas flame takes the place of moving parts that cause noise and wear.



MORAL: If you look at one refrigerator, look at Servel. If you look at more than one, look at Servel to see the difference.



3 Next day, I went over to see my friend, Sue Chapin. "What'll I do?" I asked her. "Do?" she demanded. "Get rid of that rumpus-causing refrigerator. Buy the quiet type. Men get enough noise all day. Just listen to my Servel!"



5 "Say, mister," smiles Bill, "you've got something here. What makes we want to buy it? All the tall refrigerators *had* to be the same." Right then and there, we made up two minds to live in peace and quiet with a Servel!



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ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

"YOU, TOO, CAN BE A NEW MAN"

(Continued from Page 21)

the other higher. Mr. and Mrs. Atlas have two children, appropriately named Hercules and Diana. Hercules also has a splendid physique and is taking the premedical course at New York University; all his friends at N. Y. U. call him "Herc." Diana is younger, and she is studying operatic singing. Atlas believes that the unusual physical condition of his youngsters is a vindication of the doctrines of dynamic tension. "I started giving them the old dynamic-tension routine," he says, "when they were still in the cradle."

Charles Atlas was born Angelo Siciliano on October 30, 1883, near the town of Acti, in Calabria, Italy. When he was ten, his parents became estranged, and his mother took him off to live with his American mother and son had only a few dollars when they arrived in New York. Mrs. Siciliano, who is sixty-five and is living in robust health, supported herself and the boy by working a bout twelve hours a day as a seamstress in a sweatshop.

The change from the fields of sunny Southern Italy to the dark, dank streets of New York affected Angelo's health. He couldn't even climb the stairs to the family flat, and so Mrs. Siciliano moved in with an uncle, who had a grand daughter, in the water-front section of Brooklyn. "Up till the age of seventeen," says Atlas, "I was a ninety-seven-pound runt. I was skinny, pale, nervous and weak."

Front Street, near the East River, was no place for a weakling. It was a melting pot where the Italian, Jewish, Irish and Polish boys were continually brawling with one another. Atlas meekly accepted all the punishment visited upon him by his tormentors.

In 1908, at the age of fifteen, he left high school and started working in a factory manufacturing women's pocketbooks. It looked as if he was growing up into one of those hollow-cheeked, sallow-skinned slum children. And then, as Angelo was returning from work, he was attacked by one of the neighborhood bullies. "It was Hollow-e'en," says Atlas, "and this guy had a stocking full of ashes. He knocked me down in the gutter, and then he started hitting me over the head with this stocking. It seemed like he was beating the bug out of me, and when he finally ran away, I must have laid there in the gutter for an hour resting up. Then I went home, and my uncle said, 'What's the idea of getting into fights, you bum?' and he gave me another beating. I went to my room and I cried myself to sleep, but before I fell asleep, I swore an oath to my God that I would never allow any man on this earth to hurt me again." Atlas is a devout Roman Catholic; he attends Mass every Sunday. He is the only boy in every class is a well-worn volume of devotions and simple prayers, and so, when he swore an oath, it wasn't merely wind in his mouth.

Revenge is Sweet

He tore out a photograph of Eugene Sandow, the greatest weight lifter of all time, and he pasted it on the mirror of his dresser. He wrote away for information about the Swoboda course of physical culture, and told Strongfort's course in Strongfortism. Atlas didn't have the forty dollars to pay for the courses. He began to read Physical

Culture Magazine and tried every exercise and every system of exercising he heard about.

He attended the nearest Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and watched every exercise. Then he would go home—and this, mind you, was after a day of work in a factory—and strip himself naked, and then, before a mirror, he would rehearse his exercises for four solid hours, night after night. Too poor to buy a bar bell, he says, "I made myself a bar bell with a stick and two stones weighing about twenty-five pounds each. I tied the stones to the end of the stick and made a bar bell." Looking back, he says today, "I believe I was stronger than any man I ever saw with a tiger with a bar bell?"

So I began to copy the exercises of the tiger, and I also watched cats and dogs exercising. In less than twelve months, by this method of exercising, I doubled my weight, and I became so strong that I beat up the guy who had given me the beating on Hollow-e'en."

When Atlas gave the above description of the origin of dynamic tension before the Federal Trade Commission, Hoffman's lawyer asked him if he would give one exercise as a sample.

"Well," said Atlas, "you take one hand and press it against the palm of the other, then you push it up in the air, and then you resist the other as you push it up, and then you push down, resisting the arm trying to push you down."

Then the lawyer leaped in for the kill. "Did you ever, Mr. Atlas," he sneered, "see a dog put one paw against the other and resist as he pushed it up in the air and push it down again?"

For a moment, Atlas was taken aback. "Of course," he replied finally, "of course he does! My dog does that all the time!"

In 1912, Atlas got a job demonstrating a chest developer in an empty store on upper Broadway. Although he didn't believe in the efficacy of apparatus, Atlas liked the job because he would combine work and his physical training at the same time. In 1914, a professor of physical training, Young Samson, watched a demonstration and invited Atlas to team up with him in a circus-and-vaudeville act. Atlas, whose body was not only strong but plastically symmetrical, did "posing"

in a fine frame, as well as such conventional feats of power as weight lifting, kickboxing, a handstand, a bed of nails with his bare hand, bending spokesh and tearing a telephone book in two. His big moment was lying on a bed of seven thousand nails munching a banana while three husky spectators stood on his body.

"Women used to faint when I did that," says Atlas. "They couldn't stand watching a beautiful body like mine being abused by three men standing on my chest."

It was while working at the Coney Island Circus Side Show that Atlas encountered a man who had modelled for the body of a statue of Abraham Lincoln. Atlas found posing more to his taste than public exhibitions, and until 1921 he devoted most of his time to sitting for such sculptors as Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Frederick MacMonnies, Tony Salemmi, Stirling Calder and James Earle Fraser. The usual rate for male models was fifty cents an hour, but Atlas received one dollar.

"I was so perfectly developed," explains the muscle maestro, "that they were ashamed to pay me fifty cents."



"I wheel her all day, daddy walks her all night. Is she yours, mom, or isn't she?"

Atlas was ideal as a model. Most models may have perfect ears, or throat, or legs, or arms, but Atlas was perfect in every respect. MacMonnies, a careful student of the work of Phidias and other Greek sculptors, once stated: "If I could not see the human figure such as that of Charles Atlas, I would not have believed that the Greeks actually had such prominent external obliquies as we see portrayed in the ancient statues." And, adds Atlas, "The same applies to every

other part of my body. I remember, when I used to walk into a studio on MacDonald Avenue in Greenwich Village, they would holler, 'Here comes the Greek god.' In fact, that was my nickname among the sculptors."

Atlas runs into bronze and marble imitations of himself wherever he goes. He is Alexander Hamilton in front of the United States Treasury Building in Washington, D. C. He is a water centaur in the monumental fountain outside the Missouri State Capitol in Jefferson City. He is Energy in Repose on the Federal Reserve Bank Building. He is also the arms and legs of the notorious Civic Virtue statue that used to stand outside New York's City Hall.

A Samson With a Purpose

Atlas was very happy during his association with artists. "They are happy-go-lucky folks," he says, "and they appreciate the beauty of the living life more than any other folks." Atlas probably appreciates appreciation of his physical grandeur more than anything else, and certainly more than money, despite the fact that he earns close to \$150,000 annually.

Atlas had one frustrating experience with sculptors. Mrs. Whitney asked him to take the then youthful C. V. ("Sonny") Whitney in hand and build the boy up. Atlas did his best, but Mr. Whitney, who is still known as "Sonny" to his intimates, was bored by dynamic tension.

"Then he says," Atlas says philosophically, "'they're a lazy bunch.'

In 1918, Atlas joined with Earle E. Liederman, another symmetrical Samson of the period and founder of now-defunct course of body building, in a vaudeville act known as The Orpheum Models, which played forty-two weeks at the Orpheum Circuit. Another time, as a circulation stunt for the Brooklyn Daily Times, Atlas pulled six automobiles in Brooklyn for a mile. The circulation of the Brooklyn Daily Times did not increase a whit, and no crowds gathered to watch the stunt. Nothing surprises people in Brooklyn. In 1936, Atlas towed the seventy-two and one half-ton locomotive 112 feet along its tracks. Atlas asserts that with about two weeks of extra-special conditioning he could repeat any of these feats. "But get this straight," insists Atlas, with a menacing glower, "I am not just a strong man. I don't believe in strength for the sake of strength, just to show off. I believe in using shapely muscles to make a better life and a better world."

In 1937, at the suggestion of his agent, Charles Atlas' Physical Culture Magazine sponsored a contest to find the Most Beautiful Man in America. Atlas submitted two photographs. He won, bleeps down. Bernarr Macfadden was skeptical about the accuracy of the

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photographs and he insisted on scrutinizing Atlas before awarding the \$1000 prize. Atlas came to the Physical Culture offices in the Flatiron Building and was carefully examined by Macfadden.

"Mr. Atlas," said the old master finally, "you are the living realization of my lifelong battle for the body beautiful. You have great future."

In 1922, "Physical Culture" sponsored another contest to find America's Most Perfect Developed Man. Atlas competed against 750 other masculine dreams in Madison Square Garden, and he won again. After this, Macfadden stopped all contests. "What is the use?" he said. "Atlas will win every time." From then on, Atlas began using the title, *The World's Most Perfect Developed Man*. The only muscular marvel who has dared to challenge the title is Johnny Grimek, who was named Mr. America of 1940 and Mr. America of 1941, in competition with the champions of the American Athletic Union. Grimek is a disciple of the Hoffman school of body building. Atlas refuses to recognize Grimek's claim and says he is still undisputed champion. Atlas cites the opinion of Dan Parker, the sports editor of the New York Daily Mirror. Parker was one of the judges of the 1940 contest in Madison Square Garden. After Grimek was voted Mr. America, Parker wrote a dissenting opinion.

"If Grimek," wrote Parker, "is the ideal of American manhood, then Man Mountain Dean is Apollo. I understand that Grimek is the assistant editor of Bob Hoffman's magazine, Health and Strength. How Johnny is able to pick up a magazine so speedily is beyond me. He is so sheathed in bulging muscles that he can hardly lift an arm without having a deltoid crash into a tricep. He is built like an old-fashioned Sears, Roebuck fireplace."

At the advice of "Dr." Frederick Richard Tilney, a writer for Physical Culture, Atlas invested his \$2000 prize money in a mail-order-muscle business. Tilney was not an M.D., but a naturopath. He ghost-wrote a course of thirteen lessons, and entered into a partnership with Atlas on a fifty-fifty basis. It took nearly ten years to develop the sure-fire selling angles and to build the business to its present peak.

From Tigers to Tension

The earliest Atlas advertisements were captioned monthly: ARE YOU A RED-BLOODED MAN? and mildly carried out the theme of acquiring general physical well-being. By 1925, the ads reflected the burly-hero era of Coolidge prosperity. DO YOU WANT TO BE A TIGER? ran one famous ad. "It's the Tiger Men who grab everything they want these days. The new race of Tiger Men win the battles of pelf and power in the mad, dizzy, jazzy matador for personal success. They take you into their high limousines, they have fine homes and bulging bank accounts."

After General Manager Roman took over the selling end of Atlas, Ltd., in 1928, the attack changed. Roman, who is considered by people in his field to be something of a genius at composing smart mail-order copy, invented the phrase "dynamic tension" to describe the Atlas technique, and he now began to sell muscles, pure and simple. "I'll add five inches to your chest," the ad began to read. "I'll print in only seven days time. I can make YOU a new man. Just tell me where you want handsome steel-like muscles. YOU, too, can have a body like mine."

The body-building industry reacts sensitively to business conditions and to wars. The first boom in muscle building grew directly out of World War I. Young men became acutely conscious of their bodies during a war, and, because they are thrown into close quarters with other men, they become eager to have bigger and better bodies after the war. The percentage of draftees also starts a wave of viewing-with-alarm and makes public opinion sharply conscious of physical culture.

A period of prosperity—1922 through 1929—is death to the muscle industry; everyone is too busy making and spending money to worry about five more inches on the chest. Around 1927, Atlas' mail-order business had shrunk so alarmingly that he had to open a gymnasium on Broadway to keep himself going. But orders spurred with the onset of the depression, and by 1932 business began to attain its present rejection rate.

Roman explains the phenomenon in this way: "During a depression the unemployed have more time for exercise. Also they figure maybe the reason they are out of work is because they lack physical power. We do well in hard times in this business." The war is again hoisting trade for Charles Atlas, Ltd., with the increase in pupils estimated at about 20 per cent a month. Recently the German Social Security reported the discrimination news that about 50 per cent of the men examined for the draft had been rejected for physical reasons. The S.S.S. is said to be considering a program of rehabilitation for these men.

"Why," shouts Atlas, "didn't the United States do something about this years ago? The Government should build a gymnasium for every hospital in the country. Why do we have to wait for an emergency to worry about the health of our young men? That physical training should be made compulsory and every able-bodied boy and man over the age of sixteen should be forced to attend a gym at least three hours a week. You can't build up these rejects boys in a couple of weeks. It takes at least three months to undo all the poison in their system and get them back to following the road of Nature." Atlas says that one reason the German soldier is superior is that calisthenics has been compulsory in Germany for many years.

As a matter of fact, the modern movement for physical education was founded by *Tretnreiter Jahn*, a German schoolmaster and political fanatic, whose perfidious ideas on race and blood influenced Hitler. Jahn, who wanted to raise a secret army to fight Napoleon within Germany, organized classes in physical training and founded the art of weight lifting. Ironically enough, it isn't the rejected draftees who are writing in for Atlas courses but the ones already in service. Privates in practically every Army camp in the country are now studying the Atlas lessons.

When he considers all the wonderful things he does for the young men of America, Charles Atlas often wonders why the Federal Trade Commission is always pestering him about his ads. They had him on the grill in 1932, and, after a thorough examination of his past history and his claims and his course of dynamic tension, they gave him a clean bill of health.

In 1939, he found another complaint against him. In a fit of rage, Atlas called in the reporters and defied the Federal Trade Commission and the entire New Deal, in words that

many another businessman has probably wished he had the courage to use.

"I'm going to send the President my special dynamic-tension course," shouted Atlas, "and ask him to use it for one week, and then decide which is right, me or the commission! They say it's not fair competition. I've got no regular competition. I've driven 'em all out!" Listen, I was down there in Washington six or seven years ago, and I took off my clothes and showed 'em I was the man I said I was. One of them said, 'We all got fat bellies around here,' and that they would be my pupils. What's a matter with those fellers up in Washington? There must be a new clique in there. Maybe that's the whole trouble, maybe they're sick men; maybe the whole New Deal is full of sick men."

Roman also pleads his case to the reporters. "Boys," he said, "I really am doin' the cleanest work of any man livin' today."

The conflict ended with a compromise victory for Atlas.

When Strong Men Clash

Eight exercises in the Atlas system are completely original with Atlas. The others, as Atlas himself is quick to admit, are derived from Hindu methods of exercise, from Werner Camp's ideas of calisthenics, from George Macfadden's, and, of course, from the tigers. The systematization, however, in the form of dynamic tension, is Atlas' main contribution. As an example of dynamic tension, here is Atlas' famous dipping exercise, which he says is the basic secret of "acquiring an enormous chest."

"Place two chairs side by side, about eighteen inches apart. Then, with a hand resting on the seat of each chair, lean forward, extend the legs in a position, feet on the floor, dip down as low as you can between the chairs, letting the chest touch the floor as near as possible. Come up slowly, breathing in, and go down again while breathing out. Bend the elbows as you go down and bring the arms straight as you come up. Continue until slightly tired."

Hoffman, the chief enemy of dynamic tension, which he once called dynamic hokey, maintains, however, that "the practice of physical training which involves co-ordination of groups of muscles to another set in the same member is deleterious in the extreme, tends to break down the reflex co-ordination between the cortex, the medulla oblongata, the cerebellum and other co-ordination centers of the brain, and makes for muscular inefficiency and incompetence."

Carl Easton Williams, a former editor of Physical Culture and an authority on exercise, once stated: "In order to get results from exercise, you must employ by reaction either the weight of your own body, or by external weights, springs, elastic cords, or even by the trick of opposing one group of muscles against another group in your own body through mental control. Weight lifting is the quickest way to get muscles, but you also get bunchy, ugly muscles, slowness of movement, and a muscle-hound condition."

Among Atlas' famous pupils are Theodore Steinway, the piano manufacturer, and Max Baer, who signed a contract with the New York Rangers. Harry Von Zell and Fred Allen have also taken tension tutelage from Atlas. One of his favorite recreations is to visit the training camps of prize fighters and help them with their dietetic and

(Continued on Page 62)

What does Standard protection do for you?



Rooky: Some blaze! You could buy a battleship with the dough this bonfire's gonna eat up.

Old Timer: Aw, I dunno. We'll lick it. Look at the pressure we got. And we can get it from every fire plug in town.

Rooky: Yeh? How about that big fire up in the West End, when I was a kid? Those hydrants were dribblers.

Old Timer: But that was 'fore this town was inspected* by the insurance companies. The whole fire-fighting system's been done over from reservoir to nozzle. That inspection was the best thing ever happened 'round here.

*Communities that follow recommendations in these surveys made by capital stock company fire insurance often save many times the cost of improvements through lowered fire losses.

If you have your insurance in these capital stock companies, you have Standard Protection. And your local insurance agent, or broker, personally sees to it that you have the right policies for your particular needs.



DIRECTOR: Not a tantrum out of our star this picture! Why the angelic disposition?

DIRECTOR: He's feeling so much better since I suggested NUJOL for ordinary complaints instead of those violent purges he's been taking.

CAMERA-MAN: NUJOL, eh? Something new?

DIRECTOR: Goodness, no, man! NUJOL's a fine reputable mineral oil that's been giving thousands gentle relief from aches and pains instead of tasteless NUJOL each night and morning keeps you regular as clockwork. Since a friend told me about it years ago, I've been a rooter for NUJOL!



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**Send 10¢ for
NEW PORTFOLIO OF
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It's easy to give your home modern beauty and style! Study these 8" x 10" photos showing how famous homes have been modernized for sidewalk. Famous Cres-Dipt stained surfaces—plus insulation backing board—cut building costs. With the expensive, deep built shadow lines, smart designs, and distinctive charm, "Double W" Zephyrs are ideal for remodeling or new homes costing \$6,000 to \$10,000.

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**MAIL WITH 10¢
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Cres-Zeph Company, Inc., Dept. 22
North Tonawanda, N. Y.
Please send me free portfolio for portfolio
of remodeled or new home photos.

I plan to modernize I plan to build new

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(Continued from Page 60)

exercise problems. Atlas has coached Lou Ambers, Jack Sharkey, Tommy Farr and Sixto Escobar.

It was while visiting with Escobar at a Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, training camp that Atlas first met Joe Louis. Promoter Mike Jacobs had been trying to keep some publicity for an Escobar bout, asked Louis to watch Escobar train. Joeck Blackburn, Louis' manager, introduced the champion to Atlas.

"This is the famous Charlie Atlas," said Blackburn.

"Yeah?" said Louis dully, his face unmoved.

"Hello," said Atlas.

"He's the inventor of dynamic tension," pursued Blackburn.

"What's that?" drawled Louis.

Atlas gave a thumbnail description of dynamic tension.

Louis milled it over thoroughly for several minutes. Finally he seemed to get the idea. He flexed his arm and said, "Yuh mean like this?" Then out shot the arm, Atlas, meanwhile, had hunched forward to see if Louis' muscles were tensing accurately, and he caught the full force of the blow on his face.

"Yes," murmured Atlas weakly, rubbing his cheekbone, "just like that!"

This was one of the two occasions when Atlas' passion for physical culture got him into embarrassment. The other happened on May 21, 1939, when he got up to Sing Sing to sit in on a strong-man exhibition for the convicts. He tore telephone books, lifted a 250-pound man above his shoulders, and climaxed his performance by bending and breaking a two-foot iron bar. After the performance, Atlas had coffee and cake with Warden Lawes.

"It was a great show you put on, Charlie," said the warden, "but I didn't like one number."

"What was that?" asked Atlas.

"You're bending the bar. That was bad stuff. Might put ideas into a prisoner's head!"

With the way Americans are dissipating, Atlas sees little hope for the future unless we mend our bodily habits. Whenever he can get a city editor to listen to his gloomy prophecies, he will say something like this: "Fee will

disappear in 500 years unless Americans walk more." Atlas believes that hot jazz and violent swing music have a malignant effect on the muscles of the body. Atlas writes ten letters a week to the local radio stations asking them "to cut out all the greasy noise and give us real music." His favorite performers are Strauss, Verdi, Rossini and Schubert. He thinks the malicious musical magnetism emanating from the air is one of the causes for the physical degeneration of our young manhood. "Do not overlook the value of good music," reads one of the dynamic-tension lessons. "Like attracts like. Good music inspires and lifts you into higher realms. I very strongly recommend that you take what I call a MUSIC BOX daily."

To some flabby-muscled persons this would appear like carrying physical culture to extremes. But Charles Atlas says, "All I want is to build a perfect race, a country of perfect human masterpieces."

Is a runt and weakling to say him may?

"SO YOU'RE GOING TO WASHINGTON"

(Continued from Page 18)

\$500,000, or, with the suburbs counted in, to more than 1,000,000. That does not include the thousands of tourists eager to glimpse the war wheels go round, the fun-happy soldiers from nearby camps, or the hosts of businessmen stalking the priorities, allocations and contracts they must capture to stay in business.

The trouble with these statistics is that they are all too vital. These people get up in the dark hours of the morning to race one another for transportation that are available; they form lines outside the picture theaters; crowd the shops, snarl the traffic and fill the parking lots—in the last year 50,000 more automobiles have been turned loose on Washington's streets. They talk endlessly in telephone booths. At 1,800 a day, telephone calls are running 30 per cent higher than a year ago. The first three days after Japan's attack on Hawaii, long-distance calls leaped to 30,000 a day and local calls zoomed to such proportions that the frantic telephone companies had to turn the radio and advertised in the newspapers to keep up with people not to use the phone. Additional operators were hurried in, some from Chicago.

As of Christmas, the Government was occupying 358 separate buildings—the War Department alone had its forces scattered in thirty-five buildings—and the new war agencies still were clamoring for *Lebensraum*. Among the structures taken over were the old police headquarters and lockup, a theater, apartment houses, a bank, a theater, apartment houses, garages and several mansions. At the Leiter Mansion, reputed to have cost \$6,000,000 of gay-'90 money to build and furnish, you can see a tycoon pointing the keys beneath a \$50,000 tapestry, and a filing cabinet under a rare lamp from the ruins of Pompeii. Some of the British purchasing officials, getting lend-lease choice, have desks in bathrooms and kitchens.

Clay Guthridge, who is in charge of space control for the Public Buildings Administration, put the total amount of office space required by the Government on November thirtieth at nearly 25,000,000 square feet. This, he estimates, is equivalent to thirteen

Empire State Buildings. He had on his books requests for another 2,500,000 square feet.

When the city block opposite the State Department was ordered razed to make way for a new building, the dignified justices of the Court of Claims, which is on the block, had to scour the city for quarters they might use. First reaction of some officials to our declarations of war was to call Gutridge and urge him to take over the Axis embassies for them. At times he has been asked to do this, but he has demanded that other Government bureaus which "aren't doing anything for defense" give up their offices.

Late in December, President Roosevelt did order ten agencies, with about 10,000 employees, moved from Washington. But this relief was like a boy opening a notch on his belt to make room for a second helping. The Government has been hiring people in the District at the rate of nearly 50,000 a month, and Washingtonians groan in anticipation of a population, before long, of 1,000,000.

For some workers, like stenographers, the demand is so huge that they are being recruited en masse. The Civil Service Commission has set aside a huge loft above a five-and-tenth-cent store in downtown Washington as a reception center. The commission's recruiting agents all over the country tell the girls this address and tell them to report there on a certain date.

The girls come by the hundreds with their suitcases and little radio sets.

With the first of these mass migrations hit Washington, the War Department was in such need of stenographers that many girls were fingerprinted immediately and hustled to work, still carrying their suitcases. They didn't have time to look for a place to sleep, and an appeal was made to the commission's own employees to take the girls in temporarily. Several went to the home of the commission's head, Harry B. Mitchell.

Some of the girls apparently had never been on their own before. One eighteen-year-old girl came from her room hunting sorely perplexed. Was it so, she wanted to know, that you had to pay for your room in advance? If it

was, she was in a bad way, as she hadn't brought along enough money. To rescue its recruits from such dilemma, the commission has set up a special placement division under Mrs. Alice Maxwell.

The living problems of anyone who comes to Washington, whether it is to stay or for a brief visit, begin at the beginning, which is the Union Station. There are never enough redcapes, and the chances are that you will have to struggle your bags through to the taxicab platform. Until recently, taxicabs cost only twenty cents to go anywhere in downtown Washington—now it is thirty cents—and the platform crowds are often three and four deep. An added tortue is a device that has been adopted ostensibly to speed traffic. The loading platform is several hundred feet long and the drivers are instructed to keep moving to the end of the platform before taking on passengers. Often when you think that the service is slow, you are told, that in the line ahead pull out, and the driver you were aiming at abruptly scoots down the platform. It is not unusual to come within "almost" distance half a dozen cabs before finally bagging one.

Finding a place to live—or sleep—is the next problem. Over the week ends, hotel rooms can be had without too much difficulty. Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, however, are the days for businessmen with brief cases. They turn up in queues before every hotel desk. You wait your turn ten or fifteen minutes. No one ahead of you gets a room.

You hear the clerk explaining, "Yes, sir, we received your letter, but at the moment we haven't a room free. We may have later in the day. Would you like to check your bag?"

"But you wrote me that you would have had a room available on arrival. You have had my arrival time two days."

"That's true, sir, but you know how chaotic everything is in town now. If you'd just check..."

In every hotel lobby the suitcases are piled high. Some of the larger corporations, which have extensive dealings with the Government, maintain

(Continued on Page 64)

He's got a bigger job now . . .

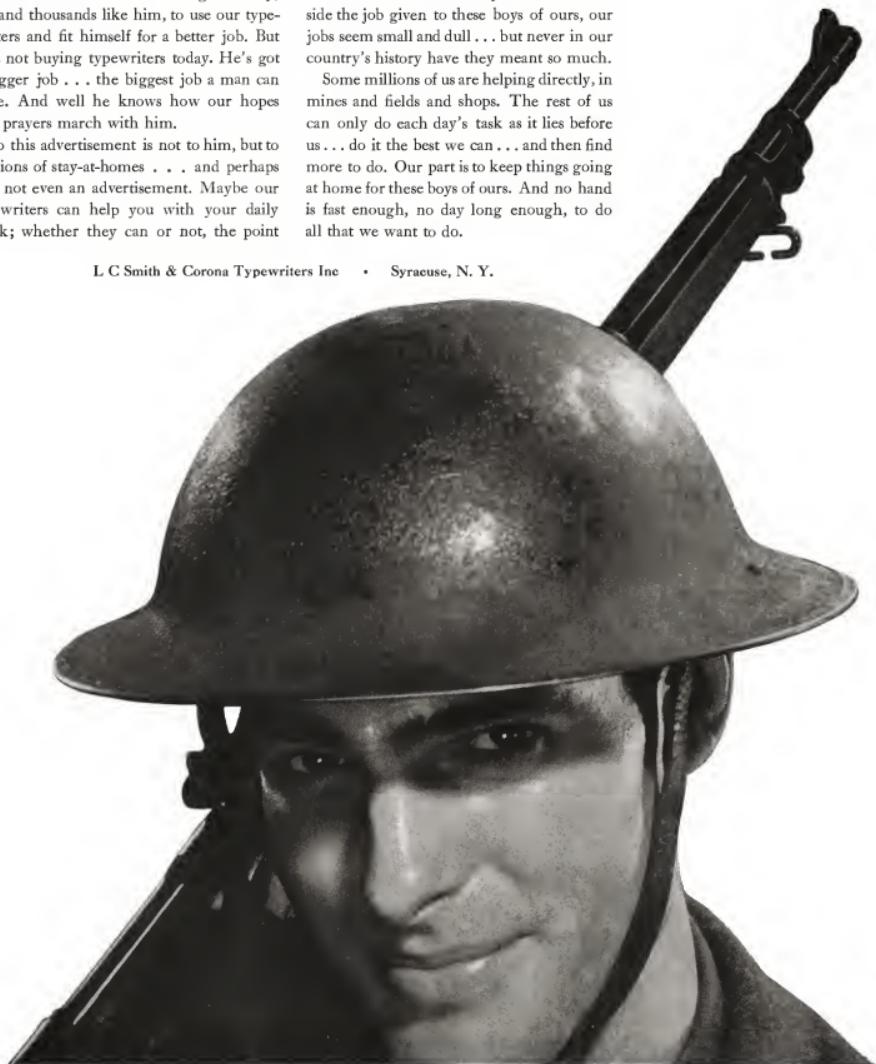
TIME WAS when we could urge this boy, and thousands like him, to use our typewriters and fit himself for a better job. But he's not buying typewriters today. He's got a bigger job . . . the biggest job a man can have. And well he knows how our hopes and prayers march with him.

So this advertisement is not to him, but to millions of stay-at-homes . . . and perhaps it is not even an advertisement. Maybe our typewriters can help you with your daily work; whether they can or not, the point

is that we all have that daily work to do. Beside the job given to these boys of ours, our jobs seem small and dull . . . but never in our country's history have they meant so much.

Some millions of us are helping directly, in mines and fields and shops. The rest of us can only do each day's task as it lies before us . . . do it the best we can . . . and then find more to do. Our part is to keep things going at home for these boys of ours. And no hand is fast enough, no day long enough, to do all that we want to do.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc • Syracuse, N. Y.



New Vicks Inhaler Makes Nose Feel Clearer In Seconds



When your nose stuffs up from a cold, get greater breathing freedom—fast—with the new handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication that makes the nose feel clearer in seconds. And you can use it as often as needed!

VICKS INHALER

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks Vaporub at bed-time. Its poultice-vapour action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm, brings comfort.

VICKS
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HELP WANTED Men and women wanted to forward copy of "Washington Post, Leader, Home Journal, County Government and Daily Star," to be used in advertising. Address: GUTHRIE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 295 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

LET flavor HELP YOU SAVE

Gebhardt's Famous Chili Powder alongside your salt and pepper is the magic flavor before you save by buying Gebhardt's Chili Powder. It's the best chili powder, the most economical soups and stews. So party and eat the unique flavor of genuine chili pepper.

Made in Sunny San Antonio

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FACED
CHILI POWDER**

DURHAM BLADES

save money and face!

Tops for rough hair is Vicks' 15¢ Durham Double Edge Razor blade money can buy. Has been for 30 years. Keen, smooth as the best straight razors. At 15¢ a dozen, background, 50% more shaving surface. Naturally, this fine blade costs more than the others, but it is actually less. For real economy, enjoy this long-life blade in either style Durham safety razor shown.

Boker
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(Continued from Page 63)

permanent hotel suites which cost them ten, fifteen and twenty dollars a day even when not in use. If you are unfortunate enough to come without a reservation, as I did last September, you may have to try ten hotels before getting located. Some of the cheaper ones offer a cot in a hallway for one dollar a night. There have been instances of businessmen going into a hospital for a checkup, just to have a place to sleep.

The Mayflower gives its patrons some relief through what is known as The Interim Club. This is a lounging room on the second floor, with lockers, showers, writing tables and telephone booths. While waiting for a room, patrons can change their clothes, work at the tables, do their telephoning. Should they finish their business the day they arrive, there is no charge for using the club.

Getting settled permanently is a problem that strikes. In Washington, there are two ways. In Washington, you race for it. Some start at the break of dawn; others arrange to have friends in the classified departments of the newspapers tip them off as soon as an advertisement is phoned in. Once seen, an apartment has to be taken immediately; there is no thinking it over. When my wife and I were hunting for an apartment, we saw one that we liked. It was unfurnished and we wanted to find out how long it would take to get furniture. When we returned about an hour later, the apartment was rented.

Renting for the new houses that are being built starts with the construction. The apartment we now are in, we had to rent from a floor plan, and it was available only because another prospective tenant had canceled. When we moved in, the lobby and numerous odds and ends still were unfinished. Some tenants had been in the house for weeks.

For more than a month we slept on a mattress and spring bed. Chairs we ordered last September still had not arrived by Christmas. Fortunately, we had a trunk. A neighbor lent us two chairs and we bought a stool. For weeks we worked, ate and lived off the trunk, chairs and stool.

It has become virtually impossible for anyone with average or even better than average income to rent or buy a house in town. The suburbs in near-by Maryland and Virginia are growing so rapidly that communities of 50,000 persons have sprung up without local government. Two thousand two thousand were fired from a newspaper. They went into the real-estate broker business in Virginia. Today one of them is said to be worth \$100,000 and the newspaper that fired him is soliciting his advertising business.

More Potomac Problems

The Board of Trade has figures to show that rents in Washington have not increased unduly, but everyone talk with his or her own personal tales of increasing rents. Washington has always been one of the most expensive cities in the country. Newcomers who could rent a room in their home cities for a couple of dollars a week find they have to pay thirty dollars a month in the cheapest rooming houses. Many of the younger clerks double up with friends, two and three to a room. There are a number of good boardingshous where living is reasonable. Under a law passed recently, all rents in the District have been frozen.

Space is at such a premium that you come across some odd bits of home planning. One apartment we looked at had six beds in three rooms. In another we would have had to share the door and foyer with a neighbor. The apartment we occupy has one feature which we delight showing out-of-town guests as an exhibit of Washington in boom. Our bathroom has two entrances and, cramped in alongside, is a shower stall that is open and together into a tangle like two doors in an old Keystone comedy. Some hardy couples have found refuge from Washington's housing troubles in trailers and houseboats.

Once you have a place to live, at least that worry is over with. There are other problems that stay with you as long as you are in Washington, chief among them being the traffic.

Washington has an automobile for every four persons. Only about one half the streets are paved, the others are dirt, to get to and from work. There also are 4000 taxicabs, which Traffic Director William A. Van Duzer points out with dubious pride, is ten times as many taxicabs as more populous Detroit has.

The nation's capital, too, is a victim of overplanning. When Major L'Enfant laid out the city he had in mind the recurrent difficulties that French governments had had with mobs which set up barricades in the streets of Paris and stormed the public buildings. So L'Enfant ordered Washington with care. A small group of soldiers or a cannon well placed, he reasoned, could sweep the streets of the rabble. The difficulty today is that no traffic cop, no matter how well placed, can keep the converging traffic from bottlenecking. At Thomas Circle an underpass has been cut through and Rube Goldberg system of neon lights, which flash "walk" and "don't walk," has been installed for pedestrians. Every few feet another light flashes, and crossing the circle is a nerve-racking experience.

Our own planners have contributed to the difficulties growing out of L'Enfant's preoccupation with the French Revolution. It was thought that Washington would present a magnificent spectacle if all the marble Government palaces were grouped together in the heart of downtown Washington. Department stores, movies, newspapers, hotels, office buildings, too, are downtown. As a result, virtually all of the capital's business, public and private, is carried on in a space about one and a half square miles. At several intersections Van Duzer's cars have counted more than 60,000 vehicles passing every twenty-four hours, which is heavier traffic than New York's busiest streets."

There are so few eating places near the Government buildings that many workers buy box lunches from pushcarts or bring their lunch from home. In fair weather they eat it on park benches or on the lawns; in the winter, they stand around in the snow. Buildings. The newer Government buildings, built by the thought of working in a city where the fate of the world is being settled. There are always rumors and secrets of state gossipied about to spice the day, and there is always the chance of riding in the same elevator with Jesse Jones, Cordell Hull or William Knudsen. When these young people write to their friends and relatives at home, often they wind up with the exhortation, "Why don't you come on to Washington? It's exciting and there are jobs for everyone."

Everyone in Washington seems in a hurry, only to find himself being constantly tripped up. Most of the public buildings are guarded and you have to wait five or ten minutes for a pass. If you have a brief case, that has to be examined. Some agencies are scattered in so many buildings; every day divisions are being moved; many employees working in the same agencies have confusingly similar names. When you want to see a certain person you want to see, he is likely to have just been called into a conference. As in the NRA days of confusion, conferences are going on everywhere. Using the telephone is no solution. The switchboards at OPM and National Defense are likely to yield busy signals for half an hour.

Some people have given up going to the movies because of the crowds. The dance floors in places like the Carlton and Mayflower hotels at cocktail time are packed. The night clubs are out of the old saloon-club era, where the dancers were packed so tightly they could hardly move. Bowling is the most popular athletic pastime. Every Government agency has several teams and on some nights as many as 10,000 men and women will be rolling balls down the alleys.

When Eve Goes to War

Washington traditionally has more women than men. The patriotic girls do not seem to have much trouble getting dates, although they insist on living in the first taxicab zone. In the second zone the fare is forty cents; in the third zone sixty cents; in the fourth zone eighty cents, and the chances of a date dim progressively. As the war progresses and men are drawn increasingly into the Army, the excess of women is expected to increase. Every Saturday night thousands of young draftees pour into the city from the far-by-forces that the girls have given them a tumble. Efforts have been made to bring the girls and soldiers together through dances. During the warm months they were staged on the street near the Commerce Department Building; now they are held in the Government auditorium.

To someone who has lived and worked in Washington in former years, the changes that the boom has brought sum up as countless little irritations. As one defense official put it, "You work harder, you produce more, you earn more, but when you leave the office, you find you still can't relax. You have to wait for a seat in the restaurant, the traffic is heavy, the New York's morning is one way going right at night, and so on. Whenever I feel these irritations, I console myself by thinking that war is a nasty business and I blame it all on Hitler."

The younger people seem to bear up more easily than the older citizens. Mostly between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, they have moved from bummund towns and still are fascinated by the thought of working in a city where the fate of the world is being settled. There are always rumors and secrets of state gossipied about to spice the day, and there is always the chance of riding in the same elevator with Jesse Jones, Cordell Hull or William Knudsen. When these young people write to their friends and relatives at home, often they wind up with the exhortation, "Why don't you come on to Washington? It's exciting and there are jobs for everyone."

"That's grand," replied the hostess.

AN EYE FOR MIRACLES

(Continued from Page 27)

of attack has already been suggested by photographs indicating that the diplococci germs are forced to commit *hans-kiri* by absorbing tellurium salts, which in turn are converted into tellurium crystals with jagged edges which cut through the germs' bodies and kill them.

Man was put on earth with two hands and five senses as tools, and, above all, a God-given spark of curiosity. Countless generations ago he first observed that rubbing two sticks together provided fire and that a disk of wood gave him the advantage of the wheel. In the sixteenth century Galileo noticed the swinging of a lamp suspended from the ceiling of a church and developed the law of the pendulum on which timekeeping is based. The more man observed, the more his problems were solved.

In all the centuries from the first dim beginnings of the sciences men with curiosity have wanted desirous to see smaller things and have envied the vision of the hawk which, in flight, can spot a grasshopper several miles suspended feet below. The earliest man started by using a simple lens of water in a glass to enlarge objects they wished to study. Aristotle wrote of observing with a transparent stone the beating of the heart of the unhatched chick and the intricacies of the body of a sea urchin.

Unfortunately, there are long intervals before the observations of the mysteries of science can be translated into benefits to man. From the time when Leeuwenhoek, of Delft, who made microscopes at home, added this to his microscope instrument at a drop of rain water to discover a menagerie of microbes, wriggling creatures that previously had lived and died unknown to man, until Pasteur discovered the antitoxin for hydrophobia, 200 years elapsed. Today, with thousands of research workers in laboratories the growth of science has been progressively speeded up. For example, only thirty years elapsed after Gelmo, a Vienna student, synthesized what seemed an unspectacular chemical compound, to make the operation of dyes, until its development became the foundation of the miracle-working series of "ulta" drugs.

The Key to a New World

Because the world is more research-minded than ever before—private agencies in the United States spent more than \$110,000,000 on research in 1941—observations with the electron microscope ought to be made quickly developed into benefits to the world. An even larger accumulation of problems awaits the new instrument. Microscopists for the past seventy years have been stymied because they were unable to see anything smaller than approximately half the wave length of light. They were bound by physical laws as exacting as the law of gravity. It was like trying to catch minnows in a net for shad. Objects which are too small for light waves do not obstruct them and, therefore, cannot be seen. We see objects when their size is enough to interfere with the light waves coming toward our eyes. In order to see objects too small for a microscope, a type of illumination would have to be used with a wave length smaller than the wave length of light—that is, the

wave length would have to be so small it would be blocked by the thing to be seen.

How did the new microscope come into being? Like many of the greatest of man's inventions, it was the work of many minds, working at different times and in different places. It might be said that the electron microscope began with an important discovery in an unrelated field. In the late nineteenth century the British physicist, Prof. Joseph J. Thomson, of Cambridge University, discovered the dislodged atom of electricity called an electron. This led to the cathode ray tube, television and the electron microscope. Louis de Broglie, a French physicist, in 1924 contributed the theory that electrons move in waves as light does. In 1926 Dr. Hans Busch, of Jena University, discovered that beams of electrons, passing through a coil of wire which acts as a magnet, could be focused to form a magnified image, thus establishing a parallel between a beam of electrons and a beam of light passing through a lens. A German, Max Pollak and Dr. Ernst Ruska of Berlin, translated Busch's discovery into practice by building the first electron microscope, which they called the *Über-mikroskop*, or supermicroscope.

Making Images Behave

Knoll and Ruska's joy at having produced an instrument five or six times more powerful than a light microscope was turned almost immediately into despair. They would peer in the *Über-mikroskop* at a sharp, clear image of the specimen, and then the image became blurred, appearing as only a blotch. With tedious care they turned the many brass knobs that adjusted the current, hoping to get the specimen in focus again. When they first tried to make a photograph, they could get only one clear picture in about a thousand. Their problem was to control the current with great accuracy. If the current of a magnetic lens is not accurately controlled, it acts like a break on the image as the wind blows a reflection on the surface of the water. Because they could not control it, the electron microscope was relegated to the laboratory for the painstaking work of further development. We know, however, from publications of Ruska, that they soon overcame their initial handicaps.

In 1934 Dr. Ladislaus Marton, of the University of Brussels, using the principles of the German instrument as a model, constructed a microscope to study bacteria. Prof. E. F. Burton, of the Department of Zoology of the University of Toronto, was impressed with what he read of the Germans' work and, in the summer of 1936, while traveling in Germany and visiting his contemporary physicits, he made a point of seeing the instrument. On his return he encouraged the building of a microscope by C. E. Hall, one of his assistants.

In 1937 a new instrument was started at Toronto. It was to surpass any previous one in magnifying power and ability to focus. This was the work of two young students, James Hillier and Albert Prebus, working under Professor Burton.

Hillier was born in Brantford, Ontario, one-time home of Alexander Graham Bell. James Hillier's father is



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a mechanical engineer specializing in the designing of bakery machinery. Jim's mechanical precocity is evidenced by a photograph of him at the age of two and one half, showing him using a screwdriver to put together a crane from a child's building set. When Jim was eleven, his father gave him a telescope. That interested him for a few days. Then he conceived the idea of building at small things, what he wanted was a telescope. Accordingly, he took the telescope apart and used the eyepieces as the basis for an instrument to look at tiny objects.

Jim and Florence Bell, who was later to become Mrs. Hillier, attended the same high school and won scholarships to the University of Toronto. In the first year at Toronto, Jim found his German tongue going, and Florence Bell tutored him. They became engaged, and were married before they finished college. Mrs. Hillier worked one of her examinations in the doctor's office just before going to the hospital when her baby was born. On Jim's graduation in 1937, with a B.A. in mathematics and physics, he obtained a job at the university as a demonstrator in physics at \$1100 a year.

Professor Burton enlisted him to work for his M.A. at the same time by carrying forward the work on the electron microscope. Burton provided him with a partner, Albert Prebus, a graduate of the University of Alberta who had been working on the electron microscope. Jim and Prebus began to work out physics on a scholarship of \$650 from the National Research Council of Canada. Prebus was the son of German immigrants who lived on a farm. Funds for his schooling came from scholarships and his own employment.

To be able to carry on the work with their limited finances, the Hilliers and Prebus took a two-room apartment together. Mrs. Hillier continued her tutoring and the three of them pooled their resources.

The university had little money to contribute to the construction of their instrument. They had to get old condensers from the University of Alberta, discarded X-ray transformers from the Toronto General Hospital, and to machine brass tubing in the university workshop. At only twenty-three and twenty-six, these men became outstanding in the field of electron optics.

The Hilliers now have two sons. Prebus is a full professor at Ohio State University and has married the girl to whom he was engaged during his college days.

The Electron Gun

The emergence of the microscope from its experimental stage to a commercial instrument came about through a curious circumstance. One evening in 1937, at Columbia University, Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, head of electron research for RCA, gave a lecture before a group of electrical engineers. In the question-and-answer session Doctor Zworykin happened to mention that the "electron gun" which gives off an electron beam for use in television, could be focused into a narrow point as light is by the lens of a microscope. Officials at RCA were struck with this information, which was featured in the paper the next day. Zworykin was asked to take up the building of microscopes.

In 1938 Zworykin brought Doctor Marton, from Brussels, and later Dr. James Hillier, from Toronto, who had earned his Ph.D. for his work on the electron microscope there, to the RCA

laboratories at Camden, New Jersey. It was the former who developed the first successful instrument at RCA. Its disadvantage was that it was bulky and needed two or three specialists to operate it. To Hillier goes the credit for designing a second instrument which was more compact and simpler to operate, the forerunner of today's commercial model. It still had to have a complicated device to control the beam. The contribution of Arthur W. Vance greatly improved the instrument's reliability. He borrowed another development from the television field. In television it is necessary to have the current accurately controlled, otherwise the pictures will flicker and fade. Vance applied the same mechanism used in television, a series of vacuum tubes, to the electron microscope. Previously, RCA had estimated its cost at \$20,000. Now it was possible to sell it for \$10,500, putting it within reach of colleges and research institutions.

Take a look at the first of these new improved instruments in operation at the research laboratories of the American Cyanamid Company at Stamford, Connecticut. In the center of a windowless and darkened room is a window four feet tall, clamped in a big c-shaped frame. Here is an instrument that might come from the imagination of Buck Rogers. It looks like a kid's toy, but it is all the trimmings of a modern bathroom, from chromium strips to linoleum. On its lower lip are half a dozen peepholes to accommodate as many persons who may wish to view some breath-taking revelation. Seated at the instrument and intently gazing at what may be a new plastic is Charles J. Burton, in charge of electron research at Cyanamid.

He motions us to take seats beside him. We approach with awe, for here is an instrument that has as much power for helping mankind as the war has to destroy it.

We gaze at what appear to be long chains of cells, which he explains may be actual molecules of the plastic. Asked how the instrument works, he

says, "In principle, the electron microscope resembles a giant radio tube made of steel. At the top is a filament of tungsten wire. When electrically heated, it gives off a swift stream of electrons which are focused by magnetic lenses to reveal upon a fluorescent screen an enlarged image of the specimen examined. The screen, similar to that used in television receiving sets, is a sheet of glass coated with a mineral compound that glows when struck with electrons."

This fluorescent power of the screen is an essential part of the microscope because the wave length of electrons is too small to be detected by the human eye. Fluorescent crystals are necessary to transform the electron beams into visible light. The various parts of the screen glow in proportion to the density of the electrons, and thus reveal a magnified shadow picture of the object.

"How will the microscope improve plastics?" we inquire.

Building With Molecules

"Let me illustrate," replies Burton, "by saying that before we can build a stone fireplace we must assemble stones of the proper size and shape. Just so, when we wish to develop a new plastic, we must obtain the proper-sized molecules, we would, our stones. When we know the size of the molecules we can then fit the plastic to coincide with known structural laws of strength, just as we arrange bricks in the shape of an arch for strength or use a hollow column to support a heavy load when we wish to save weight. By so doing, we can get the plastic that will give us the quality we need, whether it be stretch, strength or hardness."

The electron microscope promises not only to conquer many of our pestilential enemies, but to help us in the clothing we wear, the car we ride in. Work has been carried on to improve automobile tires in life and wearing qualities through a series of studies previously financed by the Columbian Carbon Company at the University of Toronto, and is now being continued



at their own laboratories with an instrument secured from the university.

The Institute of Paper Chemistry, of Appleton, Wisconsin, is hard at work on a series of researches to improve the strength and finish and to reduce the cost of paper. Many of the properties of paper, important in the packaging of food, are as sensitive to moisture, odors, and greases as dependent upon the structures of the paper's surfaces, too small for the ordinary microscope to see. Manufacturers, therefore, had to infer the reasons why. Now the electron microscope offers promises of finding out definitely.

Hillier tells of another practical application of the microscope—the purifying of lubricating oil. Refiners were unable to ascertain why the particular clay they used would not serve over and over again. After the clay was once used, it would not stick to the barrel of the oil sludge it had retained. Then, upon, for some puzzling reason, it would no longer serve as a filter. The electron microscope revealed that the clay originally was composed of minute sea-animal shells with tiny holes acting as filters, and that they turned into solid round spheres when heated, thus preventing the passage of oil through them.

Scientists and manufacturers have been making a pilgrimage to the RCA laboratories at Cambridge to have their specialties and products through the magic lens. The Campbell Soup Company brought samples of soil in an endeavor to ascertain what bacteria may increase the fertility of the soil and thus enable the farmer to grow better vegetables for their soups. Sherwin-Williams brought samples of pigments for paint. Vick Chemical Company is endeavoring to find out about the cold virus. A lime manufacturer wished to improve the strength of mortar and the finish of plaster. Eli Lilly & Co. came with their serums. Metallurgists

brought samples of steel to see if it may be made stronger, so that less is needed, in order that our motorcars, airplanes and trains may be lighter.

There is a long waiting list for the microscopes, which are being made as rapidly as the supply of materials will permit.

Several technological schools and corporation research departments are working to develop instruments of their own. In Germany the great electrical firm of Siemens & Halske has kept Doctor Ruska busy improving his first crude instrument. Today investigation sees out that the microscopes have enabled the Germans to improve the strength and quick-setting power of their cement, which has been used in the overnight building of runways, bridges and roads.

The Research Foundation has recently granted Doctor Marton \$65,000 to work on the development of an electron microscope with the magnifying power of 1,000,000 times. This will magnify about 1000 times more than the present ones.

Finding new methods of observation opens new frontiers more important than new colonies. Within the range of vision of the electron microscope lie all the processes concerned in the building of living substances, animal and vegetable, and also those concerned with dead bodies. In this range also lies the origin of the strength and weakness of our fibers and alloys to heat, cold and age.

We are now in a stage comparable to that in which Leeuwenhoek found himself years ago, when he saw bacteria for the first time. He did not know what it was that he saw. Although scientists have so far been able to identify only a fraction of what they have seen, they do know now that there is almost no limit to what the electron microscope can do for mankind.

HEADS YOU LOSE

(Continued from Page 24)

The bicycle leaned innocently against the wall of the shed. He hopped painfully onto it and sped down the hill for home.

Cockie was waiting on the terrace for him. He pedaled wearily up the drive, he said, mockingly still, "Did you enjoy your ride?"

"No, I did not," said James, limping up the steps toward him.

"You seem to have had a tumble," said Cockie, full of hypocritical sympathy. He took him by the arm and helped him up the steps and into the house. "Have you hurt your foot?"

"Yes, I have," said James shortly, bewildered by his air of mischievous delight. "And you knew what I've proved when I do it, so, you wouldn't be so much amused."

Cockie led him into the ground-floor cloakroom and pushed him down unceremoniously onto a seat. "Let's have a look at it. Ob, dear, that's nasty. Quite swollen." He soaked a towel and wrapped it tenderly round the injured ankle. "Just a sprain, I expect." He added delightedly:

"There was a young man with a sprain,
Who fell off a bike—or a train—

but it was the train, wasn't it?"

James stared at him. "Did you see me?"

"No, I didn't see you," said Cockie airily, "but one of my lads said his shoulder out doing the same thing last

night. It was a pity for you both that the line isn't still banked up with snow; it could have been softer, and not so far from you to fall. But still, you aren't old men."

James glared at him indignantly. "Do you mean to say you'd worked it all out before I even started?"

"I can't say until I know just what you've discovered," said Cockie flatly. "Did you find the porter at Tenfold communicative? He's a bit of a moneygrubber, but I rang him up and told him to give you any information you might require."

"Is that why he had it so pat?" said James.

Cockrie laughed. "I hope you didn't upset the old lady," he said, more gravely. "We were going over to see her this afternoon, but I thought if I let you have your head you might get more out of her than we should—being the bereaved husband, and all that."

James nursed his ankle, folding the cold towel soothingly around it. "Well, honestly! Of all the ruddy limits! You make me sweat all the way down risking my neck on that friend of old, whose shoulder that never takes a yard more exercise than I can possibly help; you let me chance Pendock's cook's bicycle being pinched from that moldy little shack on the downy, down, down, let me make a fool of myself all over Tenfold village searching for a Miss Bunsen,

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and finally you calmly allow me to endanger my life jumping off a train. Damn it, man, I might have fallen on the line and got myself cut in half."

But Cockrill was standing before him with a wild light in his eyes, grasping his soft white hair in both fists and muttering over and over, "The weapon! The weapon! The weapon!"

James struggled up and, with the wet towel still wrapped round his neck, went to the door. There, Cockrill was standing at the telephone asking urgently for Doctor Newcome.

After a few minutes he said in a low voice, "That you, doc? Now, listen; in all your experience have you ever seen anyone that's sheen run over by a train?"

"Never have."

"That's what I knew you'd say. But I think you have."

The telephone crackled for a long time. "I quite agree," said Cockrill at last, as he doffed his cap and went with him. Dr. Newcome, James, still standing like a stock in one corner of the hall. "What are you doing here?"

"Thinking," said James, walking up with a start.

Cockie took his arm above the elbow and led him, hopping, into the library. "Oh, you were thinking. And what were you thinking, eh?"

"I was thinking that the eleven-twenty-five-the last train," said James, and sank down onto the sofa.

Cockrill produced the inevitable paper and pipe, and a robe of acetate while he disposed of the proposition. "So it is," he said at last, turning to James with all the pleasurable excitement gone out of his bright brown eyes. "And a man can't jump off a train and shove a body under the wheels of the same train, can he? Not even if he has the holly all ready hand."

"Unless it was a very long train," said James.

"Well, the eleven-twenty-five is a very short train. Besides, the body wasn't all ready to hand. I think you and I have been working too fast," he said.

"You mean you don't think that Bunsen—— But look here, inspector; he definitely left that bicycile in the shed. He hiked up to the downs and parked it there, caught a bus over to Tenfold; stayed with his sister till twenty past eleven, and then caught the train back here; jumped off and into the garden at about twenty-five to twelve. In both cases it fits perfectly with the times of the murders; he'd save a good half hour by taking the train. And he just fetched the bike-dash it, I saw the wheel marks. I saw where the bike had leaned up against the wall!"

"You saw where a bike had leaned against the wall," said Cockie, with a return of his impish grin. "Don't forget that my boys had made this trip before you."

James could not refrain from laughter at this simple explosion of all his fine conclusions. "You mean to say that the old hoy rode solemnly into Tenfold just as he said he did, and rode back again through the snow, and had nothing to do with it at all?"

"He must have. That girl was headed by a train; they took her and held her there after she was dead."

"But, dash it all, he must have been involved. He was Pippi's father; it's too much coincidence to suppose that he's out of the whole affair."

"Missie May's father?" said Cockie, pricking up his ears and suddenly standing still. "Are you sure of that?"

"Of course I'm sure," said James eagerly. "His sister told me so. Miss

Morland had found out, I suppose, and that's why he killed her. He was probably a little dotty after thirty years' solid remorse."

Cockrill rang the bell by the mantelpiece. Bunsen came decorously in.

"I want a word with you," said Cockrill, beckoning him into the room. "Shut the door behind you. . . . Now, just tell me this: You've been in Pigeonford village and the district a very long time? Your sister has just given permission to the parentage of Miss Pippi May and I want your confirmation. What do you say?"

Bunsen looked astounded. He held his trembling old hands stiffly at his sides and kept his eyes fixed on the floor.

"Well, if she's told you, sir, I suppose she had good reason. She wouldn't have done it without, for she swore, thirty years ago that nothing she ever could do or say in the village, or to this day I don't believe anything ever has. I hope, sir, you won't think it necessary to publish this? Mrs. Morland knew, of course—Miss Grace's mother, that was—but she was a saint, poor lady, and she made allowance for 'uman frailty.' She got the child into a home, and later on, after the vicar died, she had her in the house and gave out that she was a niece of his, or something of that. Miss Grace never knew the truth; she was a good woman, Miss Grace was, but she liked to be a mother. Mrs. Morland was a saint, she was."

"And the mother?"

The mother was a woman called Port, sir. She was a woman old, though she was buxom and pretty; she left the village at the time, and she died long ago, I believe. Anyway, she never troubled the child nor the vicar again; she sent her money, of course, and he provided for the child."

"The vicar?" said James and Cockrill, staring at him.

Port, sir. She was a woman old, though she was buxom and pretty; but he'd been a high-living lad, and the woman got hold of him. Mind you, he was quite a young man at the time. My sister was midwife here, sir, that's how she knew of it all, for Flossie Port, she went to

ask her about her condition. She and I were the only people outside the family that ever knew what had happened. We promised the poor vicar, and we promised Mrs. Morland again when she died, that never would we breathe a word; and only that my sister's seen fit to tell you now, sir, I shouldn't have said anything about it. I hope you won't let it come out. It would be a shock to the people in this village, sir."

Cockie, recovered from his astonishment, gave such comfort as he might. "I don't think that will be necessary, Bunsen; I'll keep it all a secret if possibly can. Your sister didn't actually say in so many words what had happened, but from what she did say, it was easy to conclude that it was . . . the vicar. Wasn't it, Nichol?"

James shot up off the sofa. "Yes, yes; rather. . . . I was breathing a bit when I said that. . . . Don't you think, Inspector?" he added, looking imploringly at Cockrill, "that it would be better if Bunsen were to say nothing to his sister about this little talk? I only just clearing things up. I don't see that it need be repeated at all."

Cockie, smiling grimly, was in complete agreement. James put his hand on the old man's sleeve. "There you are, now, Bunsen; don't worry no more. The thing's over and done with."

Bunsen heamed at him gratefully. "Thank you, sir. Thank you, Inspector. You're very good, I'm sure. I wouldn't like to think that after all these years the poor vicar's name should be dragged through the mud." He shuffled off, wagging his head with relief, all unconscious, blameless old man that he was that for at least two hours he had been, in the eyes of at least two people, three times a murderer, and once of his very own child.

X

A YOUNG man sat dejectedly upon the narrow bed in a cell at the police station at Torrington, his head in his hands. For nearly six months now he had been driving himself to confess to the murder of Lily Balines, that night last summer in the little



"It's no use giving me any false encouragement. I'm through—washed up."

cockpit, and now he was here and had confessed, and nobody would believe him. He had met her in Pigeonford a shelter, the time they had the false air-raid alarm. She had said she was a "seckerterry" to a rich lady in Pigeonford village; he had read afterward in the papers that she had only been a chambermaid. "Seckerterry" or kitchenmaid, had fallen in love with her, really in love, not thinking wrong about it, and after several meetings in Torrington, he had made an assignation with her one night in the little wood near where she worked. She had arrived there with a young man, who had kissed her and gone away. She had explained that this was her brother, but afterward, when he had asked her to marry him, she had confessed to him that her brother had all this time been walking out for two years, that all this had meant nothing to her but a couple of dates for the flicks and a meat tea at the Regal Palace. She said she had told nobody about their meetings, because she was afraid of her steady finding out. She had gone on and on talking. He did not know what she had said after that, for something had gone very funny inside him, like a sharp knife cutting slowly into his very flesh. Then he had seen the scythe hanging up in the corner of the churchyard wall; she must have had it in her eyes that he was going to kill her, for she had begun to be frightened and to plead with him and beat him off with her hands; he had put his arm round her and held her still, and taken off her belt with the other hand and tied her with it.

After it was all over, he had found her brooch in his hand. It was a cross of imitation diamonds and rubies; he had given it to her himself, and it had cost them a fortune. He had had it very sensibly on her breast, reverent like. The gentlemen must believe that he had been sorry by then for what he had done. He had never meant her no harm. He had never been in love before.

"You're telling lies," said Cockrill. "I'm not, sir. As true as I'm here, I killed the girl, and I laid her down at the foot of the tree, and I put that there cross on her chest to show I was sorry like."

The crook was lying crooked on her breast, with the pins upwards," said Cockrill sardonically. "That doesn't sound much like reverence, does it? You're telling lies, my son."

The family up at Pigeonford were lingering over after-dinner coffee.

Cockrill sat down gloomily at the end of the table and accepted a cup. "That fellow we're holding at the station—he's a fraud. Out for sensation or notoriety, I suppose."

"He didn't kill the girl in the copse?"

"No. He's telling lies."

Hoppy took their leave. "Then the original murderer may still be loose? There may still be an outside person to have killed Miss Morland and Pippi?"

"I never believed otherwise," said Lady Hart austerey.

"Oh, but, gran, it looked so peculiar. I mean, this man might have killed Miss Morland, but of course he had given himself up by the time poor Pippi—— It was too much to hope for two maniacs, one to be in jail and one to be murdering Pippi; you must say it was too much coincidence. It had to be one of us."

"Fran, don't say such things!" said Pendock.

(Continued on Page 70)



"I guess we'll just have to wait another 5 years"

Up into the attic goes the glistening new luggage they had shopped for with such excitement.

Back into the desk go the timetables and travel folders they had been memorizing so long.

They're trying hard to be brave about this sudden change in plans. The four glorious weeks vacation they'd been pinching for so happily must be postponed—probably for five more years. It takes a long time to save the money that an auto accident can wipe out in a few seconds.

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(Continued from Page 68)

"Well, but it's all right to say them now. Of course, if this man's just a loony, wanting publicity, then the original murderer's still at large, and he killed Pippi and Miss Morland, and there's nothing more for us to worry about." She got up and poured out more coffee for Cockrell, leaning over his chair. "How are you? Are you sure this morning killing like Cockie didn't?"

"He's been adding a bit too much embroidery, like they always do," said Cockie crossly, for several potential suspects in the bush were a lot less satisfactory than one in the hand.

"He'd read it up in the papers and he'd got it all pat, but he slipped up on one small detail about the brooch, which he need never have mentioned at all." He looked at Pendock over the rim of his coffee cup. "You remember the brooch? A vulgar little red-and-white cross?"

"I wish I could forget it," said Pendock sadly. "I picked it up while I was waiting with Brown for you and the police surgeon. You know how it is, one has these unaccountable impulses. I stooped and picked it up off her body and held it in my hand. There was blood on it; for weeks I felt as though I could never wash it off."

"You picked it up?" said Cockrell, putting down his cup with a rattle in his voice.

"Yes. It didn't matter, did it? I put it back again immediately."

"When you say you put it back, you just threw it down onto the girl's body?"

Pendock looked grieved. "Well, not exactly threw it, but I did just drop it back rather hastily. I was so shocked to find the blood on my hands."

"And how was it lying when you saw it first?" asked Cockie, leaning forward intently.

"It was lying in the middle of the girl's breast, quite neatly, the right way up and the long end pointing towards her feet. Now that I come to think of it, it looked as though it had been placed there like that because it was a cross. It never occurred to me before. Should I have mentioned it at the time? Is it important?"

"It depends what you call important. It's going to hang a man," said Cockrell, and got up and left the room.

They gazed at each other in stricken silence. Pendock put his head in his hands.

Cockie said defiantly, "So it was one of us!"

"Oh, Fran, darling, don't."

"Well, we were all quite ready to admit that that was the only alternative, when we thought the 'outside' person was at large, but now we're involved in it all over again."

Lady Hart leaned her head on the palm of her hand.

"Where's it all going to end? When will it all be over?"

"I'm not going to be over pretty soon," said James comfortingly. "I'm supposed to be in the army, even if I don't know which hand to salute with, and my leave is nearly up. You people don't seem to realize it, but it's a dreadful thing for an officer and a gentleman to be running around the countryside like a hunted thing, with detectives at his heels."

"Not running, darling. Bicycling."

"No mockery from you, Venetia," said James seriously. "He'd held out a piece of walnut to Aziz. "I wouldn't touch it, old boy." It's German."

Aziz immediately ate up the piece of walnut and looked for more. "There you are—he doesn't do it!"

"He does it for us," said Fran indignantly. She proffered a hazelnut, saying in a sharp, high voice, "It's German!"

Aziz advanced resolutely upon the hazelnut. "It's British!" cried Venetia, just in time. They fell into ecstasies at his cleverness.

Jones, having brought a smile back to the eyes of his beloved, reposed into a tarp. Henry, however, was not so easily to be lulled of a nice round discussion. He said thoughtfully, "If we could only prove that Pippi could have been killed after the snow stopped falling."

"It wouldn't make any difference," said Fran immediately.

"It might. Suppose we could find a way that it had been done, and then show that it had been done that way? That would prove that none of us could have been involved, because of course the house was full of policemen from midnight onwards, after it stopped snowing."

"It is a point, darling."

Henry got to his feet. "What about all going down to the scene of the crime?"

"And letting poor Bunsen clear away," said Lady Hart. As they humped themselves into overcoats, scarves and furs she added quietly to James, "Do you hate this? Would you rather we'd just go?"

James looked surprised. "No, I don't mind. Because Pippi was my wife, you mean?" He gave himself away a little by adding, "I think it's best to look the thing right in the face; use pretending that it hasn't happened. One has to try and be sort of . . . impersonal."

"It relieves their nerves," she said, looking after the girls as they walked across the grass between Henry and Pendock. "This is rather a nervous period for everyone. James, dear, and if they didn't make a spot of hectic game of it, I think we'd all go mad. That's the reason Henry's doing it, and that's why I rather encourage them."

Henry was saying, looking about eagerly, "All we have to do is show Cockrell that it could have been done."

Fran, her hand in Pendock's arm, peered out from under her hood: "Well, on, darling. You show!"

"What'll you be I can't?"

Lady Hart advanced with James, and they gazed at the banks of the little stream beyond the summerhouse. "Henry, dear, curb your propensity for money-making and give us a straightforward explanation, if you've got one to give, which I don't for a moment believe. And just bear in mind that, after all, Pippi was James' wife."

Henry's voice overflowed with remorse. "I'm so sorry, James, old boy. I—it's all such a mess, Cockie telling us that the murderer is caught and then that he isn't, and one's nerves get jangled up and one forgets that, after all, it's a terribly personal matter. Let's call it off; I'll work it out some other time."

James wished that people would not keep reminding him that Pippi had been his wife, and that, somehow or other, he seemed to have let her down. It was hard for Fran too. He knew that, under her brittle raffery, she was hurt by every reference that he had been in love with someone else, had married someone else.

He took her arm and said, in his careless drawl, "Let's pretend we're investigating the murder of someone of us knew. I owe Pippi something because she was once, long ago, my wife; so we'll leave her out of it."

altogether, and Henry will convey an inanimate object—a bag of golf clubs or an overcoat or something—to the summerhouse, and come away again, leaving no traces on what ought to be the snow—as I suppose that's what he's going to prove he can do."

Constable Trood obligingly returned to the house for a greatcoat, and, with sundry dark hints, tormented from the cold so long, stout pieces of rope.

"What's it all about with the lasso?" asked Henry, hardly tying knots.

Nobody was much good with a lasso. The constables unfroze, literally and figuratively, and entered into the spirit of the thing; one of them finally got the noose over the lightning conductor of the summerhouse, and another tied the opposite end of the rope to the branch of a large old tree growing on the bank of the stream.

"You've got to get to the railway line and back," said Fran, alarmed, by the sight of the constables who had privately staked half crown.

Henry indicated the wide sweep of the lawns with an airy wave. "Nothing easier. No ropes, no mirrors, nothing up my sleeve. Like to take a hye on it?"

Fran looked round the garden, he-wildered. "From here to the railway line? And no rope? I don't believe you can do it."

"Well, then, why don't you het? Half crown on the side?" He produced a huge pair of gum boots from the folds of the overcoat and waded into the stream.

The stream led up to the railway line, dived under it and reappeared in the meadows beyond. Henry paused at the low viaduct, reaching up to lay the overcoat for a moment across the line; then threw it over his shoulder again. Halfway down the stream he halted at the tree where the rope was tied and began to scramble up. "Need I keep these hoots on? They're miles too big for me!"

Veneta was terrified. "Darling, you're not going to try and tight-rope it? Don't be so anything funny. You know you'll fall off!"

He looked down, laughing, from a big safe branch. The rope stretched between him and the summerhouse. "All right, sweetheart, I won't make a martyr of myself for the sake of Fran's half crown. Move out of the way. Here we come!"

He grasped the rope and swung out, slowly working himself along.

It was easy to drop into the open space at the side of the stream. He lay on the overcoat on the seat, to look a little as possible like a propped-up body, and climbed out again on to the rope. "Are you going to make me get all the way home again?" he called, peering down at them from between his upstretched arms. "I've proved what I set out to prove: My arms are nearly out of my sockets; do let me off the rest!"

They were helping him down, laughing and chattering.

Pendock said gravely, "God knows what this is going to mean."

Henry had been in his idle way, the steady-ing influence, with a tendency to prick Henry's hubbles for the pleasure of hearing them pop. He said, "It's interesting, but I don't see that it proves anything. You got there with an overcoat, but a body's a different matter. Pippi was small, but she was muscular and she had rather big bones; she'd have weighed quite a lot. It nearly killed you doing it with a weight of, say, ten or twelve pounds. You couldn't do it with more."

"I couldn't," said Henry, examining his blistered hands. "But then, I'm on a small scale, and I haven't got the English respect for the hiceps; I detest outdoor games and messing about with dumhells and things. I couldn't have done it, but I still believe that it could have been done by someone with very strong arms. It would have to be a pretty hefty man, or a gorilla, or—"

"Or a trapeze artist," said Pendock, and turned away from them and walked off slowly up to the darkened house.

A trapeze artist! Cockrill, stamping back up the drive, paused in the shadows, electrified by Pendock's words, carrying clearly in the cold night air. Trotty! There it had been all this time, staring him in the face. Trotty, who had known both Grace Morland and Pippi from their childhood, who might have had her own reasons for wanting to murder them. He recognized all of a sudden, a likeness between Trotty and Pippi; their rather large heads and curly hair, a length of body that had made them appear a little out of proportion, a certain toughness, both physical and mental. He wondered if Trotty could be in any way connected with the woman who had been Pippi's mother; she had always cared more for Pippi than for the fastidious, smug, self-righteous Grace.

Trotty! Grace Morland had told her, in confidence, that the Pendocks had stopped at Fran's, had said filthy things about her, as she had to Pendock. Trotty was fond of Fran and Veneta. She would have seen Fran and James in the orchard; would have put two and two together and deduced that open hack door; would have come up to the house and taken the hat from the hall stand while they stood and talked beneath the trees; would have thrust upon the head of her murdered mistress, crying with insane derision: "There, take that, you self-deluded fool!" Trotty, laughing perhaps, weeping, would have scurried away on pitiful twisted legs.

And Pippi had seen it all, or part of it, since Pippi had had to die too. Trotty must have followed Pendock back to the house that night, after he had seen Pippi to the cottage, hurrying after him with the jerking, crahwise movement that filled one's heart with pity; she would have stood there quietly at the front door, holding it a little ajar, watching Pendock dismiss the maid, who had put the candle in the drawer, watching him go off to the drawing room. She must have slipped in at once and gone to the telephone—on what mad impulse nobody could know—and put through her call to himself, standing there impatiently, one ear cocked for the opening of the drawing-room door. There hadn't been much time, but she could have put down the receiver quietly and snatched up the scarf and been out of the front door before Pendock had finished his good night, and all he had had to do was to lock the door after her.

He crossed the bridge that led to Pigeonard Cottage.

Pendock was sitting in the drawing room when they all got back to the house, staring into the fire; he looked very white and strained.

As Henry plumped himself down on the sofa beside him, he said with a sort of illogical resentment, "I suppose you're going to go running to Cockrill with this . . . discovery?"

Henry was astonished at the tone of his voice, but he said lightly, "The

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discovery's all washed up. We couldn't get the rope off again!"

"You couldn't get it off?"

"Not from the stream; and of course if we'd gone nearer, the marks would have showed us the way. I suppose Trotty with her circus training might conceivably have got the lasso round the lightning conductor from the stream, but she couldn't have got it off—the noose just tightened round the base of the thing."

"It needn't have been a slip noose," said Pendock doubtfully.

"We tried the other way too. It can't be done."

Pendock was silent, his heart warm with joy for poor old Trotty, who was not a murderer after all; even if it did leave now, all over again, onto the six of us, he'd be glad to have Lincoln, Fran and Venetia and Henry and James. James was saying vaguely that perhaps she hadn't got the rope down, but had just tossed it all up onto the roof of the summerhouse.

"No, no; the police would have found it. They looked up there for the weapon."

"Anyway, the whole thing was rather potty," said Fran, sitting Axiz upright on her knee and lovingly stroking his tummy. "Just because Trotty's arms may say she did it, it doesn't mean her legs, and she's been like this for too many years for it all to have been a put-up job. I can remember, when we were little girls, seeing Trotty starting off before everybody else to get to church in time on a Sunday morning; and propping herself up against the counter in Maggs' while she did her shopping. Can't you, Venetia?"

"Of course," said Venetia joyfully, for she, too, was glad Trotty was safe.

"Anyway, that'll be five bob from you, please, Fran."

"It won't be anything of the sort," said Fran, putting down Axiz and preparing to give battle. "You said you would prove that the murderer could have done it that way, and you've failed. I'll pay up the half crown for the wading-in-the-stream idea, because I think that was good, but I'm not going to fork out the second one, definitely."

"I proved that the murderer could have got to the summerhouse and back."

"Yes, but he couldn't have got the rope down."

"I never said anything about getting the rope down."

James lay back in a big armchair, looking on beneath his lazy eyelids.

"What do you think, Jimmy?" said Fran, working her way toward him on her knees.

Lady Hart and Venetia and Henry were involved in a heated argument. James bent forward and took her hands. "I think you're the loveliest little thing on God's earth," he said.

She drew before him, laughing and blushing, and looking up into his face.

"James, darling, someone'll hear you!"

He did not laugh. "Fran, does it matter if they do? Just say you'll marry me, Fran, sweet Fran, my beloved heart tell me you'll marry me; one day when all this is over, even if it is in the dreadful way that I've become free to ask you. Do say you'll marry me, Fran!"

She looked round her anxiously, pulling her hands away from him; the three contestants wrangled over her heart; Pendock lay back on the sofa, his face in the shadow. She scrambled to her feet; and, as she moved, stopped forward and gave James a little fleeting kiss on the corner of his mouth. "I might," she said; and a moment later was defending her second half crown. Pendock sat silent in the shadows, blind with pain and jealousy and a desperate sense of defeat. He did not look up as Cockrill came into the room and took up his favorite attitude before the fireplace, fishing for papers and tobacco.

Cockrill said abruptly, "I've just been down to the cottage to see Trotty."

"It wasn't Trotty," they all said quickly.

"You don't say so?" said Cockrill, with an edge to his sarcasm at the more recent because he himself had been fooled by the easy coincidence of the rope and the trapeze artist. He added sweetly, "You all realize what that means?"

"That it must be one of us?" suggested Fran.

Cockrill took a big resolution. He said, staring thoughtfully at the tip of his cigarette, "If I could prove to you that it was one of yourselves, what'd you suppose you would do?"

"What would we do, Cockie?"

"Well, I think the first of you do?" said Cockie impatiently. "You're all very good friends; most of you are more to each other than that. What would the others do if I told you that one amongst you was a murderer? Whose side would you be on? Would you stick by him—a man who had killed a woman and cut off her head?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SILK SHIRT

(Continued from Page 23)

evenings. The first time he came home with two weeks' pay he came in like a monkey, grinning all over, with dollar bills stuffed in his hatband and fanning out of his pockets. He had got his whole pay changed into one-dollar bills. \$104.35! They spread it all out on the table and counted it. They were rich. They had never seen so much money. Carol immediately knew most of it over. She was going to have it.

"Me!" cried Eddie. "Look, we can save money later, but now we're going to spend a little. You're going to have a fur coat."

"Me!" cried Carol. "Don't be silly!"

"Yes, you! We're going to get some clothes. I'm off this Saturday and we'll go to the city and shop!"

Carol felt that she ought to say no, but she couldn't. Pretty new clothes for both of them. She studied the advertisements. Saturday they were up bright and early and off on the bus.

"This riding the bus is a nuisance," Eddie told her. "I'm going to get a car of our own."

"Make up your mind," she said. "Which first?"

"Today we get the glad rags," Eddie answered firmly.

Carol was shocked at how expensive clothes were in the big stores. She did

finally consented to a fur coat, but it was a jacket, and Eddie paid only a part down. He purchased a whole new outfit for himself, and Carol got the other things she wanted. They opened charge accounts and everyone seemed eager to give them credit. But, oddly enough, when they reached home Carol didn't feel as she should at all. She just felt as her mother had acted—glum and silent. She was so terribly tired of one thing. She wondered if rich people got tired just spending money. Eddie roared with laughter. Rich people indeed! Rich people, he informed her, didn't spend money. That was how they got rich. And that was how he and Carol would do, once they got a few things they needed.

Both Mike and Eddie were registered for Selective Service. Mike's number was the early one. Eddie was deferred. Eddie got a glint in his eye. When Mike left, why couldn't he run the bulldozer?

It was truly wonderful, Carol thought, the way everything worked out just as Eddie planned it. Eddie and Mike decided that Eddie would take over the payments on Mike's car and they'd own it together when Mike got out of the Army. Mike taught Eddie how to run the bulldozer before he was away. Eddie had gotten it in. In fact, he told Carol privately that he was a much better handler than Mike. So Mike was inducted into the Army, and there Eddie was, earning \$1.25 an hour, with time and a half for overtime, and double time for Sundays—and there was always overtime and there was often a full day's work on Sunday. It was a shame to take the money, Eddie said. That is, he said so first.

Eddie was a generous soul, and now he was saving. Eddie didn't begin to count the things he wanted Carol to have. He bought an electric icebox, and when it was a month or two old he traded it in for a larger hox, because he heard that refrigerators might be put on the priorities list. A sewing machine, a parlor lamp, an electric washer, dishes and silverware and an electric roaster and mixer and a new cooking stove and a vacuum cleaner and a pearl necklace and a wrist watch and a revolver and rings. The small house was crowded with things. Eddie wasn't at home much. He worked all the time. He was thin and tough as whipcord.

Carol walked downtown every afternoon in her fur jacket and high heels. She sat in the drugstore with a group of young married women. Some of them had babies and they parked their baby buggies down the middle of the store and filled the buggies and sat gossiping and laughing right out in the middle of the store. Eddie had to learn to remember how she had scorned this group when she herself worked in the variety store. She would never do that way. Drugstore cowgirls, she called them. Gee, she thought, what a green kid she was, and just last year.

Carol didn't wash clothes any more, although she had always taken great pride in her skill as a laundress. But Eddie wouldn't let her wash. She wouldn't give up her electric washing machine, however. She wanted to keep it to wash our woolen blankets in," she said.

Eddie got a laugh out of Carol keeping an electric washing machine just to wash blankets once or twice a year, but if that's what she wanted, she could have it.

Eddie was enjoying the fact that he could scandalize Hilltown. He told Carol to order the thickest steaks from Swanson's, and even once, for a

beer party, live lobsters, sent by plane from the East. That was the last word—the very last! Neither Eddie's nor Carol's families had ever been spenders. But the young people who were their companions now knew how to spend, all right. Barney and Pete were the boys, and there were others who had made much attention to the young Brisons before. Barney got stingy and dropped out of the crowd, but Eddie and Pete could hold their own with anyone in the town. The young married crowd began to gather at one another's houses on Saturday nights and do a little private drinking. They drove to the city to see Sunday hockey games and drove half the night to get home again. This was fun. They even drank champagne! Why stick home when you have the world and the lights are bright? Who wants to be a stick-in-the-mud anyhow?

Carol invited both families for Thanksgiving dinner. They could hardly squeeze into the small rooms, but she borrowed card tables and folding chairs. She roasted a turkey in her electric roaster. She was very proud and happy. Uncle Dick was there, and he proved to be somewhat of a death-head at the feast.

"Remember the Thanksgiving after Joe got home from the war?" Uncle Dick said to Carol's mother, who only blushed. "Remember that one? Tee-hee. Remember the silk shirt?" said Uncle Dick.

"No one wears silk shirts any more, Uncle Dick," said Carol.

"Oh, don't they just!" her uncle cried.

When Ma Kremlin praised the silver, Uncle Dick said, "Sure, it's nice, but it's not sterling. Nothing, but silver should be good enough for Eddie." And when Carol's mother spoke of the pink cup, Uncle Dick said, "Sure, but it ain't Haviland!"

Eddie got pretty sore because nothing was quite good enough for Uncle Dick.

"Mayhe it don't suit you?" Eddie said. "Well, I can get Carol a better one," and he got up and swept the little room around. The floorboard Carol gave a cry as though he had thrown her heart down and broken it. "Oh, Eddie," she wept, "my pink cup—my pretty pink cup you gave me for our first anniversary, when we'd just been married one month!"

Eddie was as pale as a piece of paper. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'll get you a better one."

When the party was over, Carol sat on the stool in the kitchen with the pieces of the pink cup twisted up in her hair, and she laid her head on Eddie's lap, and she cried and cried. Eddie couldn't stand it and he finally slammed out of the house and came home long after midnight—and, although Carol wouldn't even admit it to herself, she knew his steps were none too steady.

It was several days before matters were even fairly normal between Carol and Eddie. Eddie felt bad, Carol could see that. He brought her a new cup, and she accepted it good-naturedly. Carol didn't like it and she put it back of her other dishes. It seemed to her that the bulldozer had changed Eddie's disposition. When he drove the grocery wagon he wanted to please everyone. Now he flew off the handle at the slightest opposition. He was just one big holl, sorr all over. She knew that he was ashamed, but he had to prove he wasn't.

(Continued on Page 75)

WHICH VALENTINE ARE YOU?



SLICKER

Your dome's so slick we don't know whether
That's human hair or patent leather.
Let Kreml give you handsome hair—
Soft, lustrous, neat and debonair!



FUZZY

You've soaked your hair so much
you've got
A head-piece like a Hottentot!
Get Kreml Bid "wild" hair odieu!
It ousts ugly loose dandruff, too.



CURLY

Love loughs of such a shiny pale!
Use Kreml and massage! Don't wait!
It checks excessive falling hair—
And, brother, you've got none to spare!



Ladies! Kreml keeps coiffures lovely,
lustrous... conditions your hair both
before and after permanents.

Hair-Care Combination: Kreml Hair Tonic and gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. Ask your barber for an application. Get BOTH at your drugstore.



KREML

Don Cupid's arrows cannot miss
If you have hair that looks like this!
So keep well-groomed this easy way:
Start using Kreml... every day!

DON'T USE WATER USE



REMOTES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE



COLONIAL STORES HAUL TWICE AS BIG LOADS . . . *With Much Smaller Trucks!*

HAUL TWICE as big loads with much smaller trucks? Sounds like something to be done with mirrors, or a magic wand, doesn't it?

Truck-Trailers did it, however, for Colonial Stores, Incorporated, a leading chain food store system in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, with 533 chain stores and super-markets, served from warehouses in Richmond, Norfolk, Charlotte, Atlanta and Greenville.

NOW . . . TRAILERS EXCLUSIVELY

Colonial Stores once depended on trucks . . . trucks with a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -ton rating that would carry a 10,000 pound payload. In 1936, they began using Fruehauf Truck-Trailers. Now they depend exclusively on Truck-Trailers . . . a fleet of more than a hundred . . . and haul payloads of 18,000 to 21,000 pounds with 2-ton rated trucks! They have taken advantage of the fact that any truck, like a horse, can pull far more than it is designed to carry.

Colonial Stores . . . and their customers . . . benefit in two ways. Costs have been cut by doubling the load hauled each trip. They've been further reduced through the use of a smaller power unit . . . less expensive to buy and to operate.

HANDLE EASILY IN TRAFFIC

How do Trailers handle in traffic? Well, traffic is tough in the Norfolk area, with the population nearly doubled by work in the shipyards, but Colonial drivers say they can easily drive a Truck-Trailer wherever even a medium-sized truck will go.

Whatever your hauling operation may be, it's likely that Truck-Trailers would not only do the job better, but also save you money in several ways, just as they have Colonial Stores. A Fruehauf engineer will study your operation, at no cost to you, and give you the facts. Send for him today.

* * *

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

• *Sales and Service in Principal Cities*

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT

FACTORIES: DETROIT, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, TORONTO

Colonial Stores make still further savings through using the "shuttle system" in their produce department. One truck handles two or more Trailers . . . while it is pulling one Trailer, the others are being loaded or unloaded. Truck and driver are never idle . . . never wasting time and money. The economical "shuttle system" is adaptable to many short and medium-haul operations.

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FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION" U.S. PAT. OFF.

* TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA *

(Continued from Page 73)

"I don't know why we live in this playhouse," he said. "And all this old furniture. Trash! That's what it is. Did you see the stuff Pete and Ellen have? Modernistic—white leather and chromium trim. Let's clear out this whole bunch of junk and get new."

"But it wouldn't fit in this house," said Carol. "You have to move the cottage furniture places like this, Eddie."

"Well, I don't care for this cottage stuff," Eddie informed her. "Imagine me, making around a hundred most weeks, and paying twelve dollars a month rent. What could be more ridiculous?"

"But where could we move?"

"You know that house Mr. Swanson built for his mother? We could rent that for forty dollars a month and have plenty over to pay installments on new furniture too. Then we could have company and have room for people."

"But, Eddie, we're still paying on the car and the icebox and the stove and the fur coat and the new radio, and everything. And we're spending a lot of money just fooling around too."

"Nuts!" he said. "There's more where that came from. We'll move next week."

But Carol could not act as he wished. Since he broke the car she had been different. She didn't want to move. She didn't want new furniture; she liked what she had. She didn't want anything. She cried. She wished he wouldn't work on Sunday. They had not been to Sunday school together for months.

"Can you tie that?" Eddie asked the world at large. "I make twenty-five bucks working on Sunday and she wants me to stay home to go to Sunday school." A man tries to get ahead in this world, and he's taking something out of himself, and his wife is a drag on him. That is the way it happens. She just drags him back."

That scared Carol. That was a well-known movie and story plot. The women outgrew! She quit crying and went to the city with Eddie on his

next day off, but she was quite listless and let him choose everything. Two complete bedroom "suits" a new dining-room set with grapes carved on the buffet. He made a down payment, and the rest was to be paid as they paid everything—infinitely, by installments. They would the stove and radio and new clothes and new house. Carol said the rent wasn't up on the cottage and she would dispose of the old things herself. So the cottage was locked and Eddie never even asked her what she did with "the junk." He didn't ask her anything. He just invited people in and had real Scotch whisky in the house, and they gathered in the kitchen and sang.

Uncle Dick came in one night. "You can't really sing on good liquor," he told them. "That requires bathtub gin. But, Carol, let me catch you drinking that, and I'll spank you myself and then tell your mother!"

"Oh, I don't, Uncle Dick!" cried Carol. "I never do!"

Eddie resented that. Eddie asked Carol who she thought she was. He told her she was always whining around, and he said this in front of their friends. So Carol went into the bedroom and really cried, and Ellen followed her.

"He doesn't know what's the matter with him!" Carol sobbed.

"Oh, he's just too big for his pants," said Ellen. "Everyone knows it. He can't stand prosperity. He's the laughingstock of the town. The big shot!"

"Don't you say that!" flared Carol. "Eddie's all right. He just never had any money, and now he wants to have some fun. But don't think I'll let you say a word against him!"

Eddie was in the door and Carol bit her lip. Talking behind my back, eh?" said Eddie.

"Oh, shut up, you big ape!" Ellen said, and she left.

"So you have to make excuses to your friends for me, eh?" Eddie said. "Well, listen, no small-time, small-town girl is going to do that to me!"

"Eddie," Carol implored him, "have some sense. What's got into you?"



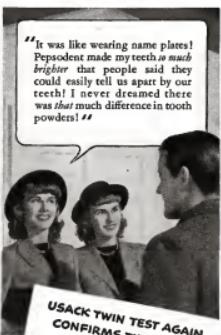
"Junior! Where have you been? What are these terrible men doing to you?"

THIS IS US...
THE USACK
TWINS...I'M
LUCILLE.

I'M LORAYNE — BUT AT OUR
FASHION DESIGN STUDIO,
PEOPLE SELDOM CAN TELL
WHO IS WHO!



Identical Usack Twins Prove PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT



New aid to 'REGULARITY'

MILD LEMON AND SODA
GIVES EFFECTIVE HELP
TO MANY



This sensible measure appeals to two kinds of people. Those who need laxatives yet never take them because of harshness. Those taking



laxatives who find this gentle aid is all they really need.

First on last thing each day, squeeze the juice of one Sunkist Lemon into a glass and add half full of water. Into another glass, put $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of baking soda (bicarbonate). Pour first and forth and drink as the foaming quarts.

Or you may be one of the many who prefer only the lemon juice—in a full glass of water.

Besides aiding digestion and elimination, lemons are an excellent source of vitamin C—the only known source of vitamin P (citrin), and help promote normal alkalinity.



Try this for ten days. See if you don't benefit when you make it your "regular" rule.

Cope, 1942, California Fruit Growers Exchange



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Let your eyes enjoy the cool comfort of Willsonite. This scientific sun glass gives 3 times the protection of ordinary sunglasses... eliminates entirely the harmful ultra-violet rays... gives complete eye protection. It is the most effective eye protection. Manufactured by Willson Products, Inc., Revere, Pa., makers of eye protective and respiratory devices since 1917.

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Write for free booklet "Eye Care for Sun and Glare."

YOURS!

THIS beautiful lever action fountain pen has osmillard tipped point. Beautiful Egyptian green color. Visible ink supply—shows when to refill. Price \$1.50. Send 25¢ for catalog. Saturday Evening Post subscriptions at the full price to persons living outside your limits. (2-year S. E. P. \$2 each U. S.) This offer good in U. S. only. Pen subscribers' names and address to this ad, and name with address or money order.

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Has a cold made it hurt even to talk? Throat rough and scratchy? Get a box of Luden's. You'll find Luden's special ingredients, with cooling mint oil in helping sooth that "sandpaper throat!"



Cope, 1942,
Ludens, Inc.



You're just like a crazy person. I'd do whatever you want me to do. I'm with you all the way. I'm for you. You know that."

"You het you'll do what I want—or else!" said Eddie.

"Not if you talk that way!" Carol's rounded face clouded up and her small mouth set. "I won't have you say any ugly talk from anyone. Eddie Brings and least of all from you! I worked before and I can work again, and you can take your old bulldozer and keep it! That's just about where you belong—you just want to bulldoze your way through life!"

Eddie reached out and caught hold of her and shook her. Carol slapped him in the face as hard as she could hit him. He let go of her at once, and she began to cry, and she got out her old handkerchief.

Eddie stood there, his hair calloused hand upon his cheek, and he looked at her. She was crying, but she could talk fast enough. "When you broke my cup just to smart, I knew that nothing would ever he the same again," she told him. "The likes of you—to lay a hand on me! You hully!"

"Carol ——"

"Don't Carol me! I'm through!" She flounced past him and out of the house, down the steps, gone. By the time Eddie got oriented and in motion, he could not find her. She was really gone!

Much as it humiliated him, Eddie inquired around and about for her. He couldn't get over it that he had really meant to hit her. He was shocked to his heels. He couldn't find Carol at his parents' home or at Ellen's or anywhere. He finally drove out in the country, but she wasn't at her mother's.

Eddie slept little, but he had to go to work in the morning. It was late when he got up, but he had only time to find Carol in the house. But she wasn't there and she didn't come in. No one knew where she was. So it was all over, and all at once he had the rented house and couldn't hear to stay along in it.

In the morning Eddie went downtown to his breakfast, and when he picked his father up he told him to make some other arrangement about riding, because he, Eddie, was going to get another job. And when he could find one and stay down there, he'd let the house go back to Mr. Swanson, and the furniture company could have the furnishings. Carol had evidently left him for good. He gave his father his house key, asked him to see the installment people.

Eddie stayed on the job and worked every hour that he could get. He got thinner than ever. He was sick with worry. He couldn't digest the food at the little restaurant. And Carol's cooking, who could? Nothing he ate satisfied him. Nothing! He wrote to Carol, but he didn't send the letter. It sounded too pitiful, even to himself. There wasn't much he could say. He didn't blame her. But every day he hoped she would send him word to come home. Every night he went to bed physically ill with heartache. Sometimes he got up again and tramped around the little town home, with its chicken-coop houses and dimly lit porches. Sometimes he lay in bed in and half his money on green hairpins and rolled dice and lost and didn't care. But he was no gambler; this was no escape. He sent money to Carol and it wasn't sent back. His pay thickened in his hip pocket and he sent a wad of bills by registered mail to pay off the balance on Carol's fur coat. She'd own that anyhow.

Eddie stayed away from his father, whose disapproval lay on him like a weight of lead. He tried to tell himself that all he had wanted was what everyone wanted—to have things nice. But he could not argue himself out of smashing the pink cup or shaking Carol and clutching his fist at her. For that was the only way he could suffer. So he endured his heartache with a fundamental instinct for justice.

One day he got in line for his pay, and when he picked up the envelope his father informed him abruptly that the job was ended. Eddie was dazed. He sought Pat Hoke. He couldn't believe it.

"Sure," said the contractor. "Hadn't you noticed?" He laughed. He made a motion toward the level foundation work.

"Well, yes," said Eddie. "I knew we were through here, but how about all this other work? How about the igloos and the roads back into the place and the loading platforms—how about all that?"

"I'll have to see the main contractor about that," said Pat Hoke. "This is all I've contracted for. Better report to your union. They'll send you to another job, and I'll speak to the boss-contractor for you."

Eddie sat here, his hand in his pocket. He felt dizzy. He reported to the union, he would have to go where they sent him. But he didn't want to go away. He didn't want to go another foot away from Carol. He was eligible, he supposed, for unemployment insurance, and he felt queer about that. Why, he had never been out of a job—not since he was fourteen years old. He had always worked, when he went to school and every summer, and since he graduated he'd not missed a day of work. He had a name for being work-horse-hickle back home.

But he had no home! This fact hit him like a thrown brick. It fairly staggered him. He threw his suitcase into the car and drove back to Hilltown. He fought off panic. He wouldn't let it get him. The world was full of jobs. He could even go back to Mr. Swanson if he had to.

Eddie sat in his mother's kitchen and tried to eat his, but he couldn't where is Carol?"

"In the cottage," his mother said. "She never gave it up. She went there that night. She's working at the variety store."

Eddie felt pretty funny. There she was, and here he was. She had a job and a home; he couldn't ask her for anything.

"Mike's home on furlough," his mother said. "He's downtown. He'll be back in a little while."

"Maybe he can finish paying for the car," said Eddie. "I can't make the payments without a job."

Mike came in. Mike looked marvelous. He shook hands.

"How's the bulldozer?" Mike asked. Eddie winced.

"Boy, does it burn us up at camp, thinking about you guys, rolling in it—and there we are for twenty-one dollars a month!"

"Why, Mom," his mother protested. "You said you were a special—and making over fifty dollars a month, besides your keep."

"It's the principle of the thing," said Mike.

Their father spoke up. "Let me hear no more of that," he said sternly. "If anybody is the victim of defense, it's old broken-brain here—your little brother Eddie."

Eddie rose with dignity. "I can manage my affairs," he said. "I don't need any help," and out he went without his supper.

He didn't know where to go. He started toward town, and then he heard a light step behind him, a light running foot that sent the blood pounding into his heart, and he turned swiftly.

Carol flung herself at him headlong, and he caught her and held her, and life flowed back into him and a great ringing of bells began somewhere.

"Why don't you come home where you belong?" she cried indignantly.

"Why do you think I've kept the place going, if not for you to come home to? What are you doing wandering around?" Uncle Dick told me you'd been laid off and were at home. I was just coming after you."

"After the way I acted —" he mumbled. "And now I'm out of work."

"After the way we both acted," she said.

The little cottage was heaven. It was paradise. Eddie felt his very soul expand. He washed his hands in the tiny basin in the little water closet with the cement floor. He came back into the fragrance that almost made him dizzy. Carol's cooking! It spoiled things a little that Uncle Dick was there, but Eddie wasn't quarreling with his luck. He was polite to Uncle Dick.

Eddie helped Carol. He stooped and kissed the back of her neck, and he was shaking like a leaf. He couldn't believe he was here with her.

"I haven't any right —" he said. "I haven't any job."

"Sure you have. Mr. Swanson wants you back, but first, let's eat supper," and she kissed him swiftly and led him out to the porch where a napkin under his chin. They ate.

Uncle Dick said, "I brought you a present." He got up and brought a package to the table. He opened it. They looked in astonishment. It was a silk shirt, frayed at the neck, yellow and age, split at the seams.

Uncle Dick said, "It's from me to you, Eddie. Because no one since I have ever succeeded in making such a

complete darn fool of himself. It's like seeing the same old film run again. Only when I woke up I had mortgaged the farm my father left me. He left two farms, you know; one to Carol's father, one to me. Joe raised a family on his and still had it. I lost mine. I couldn't believe the hard work was over — not even in 1920. Believe it or not, I've never had a decent job since. But within your limitations you are a champion!"

Uncle Dick looked old and tired. Carol resolved passionately that Eddie would never look so.

Uncle Dick said, "Every American, at some time or other, gets a chance at the real money. How he acts then determines everything that follows."

Eddie just sat there. He thanked Uncle Dick for the shirt. He was quiet. After Uncle Dick was gone, Carol bundled the shirt out of sight. "Tomorrow you sleep," she said. "Then you can go to see Mr. Swanson. Now, don't worry. We'll be all right. We're together again, and that's the big thing."

Carol slipped off in the morning, but when she came home at noon Eddie was up, shaved and dressed and clean. He had luncheon prepared. He had a telephone from Pat Hoke, who told the main contractor would put Eddie on a bulldozer, starting the next Monday, on the road job. Same wages, but no overtime.

"Oh, Eddie," Carol said, "please don't. Take the job with Mr. Swanson again."

"No," said Eddie, sober as an owl, terribly grown up. "I've thought it all out. I remember what Uncle Dick said when he gave me the shirt. Every American gets one chance. Well, I'm lucky; I'm getting a second chance. And I'll take it. I will take it. I will stay right here. We'll pay all the bills. We'll save for a home of our own, with a garden. I promise, Carol, I won't spend a cent without you agree to it. Only you must quit work and stay home and cook and keep house."

"That's all I want to do," said Carol, with both arms around his neck. "And I love you, Eddie, and I think you're wonderful!"

EVERYBODY CAN'T BE LUCKY

(Continued from Page 17)

"Hi, Merle!" he shouted. "Congratulations on your new job! Glad to see you get it!"

He had nothing on me. You don't get them every day.

"Thanks, Bud. How are things going?"

"Fair enough. The boys are hot today. Got out this slug of two-inch angle ten minutes before we expected to. We're going to change rolls on the finishing stand in a few minutes for some one-and-a-half-inch stuff."

"What are these guide castings here for?" I asked. "Are they scrap, or are they scrap?"

I don't know why I asked Bud that. This was Sam Gleason's department, and he should have done any explaining in that regard.

"Some of the worn-out guides were getting in the way, so we slung them out here. We have to go through them for any that we can use when we get some time. We have been beating the tail off of this mill lately, you know." He looked as though he expected a compliment.

Just then a shrill blast was heard from the air whistle beside the mill.



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to use a
cleanser that
really spares
my hands!"**



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Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail to address below, together with checks or Money Order for \$20. In return, we'll send you a gift certificate entitling you to a standard Mineralite Bowling Ball, bored to fit your hand. Your initials will be put on ball without charge.

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off some of the edge to make it fit, sending a shower of sparks from the grinding wheel.

When they were ready to go again, I took out my watch and looked at it. They had lost ten minutes because of that piece of guide not being where they wanted it. The good times of production time. On this mill, mines meant tons, and every ton counted these days. Didn't I know that? My job depended on it. All I had to do now was to tell Sam to cut down on his time losses. All I had to do was to tell him to forget that there was ever such a thing as time allowances for roll changes, forget that delays such as this were expected, forget that the boys on the mill didn't want that delay any more than I did. It was just one of those days when I'd have to say, "Do the impossible. Ride your man until those delays are stopped, I'd tell Sam, just the way Jess did the last few months. Ride 'em hard. Be as lucky as I was, I'd be thinking.

I walked down to the other end of the long building to where the twenty-six-inch mill stood. This mill was an old five-stand affair that had been handed down to me from one of the mills back East. It must have been fifty years old if it was a day. But it gave good service when it had been handled right, and Billy Chickering was the man who could do it. Billy knew that mill inside out and he could make it do tricks that nobody else would believe possible.

Tricks? What did San Francisco care about tricks? If you got a hundred tons out in one turn, get a hundred and ten the next. If you get a hundred and fifty on a fast-rolling section, and a hundred and eighty, get a hundred and sixty the next. The shipyards are crying for steel. Give it to them. They say the defense program is bogging down. Not if we can help it. Push! Because I was lucky, I had to do the pushing.

They were making ten-inch chalk that day. It was being rolled direct from bloom made on the thirty-six-inch blooming mill without a reheat, and that means snappy work all around. One ship, and then the bloom on the way to cold and has to be shot on the cold pile. That means lost time and lost production. And, to the boys who get paid by the ton, it means less wheat in the bin.

I stood watching the blooms coming out of the thirty-six-inch mill with clockwork regularity. The tilting tables that shuffled the blooms back and forth from one pass to another were working nicely. The men looked as though they were in the groove, hitting the high spot. The mill was grinding away at about eighty-five revolutions, which is plenty for the size section they were working. Five passes on the roughing stand, then four intermediate passes and a finishing pass produced the finished shape. Back and forth the red-hot bloom was shuttled, getting longer and longer each time as it passed through the rolls.

Billy was standing on the motor end of the mill, the opposite end from where I was standing. He said something to me on the crossbar that led from one end to the other, and joined me. Billy was about the size of a half pint of whisky, but he was built like a barrel and twice as husky. His clothes were shiny with grease. His broad face was smudged with patches of black scale and oil, and the glasses that he wore halfway down his short nose were so spattered that he had to look over the top of the rims to see anything.

"Just heard the good news about you, Merle," he said. "Glad to hear he was glad too. Tough men like tougher bosses, and Merle Keithly had a name for being anything but a pink-tea addict. But, somehow, I didn't feel quite so happy about it right now. Thanks, Billy. How are things going?"

"Oh, so-so." He looked over at the mill as he spoke. "Turning her too fast for this size section, though. I don't like it."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm doing nothing about it. I'm running this like on Sam's orders. He told me that Jess was bearing down on him last week when we started running this section. Production was too low that last time we ran it, he says. He ought to know you can't rush this baby."

Can't rush her when the shipyards need steel so badly they wait right outside the gates for it; when San Francisco keeps hammering at you that production has to increase. Who was crazy, San Francisco or Billy? Maybe I was the crazy one—for taking this job.

I pulled out my watch again and turned to walk, but something stopped me. Billy was yelling at the top of his voice to one of the tilting-table operators, motioning with his hands at the same time.

"Keep that table up!" he shouted. "Keep it higher!"

A bloom was going into the next to the last pass a little off-center, and the mill was slipping. The table operator lifted the conveyor a bit higher to give it the support he could to the faltering ride of the steel. Spikes were flying out from the rolls as they slipped against the bloom that shuddered forward a bit, then stopped, moved a bit farther, then jerked to a stop, shivering from the friction of the rolls. Billy dashed up on the crossover and signaled furiously for the motor tender to stop the mill. The bloom had stopped for good, and, where the rolls still ground against the steel, the metal became hotter, and more sparks flew from the wheels of the bloom.

By the time Billy had reached the motor pulpit, the mill had stopped. He gave orders to several of his men, and they put a sling around the bloom that had just come from the blooming mill, still so hot it looked like a slab of butter. The crane lifted it up and dragged it out to the cold pile back of the reheating furnace. The bloom that was stuck between the rolls was getting colder and colder, the surface cooling over so that the red heat was barely visible. The operator tried reversing the mill to back the piece out, but it wouldn't budge. It was stuck for fair.

When the crane came back, it carried with it an acetylene burning outfit that was placed as close to the cooling bar as possible. A millwright lit the torch, and, after a few minutes, succeeded in burning off the end that wouldn't enter, leaving a small jagged stub. At a signal from Billy, the motor started again, the bloom rolling the short end completely out. By the time the crane had picked up the two halves of the cold bloom, fifteen minutes had passed.

Fifteen minutes were lost that could never be brought back. Well, Sam just didn't have the luck I had. I got away with three extra days on a burned-out furnace, but Sam couldn't get away with a few lousy extra revolutions on a hopped-up mill.

Billy came back to my side when the mill was running again, and the blooms were being shuttled back and forth with the same smoothness that they had when I first arrived.

"Tough luck, Billy," I said.

"Tough luck?" Billy looked quizzically at me over the rim of his glasses. "Maybe you remember what I told you before this happened." He looked at me like a bulldog, with his jaws clamped tightly together.

What else could he think I was doing? Trying to forget it?

I took out my watch again, and saw that I had fifteen minutes to get back to my office. Just time enough for a quick walk through the sheet mill, which was right on the way.

The sheet mill was in the next building, and I walked across the yard toward where the hot mills were, and walked through as fast as I could. A lot of the men gave me the wave or a nod, but I didn't see them. I didn't want to stop and see anything more for a while. Just a quick look in passing, and that was all. Every time I stopped, something went wrong, and it was beginning to get my goat. Was I the only lucky guy in this whole layout? What a way to start out on a new job, a job that commanded a little respect! The mill was my baby. I'm in the big squeeze now. What I say goes! All I have to do is to tell the boys to be lucky. That's an order, boys; orders from the boss.

The big three-high roughing mill was working fine, I could see that. When bars come out of the double-pair furnaces in regular order, two out of one side, then two out of the other, twenty seconds apart, the work is doing well. Scotty Dixon will never leave the mill, and he sits at his little seat beside the roll-in conveyor with a panel of buttons just to his left and a group of levers directly in front at his finger tips. He sat slightly hunched over, and his hands moved from lever to button and from lever to lever with the ease that comes from long practice. A pile of thick breakdowns was accumulating at the back of the mill in the automatic piling rig. Like a stack of wheat stalks, they piled up two by two on top of each other, the top of the stack still a red color, and the bottom a bluish black. When the right

number of pairs were made, the stack was rolled down a conveyor to be out of the way, and a new pile was begun. There were piles placed all over the floor where they had been left by the crane after taking them off the conveyor. The crane leader had to thread his way gingerly between the still-hot breakdowns to place a chain around them when a certain stack was needed. I could almost feel the heat against my own legs as I saw him hesitating. It made my flesh creep just to watch him.

I hurried on. A quick look at the jobbing mill was all I could afford now. It was going all right too. As I walked by without looking at anyone in particular, I could see the smoky backs of the men as they paired together to move the heavy logs to the top of the rolls for another pass. Tongs gripped tightly on one edge of the bar as it came to them from the mill, they would lean their weight against it and tip it up; then, with a heave, would push it forward until it rode over the top roll to a waiting pair of tongs on the other side. In perfect unison, they made every motion count, even though they had to turn their faces to one side, or hold back their noses and screw up their mouths to escape the heat that beat full at them from the bright orange bars.

"Come on, Jeff," it was up to me to say, "your boys are not doing what they should. They aren't getting enough heat in their faces. They haven't enough sweat running down their backs now. We want more steel. We want co-operation from the sheet mill for the defense program."

I headed through the building as fast as I could, and when I left the smoky hot air in the building for the cool sunshine outside, I felt like shaking my head to clear it. What was wrong? Why did this have to happen to me on my first day? What were they all doing, gang-ing up on me?

When I arrived at the front office, the boys were all waiting for me, standing around the hallway, or talking to Mr. Mulligan.

"Come on in, boys. Grab yourselves a chair."

I sat down to the nice big brown desk that was so shiny I could see the

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"Somebody pulled the wool over his eyes."

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reflection of the picture on the opposite wall almost as clearly as I could see the picture itself. The picture of the South Works taken from an airplane. My own little mill. Neat little rows of buildings.

Last month's production report was still on the desk where I had left it. They could all see it, and they knew as well as I did what it was. And they knew as well as I did why I was sitting there in that nice easy chair with a big thick cushion on it.

I threw away the half-smoked stub of my cigar and lit a fresh one.

"How does it feel to be sitting in a tricky office like this?" asked Sam. He had a grin on his face as wide as the ingot-furnace door.

"Worst thing I have found so far is that I can't spit on the floor any more."

Everybody laughed. The head man can always get a laugh. I should have told them how it really felt. Jeff leaned forward in his chair and began telling a story one of the rollers on the jobbing mill had told him the other day. Jeff usually had told some pretty good ones.

Go ahead, boys, get yourselves all primed for what's coming. You know what it is.

Before Jeff had finished his tale, I began to piece together my little speech. When he finished, the boys all laughed and looked at me, waiting for me to laugh too. But I wasn't laughing. I was thinking about Jess Wilson, and what I'd seen that morning, and how tough I was going to be. I looked up at the picture of the South Works again, the place where I had spent thirty years getting as far as this, and in the space of a few seconds almost relived that thirty-three years from beginning to end. Then, all of a sudden, I saw it. I saw the boy. It came over me with such a rush that it gave me a sinking feeling right in the pit of my stomach and I couldn't begin talking for a moment. The boys began to look at one another.

Now is the time, Merle. You're the boss now. Shoot the works.

I didn't even take the cigar out of my mouth when I started talking.

"I guess you boys have been hearing a lot about production increases for the last few months. You're all probably waiting to hear some more about them from me. Well, forget it."

I tried to stop it, but I couldn't help crinkling up the muscles around my eyes when I saw the boys' mouths pop open. It was a good thing there weren't any flies in the room.

"You're not going to hear another word about production quotas and hitting the ball from me. Each one of you knows what you're capable of being good for. You're the best of it that you can be, and that will be good enough for me. What San Francisco has to say will be my responsibility, and I'm talking it alone."

"But there is one thing I do want done, and I'm going to follow that through to see that it is done. I want this mill cleaned up, and I don't care how much it interferes with production to get it done. I want it done right. Get all your spare parts lined up where they should be, and have everything else out. Get it in the shop. If you have to build cabinets for tools and things to keep them in shape, O. K., but have them built right away. Anybody have anything to say?"

The boys just stared at me. This was the first time I had ever seen them without a thing to say.

"All right, I guess that's about all I have right now, except—I uh—well, damn it! It's great to be working with all of you!"

Merle Keithly, the tough old pug-dog from the open hearth, making a speech like that. The boy didn't dish it out, getting soft. Old man, you may have had some luck once, but you kissed it good-by when you sat down in that swivel chair that didn't squeak.

Sam Gleason was the first to rise. He didn't look puzzled, exactly—he never does—but he looked as though he didn't quite understand. He hooked his thumbs in his vest as he stood ready to leave.

"To hell with production, is that it, Merle?"

"What was he trying to do, rub it in? That's not what I said." I told him. "I said don't let production interfere with getting the place cleaned up."

The other boys were waiting to get out of the doorway that Sam was leaning against.

"O. K., you're the boss," he said, over her shoulder.

He didn't have to tell me. I was the boss, and making a mess out of it the very first day. I never felt so helpless before in my whole life. I sat there in that swivel office after the boys had gone. I was just the fall guy for San Francisco's ideas; the front man for the boys when kicks came in from the customer. I was a sap to take the job. I was doing all right where I was, but I had to take this offer because it was what I had wanted ever since I could remember. When San Francisco picked me for this spot, they made a bad mistake, that was all, and they'd find it out sooner or later as soon as they needed me. The production report came through. That's what a pusher, a tough guy. They got the wrong man when they got me. I'm too old to change now; I just couldn't do it. I may have been tough, but I wasn't tough enough to forget thirty years in half a day. I should have known better before I took the job—at my age.

Margie came into the office with a handful of letters and a report.

"I guess you'll want to get at these now," I said. "Mr. Keithly?"

"Sure. Leave them here and I'll look them over." I left them on the desk where she had laid them, looking at them without seeing them.

Margie hesitated in the doorway before leaving the office. She seemed to have something on her mind.

Spill it, Margie; I can stand anything now.

"Mr. Keithly, I just wanted to say—You probably feel the same way most of us others did the first day they were in this office. I'd like you to know that I think you are going to be the best one we've had since I have been here. I hope you don't mind my telling you this."

Did I mind when my mother took me in her arms after I'd had alicking? Did I mind when old Lou Masters took me into his office about twenty years ago, just when I was ready to quit because I thought I couldn't handle the job, and told me I was doing well enough for a raise? It might be soft soap, but it sounded good.

"That's nice of you, Margie. Thanks."

Too bad she didn't know what she was talking about. Too bad she hadn't been in the office to hear me giving my speech, to hear me tossing my job right out the window.

For the next week or two I spent a lot of time in the mill just walking

around. Whenever I had a few minutes to spare, I used them to peek around the departments, making sure that the boys were getting things as clean as I wanted them to be. And they did too. The place looked neater and cleaner and better taken care of than I had ever seen it. The man saw me on my trips and began to get the idea right away, putting things away and keeping everything lined up in good shape. The boys must have taken me at my word, all right, even if they did think I was crazy. After all, I was the boss. If cleanup was what I wanted, then that's what they had to give me, like it or not. And the thing was they did like it. Who wouldn't? I have never known a good workman yet that didn't like to have his tools all lined up and nice and shiny. I have yet to find a good craftsman that doesn't do better work, and more of it, if his equipment was in better shape and the place where he was working neat and clean.

Well, I was making some somebody happy, anyhow, even if it wasn't San Francisco. Let's tear their hair at me. Let'm roar. I never claimed to be a witch doctor.

By the time the first month rolled by, I didn't care enough about what San Francisco thought even to look over the production figures before recounting them to myself. I would find out what they were soon enough after those first months. They picked me for this job; I didn't pick them. The boys were feeling fine and the men were happy and doing their work all right. Harry Moffat out in the open hearth had eased off on the amount of scrap that he was putting in those charging boxes, because it made it a lot easier to clean up afterward. Sam had let Billy turn the twenty-six-inch mill at any speed he wanted to, and found that the mill looked like a modern hardware store, with everything neatly stacked in bins and labeled. The sheet mill was all straightened out, so that, instead of a mass of random piles on the floor, there were several rows of sheet stacks lined up in neat array, with plenty of space between the stacks, and the rest of the floor was

swept and clean. Whatever those production figures were, there was one thing that couldn't be taken away from me with my job, and that was the satisfaction of seeing something done, and done right.

I had just come back from one of my trips around the mill, and as I walked into Mary's little anteroom, she followed me into my office. She had a funny look on her face, and as usual, some papers in her hand.

"What's the bad news now?" I asked.

"This month's production report and a ticker from the San Francisco office. They're the most important, I guess."

Everything good has to come to an end sometime — even my luck.

"What's the — about?"

"As if I couldn't guess."

"You'd had better read it yourself," she said.

She handed me the ticker without another word.

I read the neat block printing on the sheet almost at a glance:

PRODUCTION FIGURES FOR MONTH JUST REACHED RECORD LEVELS. THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE AND HE EXPRESSLY TOLD ME TO GIVE YOU HIS PERSONAL CONGRATULATIONS FOR SIX AND A HALF PER CENT PRODUCTION INCREASE. I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT, YOU FLAT-FOOTED OLD PUDDLER. WE CERTAINLY GOT THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB YOU'RE IN.

HARTFORD
V.P. CHIE. OPER.

As I sat back in that sleek brown swivel chair, I had it bad. That old feeling that comes once in a lifetime when you get what you have wanted ever since you can remember. This was my baby. I was the big hog, and riding high.

I guess I had you sized up all right, Mr. & Mrs. Crowe. She was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

I didn't have a cigar in my mouth, and didn't love my wife as much as I did, and wasn't Merle Keithly, the tough old hoy from the open hearth, I would have stood up and kissed her at that moment.

"I guess my luck is holding out for a while longer," I said.

GOLD FROM CRETE

(Continued from Page 10)

to finish the page and make some appearance of a wholehearted attempt on the second. He scribbled on steadily, half his mind on the letter and the other half divided between the monkey, the approach of nightfall, Hanneck's outside and the heat. It was not aware of the way in which somewhere inside him his mental digestion was still at work on the data for the approaching operation. With a sigh of relief he wrote:

Always yours,

GEORGE

and added at the foot, for the benefit of the censor:

From Captain George Crowe,
C.B., D.S.O., R.N.

The worst business of the day was over and he could dine with a clear conscience, untroubled until morning.

The dark hours that followed midnight found the Apache in Merika Bay. She had glided silently in and had dropped anchor unobserved by anyone, apparently, while all around her in the distance were the signs and thunder of war. Overhead in the darkness had passed drowning death, not once or twice but many times, passing by on mys-

terious and unknown errands. Crowe, on the bridge beside Hammett, had heard the queer bumbling of German bombers, the more incisive note of fighter planes. Out on the distant horizon along the coastline had seen several small lights, the night-battle lights that was being fought out there, sometimes the pyrotechnic sparkle of antiaircraft fire, and they had heard the murmur of the firing. Now Nickleby had slipped ashore in the dinghy to make contact with the Greeks.

"He's the devil of a long time, sir," grumbled Rowles. "We'll never get away before daylight, at this rate."

"I never expected to," said Crowe soothingly. He felt immeasurably older than Rowles as he spoke, immeasurably wiser. He was still young enough to have illusions, to expect everything to go off without delay or friction, something in the manner of a staff exercise on paper. If Rowles was still so incorrigibly optimistic after a year and a half of war, he could not be expected even to improve in this respect.

"The bombers'll find us, though, sir," said Rowles. "Just listen to that one going over!"

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Nashua Blankets, invented at the Nashua Mfg. Co., Nashua, N. H., are protected by U. S. Patent No. 2,206,333

"Quite likely," said Crowe. He had already weighed the possible loss of the Apache and her company against the chances of saving the gold, and he had no intention of working through the pros and cons again.

"Here he comes now," said Hammett suddenly; his quick ear had caught the splash of oars before anyone else.

Nickleby swung himself aboard and grooved his way through the utter darkness to the bridge to make his report.

"It's all right," he said. "The gold's there. It's in lorries hidden in a gully half a mile away and they've sent for it. The jetty here's usable, thank God. Twelve feet of water at the end—took the soundings myself."

"Right," said Crowe. "Stand by to help." Commander Hammett can the ship to the pier.

Merka Bay is a tiny crack in the difficult southern shore of Crete. It is an exposed anchorage giving no more than fifteen feet of water, but it serves a small fleet of fishing craft in peace-time, which explains the existence of the jetty, and from the village there runs an obscure mountain track, winding its way through the mountains of the interior, over which, apparently, the lorries with the gold had been brought when the fighting in the south began to take a vicious turn. Crowe blessed the forethought of the Greeks while Hammett, with infinite care in the utter blackness, edged the Apache up the bay to the little pier, the propellers turning ever so gently and the lead going constantly.

They caught the loom of the pier and brought the Apache alongside. Two seamen jumped with warps, and as they dropped clove hitches over the bollards, Crowe suddenly realized that there was nothing to fasten for the bollards. The utter pitchy blackness had changed into something distinctly less; when he looked up, the stars were not so vividly distinct. It was the faint first beginning of dawn.

There was a chattering group on the pierhead—four women and a couple of soldiers in ragged khaki uniforms. They exchanged voluble conversation with the interpreter on the main deck.

"The gold's coming, sir," reported that indolent to Crowe.

"How much of it?"

"Forty-two tons, they say, sir."

"Metric tons, that'll be," said Holby to Nickleby. "How much d'you make that to be?"

"Metric tons are as near as dammit to our ton," said Nickleby irritably.

"The difference in terms of gold ought to amount to something, though," persisted Holby, drawing Nickleby deftly with the ease of long practice.

"Let's have a rough estimate, anyway."

"Millions and millions," said Nickleby croakily. "Ten million pounds—twenty million pounds—thirty million—don't ask me."

"The knight of the slide rule doesn't bother himself about trifles like an odd ten million pounds," said Holby.

"Shut up!" broke in Rowles. "Here it comes."

In the gray dawn they could see a long procession of shabby old trucks bearing their lurching over the stone lanes down to the jetty. All except one halted at the far end; the first one came creeping toward them along the pier.

An elderly officer scrambled down from the cab and saluted in the direction of the bridge.

"We got the bar gold in the first eight trucks, sir," he called in the accent of Chicago. "Coins in the other ones."

"He sounds just like an American," said Rowles.

"Returned immigrant, probably," said Holby. "Lots of 'em here. Made the little pile and retired to their native land to live like dukes on two-pence a week, until this schemozzle started."

"Poor devils," said Rowles.

Sabutientenant Lord Edward Mortimer was supervising a working party engaged in bringing the gold on board the Apache.

"Where do you propose to put the stuff?" said Crowe to Hammett.

"It's heavy enough, God knows," was the reply. "It's got to be low and

"Hardly decent to see that gold all naked," said Rowles.

"Don't see any sign of receipts or bookkeeping," said Nickleby. "Old Scroggie'll break a blood vessel."

"No time for that," said Holby, glancing up to the sky. The action recalled to all the danger in which they lay; each of them wondered how long it would be before the Stukas found them out.

The first lorry was unloaded by now, and driven away, its place being taken by the second. An unending stream of gold bars was being carried into the Apache. The second lorry was replaced by the third, and the third by the fourth. And then they heard the sound of dread—the high incisive note of a fighting plane. It came from the direction of the sea, but it was not a

The .50-caliber gun under the end of the bridge beside Crowe followed it round, its din deafening Crowe. He looked down and noticed the grim concentration on the face of the red-haired seaman at the handles.

But that plane was moving at three hundred and more miles an hour; it had come and gone in the same breath, apparently unhurt. It seemed to skim the steep hills that fringed the bay and vanished beyond them.

"It's calling the bombers this very minute," said Holby, savagely glaring after it. "How much longer have we got to stay here?"

Crowe heard the remark; naval respect at least, that the first idea of a naval officer should be now, as it had been in the days of Nelson, to bring his precious ship away from the dangerous and inhospitable shore and out to sea, where he could find freedom of maneuver, whether it was battle or storm that threatened him.

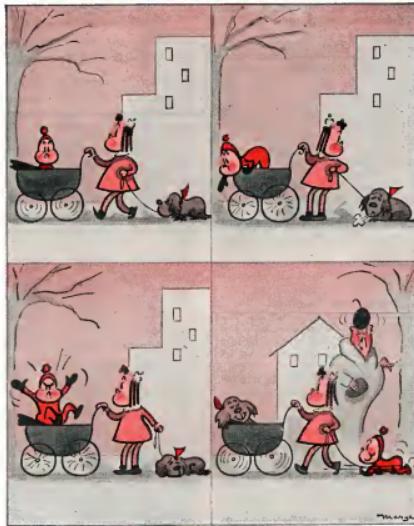
"That's the last of the bars, sir," called the English-speaking Greek officer. "Here's the coin acoming."

Coins in sacks, coins in leather bags, coins in wooden boxes—sovereigns, lion d'or, double eagles, napoleons, Turki pounds, twenty-four karat pieces, dinars—the gold of every country in the world, drained out of every country in the Balkans, got away by a miracle before the fall of Athens and now being got out of Crete. The bags and sacks were just as deceptively heavy as the bars had been, and the naval ratings grinned and joked as they heaved them into the ship.

The first lorry full of coin had been emptied, and the second was driving onto the jetty when the first bombers arrived. They came from inland, over the hills, and were almost upon the ship, in consequence, before they were sighted. The guns blazed out furiously while each silver shape in turn swept into position, like the figures in some three-dimensional can-can dance, and then put down their noses and came racing down the air, engines screaming. Crowe had been through this before, and he did not flinch at it. He did not even stop to stand and look death in the eye as it came tearing down at him. He had seen men dive for shelter, instinctively and futilely, behind the compass or even the canvas dodger, and he did not blame them in the least. He would do the same himself if he were not so determined that the mind of George Crowe should be as well exercised as his body. To watch like this called for as much effort as to put in a strong finish after a twenty-mile run, and he leaned back against the rail and kept his eyes on the swooping death.

At the last possible second the hurtling plane leaped off and let go its bomb. Crowe saw the ugly black blob detach itself from the silver fabric at the same second as the note of the plane's engine changed from a scream to a snarl. The bomb fell and burst in the shallows a few yards from the Apache's bows and an equal distance from the pier. A colossal geyser of black smoke followed, silhouetted by the terrific roar of the explosion. Mud and water rained down on the Apache, drenching everyone on deck, while the little ship leaped狂atically in the wave. Crowe heard and felt the jetty snap with the jerk. He could never be quite sure afterward whether he had

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LITTLE LULU

in the center line. Do you mind if I put it in your day cabin?"

"Not at all. I think that's the best place at the moment."

Certainly it was heavy; gold is about ten times as heavy as the same bulk of coal.

The seamen who were receiving the naked bars from the Greeks in the lorry were deceived by their smallness, and more than once let them drop as the weight came upon them. A couple of the bars, each a mere foot long and the thickness of a man's hand, would just stagger under. It gave the hurry-up seamen a ludicrous appearance, as if they were soldiering on the job, to see them laboring with so much difficulty under such absurdly small loads. The men were grinning and excited at carrying these enormous fortunes.

British plane. Swiftly it came, with the monstrous unnatural speed of its kind, not more than five hundred feet above the water. They could see plainly enough the swastika marking on the tail and the crosses on the wings.

"Open fire," said Hammett into the voice tube. Crowe was glad to see that there was no trace of hurry or excitement in his voice.

All through the night the gun crews had been ready for instant action. The long noses of the 4.7's rose with their usual appearance of uncanny intelligence under the direction of Garland at the central control. Then they belayed out, and along with their belaying came the raving clamor of the pom-poms and the heavy machine guns. The plane swerved and circled.

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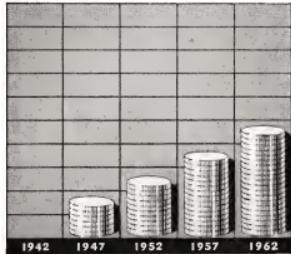
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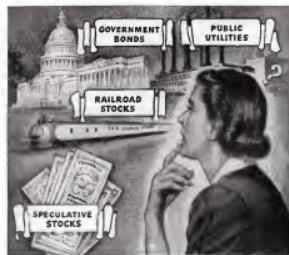
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(Continued from Page 82)

seen, or merely imagined, the sea bottom revealed in a wide ring where the force of the explosion swept the water momentarily away. But he certainly noted, as a matter of importance, that bombs dropped in shallows of few feet did not have nearly the damaging effect of a near miss in deeper water.

The second plane's nose was already down and pointing at them as the Apache swung to her single warp. Mortimer was busy replacing the broken one. Crowe forced himself again to look up, and he saw the thing that followed. A shell from one of the forward guns hit the plane straight on the nose; Crowe, almost directly behind the gun, saw—or afterward thought he had seen—the tiny black streak of not a hundredth of a second's duration, that marked the passage of the shell up to its target. In the instant before there was sharp and clear against the pale blue of sky; the next moment there was nothing at all. The huge bomb had exploded in its rack—at a height of two thousand feet, the sound of the explosion was negligible, or else Crowe missed it in his excitement. The plane disappeared, and after that the eye became conscious of a wide circular smudge widening against the blue sky, fringed with tiny black fragments making a seemingly leisurely descent downward to the sea. And more to that; the third bomb had been affected by the explosion; the pilot must have been killed or the controls jammed. Crowe saw it wheel across his line of vision, skating through the air like a flipped playing card, the black crosses clearly visible. Nose first, it hit the sea close into the shore, vanished into a smother of foam, and then the tail reappeared, protruding above the surface while the nose remained fixed in the bottom.

It was a moment or two before Crowe was able to realize that the Apache was temporarily safe; one bomber had missed and the other two were destroyed. He became conscious that he was leaning back against the rail with a rigidity that was positively painful—his shoulder joints were hurting him. A little sheepishly he made himself relax; he grinned at his staff and took a turn or two along the bridge.

Down on the main deck Mortimer was still at work again. But somehow one of the containers of the gold coins had broken in the excitement. The deck was running with gold; the seafarers were awash with sovereigns.

"Leave that as it is for now!" bellowed Hammett, standing shoulder to shoulder with Crowe as he leaned over the rail of the Apache. "Get the rest of the stuff on board."

Crowe turned and met Hammett's eye. "It looks to me," said Crowe, with a jerk of his thumb at the heaped gold on the Apache's deck, "as if this would be the best time in the world to ask the Admiralty for a rise in pay."

"Yes," said Hammett shortly, with so little appreciation of the neatness of the jest that Crowe made a mental note that money was apparently a sacred

subject to Hammett and had better not in future be made a target for levity—presumably Hammett had an expensive family at home, or something. But Hammett was looking at him with a stranger expression than even that assumption warranted. Crowe raised his eyebrows questioningly.

"There's mud on your face, sir," said Hammett. "Lots of it."

Crowe suddenly remembered the black torrent that had drenched him when the bomb burst in the shallows. He looked down; his coat and his white trousers were thinly coated with gray mud, and it dawned upon him that his skin was wet inside his clothes. He put his hand to his face and felt the mud upon it; the damp handkerchief that he brought from his pocket came away smeared with the stuff; he must be a comic-looking sight. He tried to wipe his face clean, and found that his dark beard hindered the process decidedly.

"That's the lot, sir!" called the Greek officer.

"Thank you," replied Hammett. "Cast off, Mortimer, if you please."

Hammett strode hastily back to the engine-room voice tube, and Crowe was left still wiping vainly at the mud. He guessed it had probably got streaky by now. He must be a sight for the gods.

Those idiots on his staff had let him get off them and walk up and down the bridge without telling him he looked.

The Apache vibrated sharply with one propeller going astern and another forward, and she swung away from the pier.

"Good luck, sir!" called the Greek officer.

"Same to you, and thank you, sir!" shouted Crowe in return.

"The poor devils'll need all the luck that's going if Jerry lays his hands on them," commented Nickleby. "Wish we could take 'em with us."

"No orders for evacuation yet," said Holly.

The Apache had got up speed by now and was heading hirsly out to sea, the long v of her wash breaking yards.

white upon the beaches. Hammett was as anxious as anyone to get where he had sea room to maneuver before the next inevitable attack should come. Soon she was trembling to her full thirty-six knots, and the green steep hills of Crete were beginning to lose their clarity.

"Here they come!" exclaimed Nickleby.

Out of the mountains of Crete they came, three of them once more, tearing after the Apache with nearly ten times her speed.

Hammett turned and watched them as the guns began to speak, and Crowe watched Hammett, ready to take over the command the instant he should feel it necessary. But Hammett was steady enough, looking up with puckered eyes, the gray stubble on his cheeks catching the light.

The German bombers wasted no time in reconnoitering. Straight through the shell bursts they came, steaming on the Apache's course, and then the leader put down its nose and screamed down in its dive.

"Hard-a-starboard!" said Hammett to the quartermaster.

The Apache heeled and groaned under extreme helm applied at full speed, and she swung sharply round. Once a dive bomber commits itself to dive, it is hard for it to change its course along with its target's. Crowe's mathematician brain plunged into lightning calculations. The number of stars at about fifteen thousand feet or more—call it three miles; three hundred miles an hour. The hundredth of an hour; thirty-six seconds, but that's not allowing for acceleration. Twenty-five seconds would be more like it—say twenty before the ship began to answer her helm. The Apache was doing thirty-six knots. In twenty seconds that would be let's see—almost exactly one fifth of a mile, but the dive must mean that she would have run five of a mile off her course, because she would be following a curved path.

A hundred and fifty yards, say, and the bomber would be able to compensate for some of that. A likely miss would be between fifty and a hundred

yards. Crowe's quick brain did its job just in time. The bomber leveled off as it let go its bomb, the thing clearly silhouetted against the sky.

"Midships!" ordered Hammett to the quartermaster. The bomb hit the water and exploded seventy-five yards from the Apache's port quarter, raising a vast fountain of gray water, far bigger than the Apache's stumpy mainmast.

"Well done, Hammett!" called Crowe, but softly, so as not to distract the man as he stood gauging the direction of the second homber's attack.

The Apache was coming out of her heel as she headed on her new course.

"Hard-a-port!" said Hammett, and began to shake round in the other direction.

The crescendo scream was repeated, but this time the pilot had tried to out-think the captain of the destroyer. The bomb fell directly in the Apache's wake and not more than forty yards astern. She leaped madly at the blow, flinging everyone on the bridge against the rail. And the pilot, as he tore over the ship, turned loose his machine guns; Crowe heard the bullets flick past him, through all the din of the gunfire.

The Apache was circling round so fast that soon she would be crossing her own wake. The third bomb was evidently too confused that he lost his aim, and the bomb fell farther away than the first one did. Now all three were heading northward again, pursued vainly for a second or two by the Apache's fire.

They were safe now. They had taken the gold and had paid nothing for it.

Crowe looked aft to where a sailor began to sweep the remaining gold coins into a little heap with a squeegee, and he wondered whether any destroyer's sweepers had ever before run with gold.

Then he looked forward, and then down at the crew of the 50-caliber gun. It was with a shock that he saw that the red-haired sailor was dead; the limp corpse, capless, lay neglected, face in arms, on the steel plating, while the other two hands were still at work inserting a new belt. He had been thinking that the Apache had escaped unscathed, and now he realized that she had paid in blood for that gold. A wave of reaction overtook him. Not all the gold in the world was worth a life. He felt a little sick.

The first-aid detachment had come up now, and were turning the body over. A heavy hand fell to the deck with a thump; Crowe saw the reddish hair on the wrist that he had noticed earlier, and then the sickness passed. Forty-two tons of gold; millions and millions sterling. Hitler was starving for gold. Gold would buy the allegiance of Arab tribesmen or neutral statesmen, might buy from Turkey the chrome that he needed so desperately, or from Spain the alliance for which he thirsted. That gold might have cost England a million other lives. Through his decision England had given one life for the gold. It was a bargain well worth it.



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